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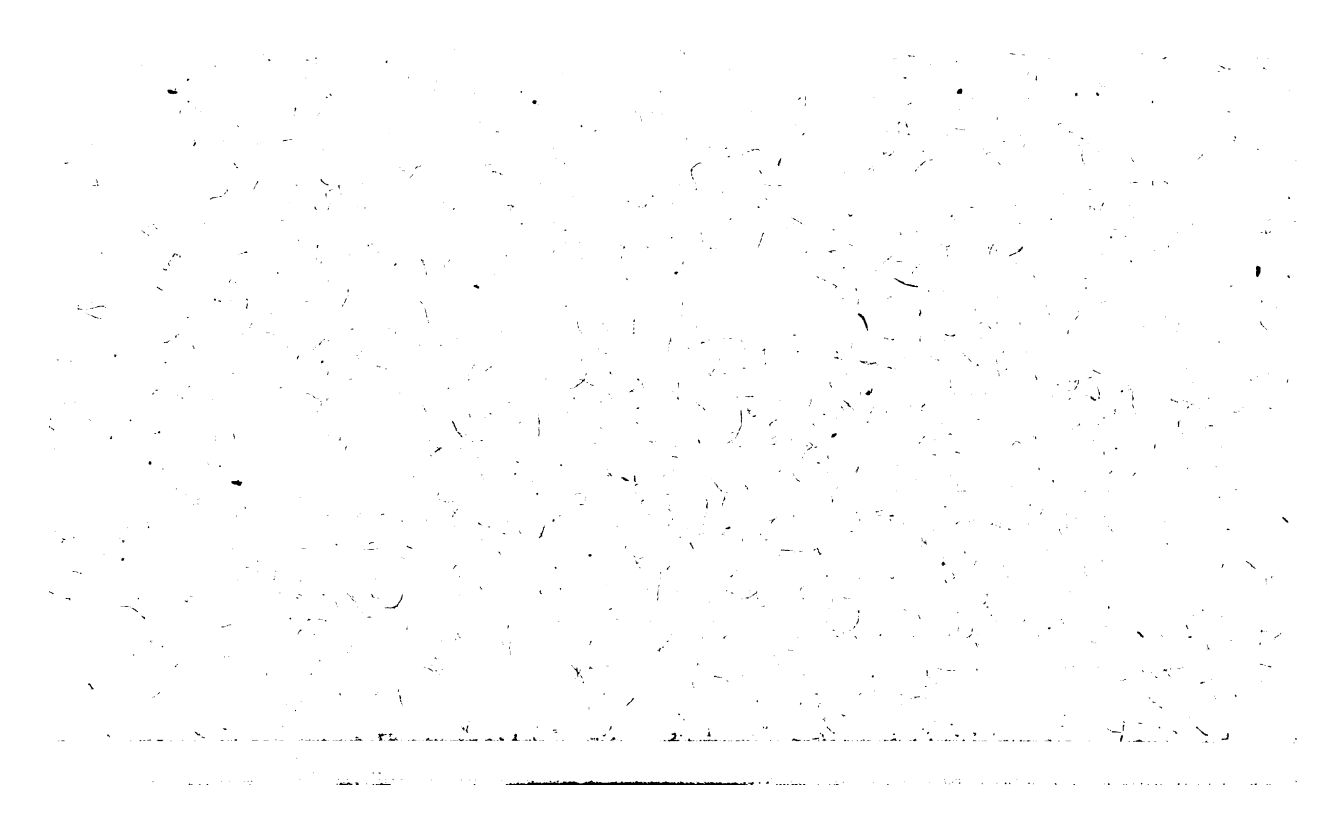

THE MODERN DUNCIAD,

WITH NOTES, CRITICAL AND BIO RAPHICAL.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1815.

SIXTH EDITION.

Daniel
NAT

George Daniel.

THE MODERN DUNCIAD

VIRGIL IN LONDON AND

OTHER POEMS

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1835

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CHARLES WHITTINGHAM
LONDON

PREFACE.

THE MODERN DUNCIAD, VIRGIL IN LONDON, and THE TIMES, are again presented to the public, with such revision as the author's most careful attention could bestow upon them.

Their original reception was highly gratifying. They had the good fortune to be approved by many of the best judges, and censured by some of the worst.

An extensive sale justified the favourable opinion of the critics, and afforded the author an opportunity in subsequent editions, of showing the dunces how little he was moved by their abuse, and how much he despised it.

From the publication of this volume arise some mournful recollections. Many of those who cheered him in his pursuit of the divine art of poesy, "are gathered to that house where none have saluted, and none have replied." Would that the generous encouragement which stimu-

lated his early enthusiasm, had crowned his latest effort to perpetuate the humble fruits of his solitary hours!

"Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise:
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me, as their precepts mend."

July, 1835.

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"Gossip Report, who is sometimes correct, and very often erroneous authority, has attributed this poem to the author of the *Pursuits of Literature;* and, admitting spirited and poignant satire to be an evidence of such an assignment, we have more reason for crediting than for disbelieving the rumour. Certain it is, that traces of no common talents appear in every page; and that this modern Pope, whoever he be, has produced a Dunciad, which the stinging Bard of Twickenham would not be ashamed to own. The bard spares neither poet nor courtier; and in the office of a satirist, he speaks with the boldness of Juvenal. All, however, is not satire;—he freely *praises*, as well as freely *censures*. The high tone, noble spirit, and true satiric energy of the whole, compensate for any little defect. We are throughout reminded of the undaunted Muse of Twickenham. Truth, indeed, does prevail: but *truth* is called a *libel* by those whom it *wounds*."

Monthly Review, April, 1815.

"The title of this satire, we confess, staggered us; and we thought that writer bold, and were half disposed to think him presumptuous, who could thus, fearlessly, tread in the very paths, as it were, of our great poet. We opened the leaves, then, with a strong belief, that we were destined to experience nothing but disappointment, and possibly to labour through a hundred pages of the same *namby-pamby* strains which almost *daily* issue from the London presses. We were soon, however, most agreeably surprised, and so our readers will probably think, when they learn our opinion, that the *Modern Dunciad* has nothing to dread from a comparison with the *Dunciad* of the last century. Whoever the author is, and we pretend not even to guess, he is worthy, by talent and by principle, to wield the formidable lash of legitimate satire. Here is not only good poetry, but what is better, good principle also; and these go hand in hand throughout the satire. The bard pursues his steady and even course, and administers much wholesome and merited castigation. To prove, however, that his indignation at worthlessness and folly has its source in his admiration of merit, wit, and genius, he

bursts forth in strains of animated praise. The concluding remonstrances of the poet to his friend on the *profligacy of the age*, are written in the best style of our best sentiments; and it would be a dereliction of duty, and an abandonment of principle in us, to deny that his indignation has its source in virtue, and that he has proved himself an able defender of *taste, worth, morals, and religion.*"

Anti-Jacobin Review, January, 1815.

"This satirical wag, who is as merry as a grig, and as brisk as a bottle of perry, wishes to

'Improve by mirth the remnant of his span,
And gaily cut a caper while he can.'

We certainly can have no kind of objection to such amusing frolics. He should rather have called himself Horace in London; since his satirical sketches are more in the manner of the Venusian, than of the Mantuan Bard. In one instance he reminds us of Juvenal; the passage, 'While yet my limbs,' &c. being a close imitation of Sat. iii. 26, '*Dum nova canites.*' But what's in a name? Let him be called Virgil or Horace; he is a very good laugher, applying the satiric lash with effect, yet with a playful dexterity. He is, indeed, the muse of whim; but he is archly pert as well as whimsical, and we are wicked enough to enjoy his grinning impudence. Every man who has any conception of humour will relish this Mr. Virgil, and wish that he would write again."

Monthly Review, January, 1814.

"That Satirist must be a bold man, and feel a strong consciousness of his powers, who not only takes Churchill for his guide, but who adopts the very title ('The Times,') and subject of one of his satires. In the present case, we have nothing to allege against the direction and application of the satirical talents of this poetical censor. He lashes vice with becoming severity, and deplores, with appropriate feeling, the abandoned profligacy of a licentious age. Of Johnson he speaks with equal feeling and truth. The character of Cowper is traced with equal skill. Wherever religion is introduced, the author betrays a degree of feeling which proves him to be in earnest. On the whole, it is one of the most able satires of a serious cast which has been produced in modern times."

Anti-Jacobin Review, June, 1812.

POEMS BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MODERN DUNCIAD

In this Satire originally published in 1812 and here considerably enlarged many of its objects have ceased to retain any influence over the public, so that half its pungency if it ever had any has evaporated

THE MODERN DUNCIAD.

P. How anxious is the Bard, and yet how vain
His wishes:
F. Cease this moralizing strain, This is too palpable
What mortal will peruse it?
P. P'rhaps a few:—
F. Alas! the town has something else to do, an imitation
Than read one line of all thou shalt indite, of Gifford
While Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, and Croker write.
'Tis hard—but—
P. Spare thy pity, 'tis my lot;
What some might think a grievance, hurts me not:
The bard by fashion dragg'd before the scene,
Nor wakes my envy, nor provokes my spleen.
Let venal critics puff him to the town,
And herald hawkers cry him up and down,

Indiff'rent still, I hear the loud acclaim,
Nor court that noisy strumpet, Common Fame.
Yes, I can bear that envy, hate, and spite,
And cold contempt attend on all I write;
Gifford That Cottle's* idiot, Thurlow's splay-foot line,
And Barrett's† doggerel be preferr'd to mine;
No threats can sway me, no opinions bend,
I care not;—let them censure or commend.
Yet would I speak, but coward fear restrains
The rebel blood just rising in my veins;
Puts my imagination to a stand,
And makes my pen drop harmless from my hand.

F. Why Truth, that arms the Stoic, ne'er can fail—

P. Then fear for once give way, and Truth prevail.

When I behold in this weak driv'ling age,
Poole, Dibdin, Pocock, Hook possess the stage;
Charm gallery, box, and pit, a judging throng!
With melodrame, and pantomime, and song:

* Mr. Joseph Cottle, a good citizen, but a bad poet.

† Mr. Eaton Stannard Barrett, student of the Inner Temple, is the author of a poem called "Woman," from which might be extracted many passages that would illustrate the Bathos; and "The Heroine," a novel, superior in wit (according to his own statement!) to Tristram Shandy, and in spirit and contrivance to Don Quixote. He has also obliged the town with a Bartholomew-Fair comedy, entitled, "My Wife, What Wife!" a Poem entitled Woman" which contains some few very good couplets, and was highly praised by Barrett's Friend Gifford the Quarterly Review.

See boxing* Yarmouth in the lists appear,
And Hawke drive forth a flaming charioteer;
See Coutts ape all that Queensb'ry was before,
A palsied, am'rous Strephon of fourscore!
Yes! when I hear frail Misses, grey in years,
Scream their lascivious odes, and rhyming Peers
In little sonnets, tender, dull, and soft,
Outwhine the mawkish frippery of Lofft;† Then, then I boldly rise, and dare the worst—

F. Forbear this railing:

P. I must speak, or burst.

* If a dustman or drayman have a cruel appetite to blacken his wife's eyes upon scientific principles, he may be initiated without offering much violence to the dignity of his order, and hammer away at his vocation as if he was paid regular wages for his exertions; but if a noble lord aspire to boxing honors, he must receive instructions in his favorite art from, and exercise it, not on his peers, but the veriest ruffians of society. Lord Byron's passion for pugilism is an exception that proves the rule; yet I may just remark, that a more decorous manifestation of filial grief, and a higher consolation for a mother's death, might have been derived and sought than through the medium of a game at fisty-cuffs, at which his lordship had a sorrowful set-to while the funeral procession of his only remaining parent was slowly moving from his ancestral domain. I question if even the venerated mothers of *Belasco* and *Dutch Sam* were mourned with similar obsequies.

† Mr. Capel Lofft, a sonnet-writer in the "Monthly Mirror."

There was a time when Churchill, bold and coarse,
Gave wit its point, and satire all its force;
When Pope, immortal Sat'rist! made his prey
The Herveys and the Gildons of the day;
Dragg'd into light th' abandon'd scribbling crew,
And boldly scourg'd them in the public view:
But now, so cheap is praise, there scarce remains
One fool to flatter in our courtly strains.
Had they but liv'd to witness present times,
What sins, what dulness had provok'd their rhymes;
Satire unaw'd would then have dar'd to speak,
Till deep conviction glow'd on H--df--t's cheek;
And Manners, brainless blockhead! stood confest
The public nuisance, and the public jest.

F. Once more forbear—thy proper medium know:—
Degraded names! can Satire stoop so low?
When H--df--t ambles in a courtier's guise,
All know the hoary pimp, and all despise.
Does credence wait on each prepost'rous tale?
Who cares a jot when Agg,* and Manners† rail?

Who in 1835 ever heard of Agg?

* Mr. Thomas Agg, a sometime Bristol bookseller, and now an auctioneer, has long been the hired scribe of a deceased publication, called "Town Talk." He writes under the assumed names of Humphrey Hedgehog, and Jeremiah Juvenal; and has recently adopted that of Peter Pindar, hoping to confound his spurious trash with the

The Marquis of Headfort was not a pimp but a convicted adulterer He was mulcted in £10,000 damages in action for Crim Con Moore

They dare vexatious suits, as well they may,
Who have nor shame, nor wherewithal to pay.
Let them enjoy in secret, dirty souls,
Their miserable bread, and peck of coals;
'Twere cowardice to drag them from their holes.
What can provoke thy Muse? scarce thrice a year

productions of Dr. Walcott. The original Peter is too often profane, but never dull. One of Mr. Agg's latest productions is a poem called "Waterloo," which he modestly informs us, is "full of blunders;" in consideration of which he charges only the trifling sum of twenty-five shillings; being twenty for the paper, and five for the poetry. The following stanza is moderately intelligible:

"Bold is the bard that grasps the thong of war,
Drives his wing'd steeds, and guides his thund'ring car,
Where havoc stalks, a hydra multiform,
That, while the whirlwind of the field is high,
And rival lightnings redden to the sky,
Surveys the horrors with poetic eye,
And models there the echo of the storm!!!
Dauntless the glance that skims the blasted heath,
And marks with steady orb the gluttony of death."

"Hissing hot, Master Brooke!"—"Thus *bad* begins, but *worse* remains behind!"

† Mr. Manners, late editor of the "Satirist," was renowned for throwing as much dirt as any of his contemporary libellers. In person he resembles the "Phantom Moore,"—

"Of such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days."

Matilda's* woeful madrigals appear;
Lewis no more the tender maid affrights
With incantations, ravishments, and sprites:
Crusca, (to Gifford thanks!) is fairly fled,
And heavy Wharton† sleeps among the dead;
E'en Walcott's impious blasphemies are o'er,
And Andrews' Prologues are the vogue no more.

What can provoke thy Muse?—the blinded school,
Whose greatest boast was that it err'd by rule,
That philosophic horde of fools and knaves
Has fall'n—nor Paine blasphemes, nor Priestley raves.
Repentant bigots bow and kiss the rod,
And prostrate nations own the name of God.
Reason, that dang'rous pride of human kind,
For ever soaring, and for ever blind;
Prone to distrust when tardy to discern,
Too weak to compass, yet too proud to learn;
With shame reviews each ill-digested plan,
And turns with horror from "The Rights of Man."

* Rosa Matilda, as she poetically styles herself, is the daughter of the notorious Jew King; and the writer of innumerable Odes, Elegies, Sonnets, and sundry volumes of "Horrors;" very terrible and meritorious productions.

† Mr. Wharton has presented the public with an Epic, known by the name of "Roncesvalles."

Rosa Matilda was the wife of Mr Burn the Irish Editor of the Morning Post and although sued with such inveteracy

What can provoke thy Muse?—in silence deep
Tooke rests—but not in everlasting sleep: *
Another scene awaits his trembling sight,
A gloom more awful, or a blaze more bright!
The veil is rent, the Sceptic's hateful name †
Stands justly branded with contempt and shame;
The Christian Banner is again unfurl'd,
And Truth once more illumes a falling world.

P. All this is true—but still enough remains,

* During the French Revolution, a law passed, decreeing the sleep of death to be eternal. To such philosophers I reply in the sublime language of Tully: "Quod si in hoc erro, quod animos hominum immortales esse credam, libenter error; nec mihi hunc errorem, quo delector dum vivo, extorqueri volo; sin mortuus, ut quidam minuti philosophi censent, nihil sentiam; non vereor, ne hunc errorem meum mortui philosophi irideant."

Let me also add a passage from a good old English Dramatist:

> "Wits that presum'd
> On wit too much, by striving how to prove
> There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
> Discover'd first the nearest way to hell,
> And fill'd the world with devilish atheism."

† It has become popular to inveigh against the avarice, pride, and intolerance of the Church; and those have joined loudest in the cry who possessed the largest share of the sacrilegious plunder wrested from her by a sensual and ferocious tyrant, and lavished on his pimps, of whom these ingrate railers are the right honorable (?) representatives and successors. Fanatics of every variety of creed, hating,

Enough in conscience to provoke my strains.
See Thelwall,* void of decency and sense,
Erect, God wot! a school for eloquence;
The newest style of rhetoric to teach,
And full-grown gentlemen their parts of speech:
While from his tub, Gale Jones, sedition's sprite,
Nonsense with sense confounds, and wrong with right;
Rants, bounces, capers, a fantastic show!
To scare the shilling orators below.
Prolific Pasquin plies th' eternal quill,
Fitzgerald rhymes, and Cobbett proses still;
Hoarse Clio Rickman's† sonnets bay the moon,

persecuting, and reviling each other, have held a temporary truce, and welcomed into their ranks the notoriously profligate and profane to make head against their common enemy. *How-itt* happens that a mountebank in quaker masquerade should presume to charge any set of men with hypocrisy and fraud, is a question that the impudent imposter who babbles so much about priests and priest-craft can best answer. It is surely enough for this low buffoon to be the scandal of one sect, without craving the additional infamy of lifting his hoof against a faith, that, while it deplores his errors, despises his animosity.

* Mr. Thelwall continues "tuning his voice, and balancing his hands,"—

"Preacher at once, and zany of the age!"

† A citizen of the world! for in this character he has the effrontery to parade the streets, to the no small enter-

Clio, a poet, patriot, and buffoon.
Godwin pursues his philosophic schemes,
And rapt in trance, Joanna Southcott dreams;
Jeffrey turns critic, but betrays his trust,
And hot-press'd Little breathes the soul of lust;
While chaste Minerva kindly lends her aid
To calm the scruples of each wishful maid.
Lo, mad enthusiasts,* would-be saints, stand forth,
Sworn foes to god-like genius, private worth,
With furious zeal attack e'en Shakespeare's fame,

tainment of the mob; and display his ludicrous figure (rendered still more ridiculous by the affectation of a whimsical costume,) in the print shops. Clio is a contributor of Odes and Sonnets to the Monthly Magazine; an avowed admirer of the new French school of philosophy and a staunch advocate for "The Rights of Man."

* The following criticism is taken from the third volume of the Eclectic Review, Part 1, p. 76. Art. Twiss's "Verbal Index of Shakespeare." "He (Shakespeare) has been called, and justly too, the poet of nature; a slight acquaintance with the religion of the Bible will shew, however, that it is of human nature in its worst shape, deformed by the basest passions, and agitated by the most vicious propensities, that the poet became the priest; and the incense offered at the altar of his goddess still continues to spread its *poisonous fumes* over the hearts of his countrymen, till the memory of his works is extinct. Thousands of unhappy spirits, and thousands yet to increase the number, will everlastingly look back with unutterable anguish on the nights and days in which the plays of Shakespeare ministered to their guilty delights." . . And again, "What Christians

And hurl their pois'nous darts at Garrick's name;
And while they talk of Truth, of Candour rave,
Insult the dead, and violate the grave.
In Magazines vile anecdotes appear,
And deal out dirty scandal through the year;
For desp'rate libellers, when duns assail,
Dare lawsuits, whips, the pill'ry, and the jail.
This Hewson Clarke * can tell, misguided youth,
What demon lur'd him from the path of truth,
With low ambition fill'd his canker'd mind,

Many Passages of Byron's English Bards have been pieced on to this Satire,

can pass through the most venerable pile of sacred architecture which our metropolis can boast, without having his best feelings insulted by observing within a few yards of the spot from which prayers and praises are daily offered to the Most High, the absurd and impious epitaph upon the tablet raised to one of the miserable retailers of his impurities! Our readers who are acquainted with London, will discover that it is the inscription upon David Garrick, in Westminster Abbey, to which we refer."

* "Now stop your noses, readers all, and some,
For here's a tun of midnight work to come!"

The "pertinacious, and never-enough quoted" Mr. Hewson Clarke, according to his own statement, (for Mr. Clarke has favoured the public with his autobiography in the third number of the "Scourge," written, it would seem, by a third person, but in reality penned by himself;) is the author of numerous and successful writings, chiefly anonymous. But of what these numerous and successful writings consist, it were impossible to say, except I name

He also has been much belied about in Canning's "New Morality" and Frere's

To entertain the basest of mankind?
O! may he late for all his sins atone,
And while he gains their ears, preserve his own!*

Behold yon gorgeous Sign that swings in air,
(A well-known refuge for the sons of Care,)
There meet a piebald race, who cautious creep
From garrets high, or in night cellars sleep;
The courtier bland, the opposition churl,
To taste the sweets of politics and purl.

a lamentable production in rhyme, called "The art of Pleasing," and the principal part of the scurrility that has appeared in the Satirist, Scourge, and Theatrical Inquisitor. "Every one of his (Mr. Clarke's) productions has been composed in haste, and sent to the press without revision; his sonnets have not been ushered into the world after undergoing the ordeal of private criticism, nor his Essays assisted in their circulation by the officiousness of honourable friends, and the puffs of dependant critics." Let Mr. Clarke remember that the trade of a libeller is a dangerous one:

—— "What street, what lane, but knows
His purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?"

and take the advice of honest Stephano,—"While thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head."

* Warburton says, "Scribblers have not the common sense of other vermin, who commonly abstain from mischief when they see any of their kind gibbeted, or nailed up as terrible examples."

There needy scribes, whose trade is to abuse,
Forge lies and scandal for the next day's news;
There Whig and Tory wrangle, blockheads twain,
And Vetus* drops th' abortions of his brain;
There sits Britannicus and heaves a groan
For England's debts, unmindful of his own;
There party-drudges for their party scrawl,
And baser hirelings who are slaves to all;
There whines Morality, a canting monk,
There roars Reform, heroically drunk;
Stern Patriotism tries new schemes to find
To serve his country, and to cheat mankind;
There the vile Quack invents his pois'nous pill,
By royal patent privileg'd to kill;
And there the Atheist's nightly thunders roll,
That to destroy the body, this the soul.

Hail, happy days! when all shall equal be,
And man and master shall alike go free;
This land, created by the Spencean charm,
The people's birthright, and the nation's farm!
When those who toil, and those who labor not,
Blest intercourse! partake one common lot;
When nature's nymphs enjoy true past'ral lives;
Glad, teeming mothers all—though none are wives!

* A nonsensical Letter-writer in the "Times" newspaper, when Doctor Slop was Lord of the ascendant.

Bright era! that shall banish all our fears,
And chain down order for a thousand years!
Treason shall walk abroad with giant stride,
And murder prowl, with rapine by his side;
Curs'd infidelity, and deep despair,
And anarchy, dire fiend! shall revel there.
Down with yon sacred altars! useless blocks!
Detested relics!—e'en vindictive Knox*
Shall rise from hell's dark caves with furious joy,
And breathe again his spirit to destroy.

Then ask no more—yet if a doubt remain,
Why thus to Satire I devote my strain;
With this reply be satisfied at once,
While Bowles† exists, can Satire want a Dunce?
Bowles who hath cherish'd as a costly pearl,

* Doctor Johnson hearing the question asked where the cruel fanatic John Knox was buried, exclaimed, "I hope in a cross-road!"

† It would be a work of no small labour and little profit, to wade through the various productions of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles. Odes, Epics, and Sonnets innumerable, "pass in long review." A poem called "Time's Holiday," affords a beautiful specimen of rural simplicity:

"Golden lads and lasses gay,
Now is life's sweet holiday;
Time shall lay by his scythe for you,
And joy the valley with fresh violets strew."

Next comes a description of Loutherbourg's scene in France,

The horse-play, dull obscenity of Carll;
Th' accumulated trash of Smedley's page,
For why?—to vent on Pope his puny rage.
Is it not hard, (my Friend) nay, doubly hard,
A sorry critic, and more sorry bard,
Whose jaded Pegasus, 'yclept divine,
Cries out for quarter at the fourteenth line,
Should for base lucre (Oh, how vilely won!)
Complete what Ralph and Dennis left undone?
Thus urg'd, thus prompted by the warm desire
To vindicate the genius I admire;

where Mr. Bowles, in making an attempt to be witty, is only profane:

"And sure none ever saw a landscape shine,
Basking in beams of such a sun as thine,
But felt a fervid dew upon his phiz,
And panting cried, "*Oh Lord*, how hot it is!"

We have "*skiey blue*," "*bluey fading hills*," and "The Sylph of Summer, or Air," being part of a projected poem on the Elements. All this might be forgiven; but why take up his pen against Pope? what service could he render literature, by defaming one of its brightest ornaments?... But enough of Mr. Bowles. We may excuse a dunce "that little dares and little means;" but not one that dares much and means nothing.

Mr. Bowles has lately published a poem called "The Missionary," (*Corpus sine pectore!*) full of his usual affectation, and prettiness... We read of one John Taylor, the *Water-Poet*; Mr. Bowles may be christened the "*sky-blue*," or *Milk and Water* Poet.

To add at least my humble meed of praise,
To names rever'd in Britain's brighter days;
To strip the poet of his false sublime,
(Then, Bowles, the Lord have mercy on thy rhyme!)
And shew that critics may at times appear
In praise too cold, in censure too severe;
I take my pen—when Folly met his eye,
Democritus would laugh—and so must I.*

Now to begin—nor distant need we roam,
Kind fate hath sent us Fools enough at home;
Our modern Poets, bounteous in th' extreme,
Rhyme on, and make waste paper by the ream.
Five thousand Lines compos'd—a modest stint!
Next Westall must design, and Bulmer print:
Then bound with care, and hot-press'd ev'ry sheet,
The wonder-working Quarto shines complete!
Behold a gaping crowd that never tire!
See Busby,† worthy Son of such a Sire,
(For truth must own, when all is said and done,

* "The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I." *Pope.*

† Mr. George Frederick Busby, son of the renowned Doctor, notorious for publickly reciting his father's translation of Lucretius to the nobility and gentry, and playing the mountebank on a well-known occasion at Drury Lane. It has been announced that Master George is about to inflict upon the public a translation of the "Thebaid of Statius."

The Father's pertness centres in the Son:)
Straining with all his might 'gainst mood and tense,
To make the Doctor's fustian sound like sense.
He views the audience with theatric stare,
His hands with equal motion saw the air;
His voice in dulcet cadence taught to float,
Seems the shrill pipings of an eunuch's throat:
Assembled thus, our sapient nobles sit
To hear how Busby, not Lucretius, writ.
If now and then a sentiment exprest
In language more indecent than the rest,
Strike the attentive ear;—with fond regard,
A hundred hands are rais'd to clap the Bard:
The Marchioness adores the charming man,
Fitzherbert leers, and Jersey flirts her fan;
While doting Headfort, tickled to the core,
Starts up entranc'd, and ambles at threescore.

Vain Scribbler! and is this, this all thy aim,
Art thou content with transitory fame;
Fame, that shall haunt thee living, d—n thee dead?
Thus dost thou feed our ears, thus art thou fed?

But what avails, if faithless to my trust,
I hide (you cry) my talent in the dust?
Why am I learn'd? Why—Stop this vaunting tone!
Is learning nothing then, till fairly known?

But still (you quick rejoin) how sweet the sound
To hear the murmur of applause go round,—
—"That's He," (the finger pointed all the while)—
"Renown'd for wit and elegance of style;
Whom Critic Mawman* puffs, whose senseless
whine
Boeotian Buchan† quotes, and calls divine."
Come, Phillips, come, for eloquence hath pow'r,
Gale Jones his tub shall lend thee for an hour!
Whether thou warble in inflated style,
King Brian's‡ glories in the "Emerald Isle;"

* Mr. Mawman ("His mind unletter'd, though he dealt in Books!") is suspected of dabbling in the "Critical Review."

† The Earl of Buchan received Doctor Busby's proposals "with a refined frankness."

‡ A certain King of Ireland, one Brian Borhoime, whom Counsellor Phillips describes as a very dove-like, choleric old gentleman:

"Look on Brian's verdant grave—
Brian—the glory and grace of his age;
Brian—the shield of the Emerald Isle,
The Lion incens'd was a lamb to his rage!!
The Dove was an Eagle compar'd to his smile!!!
Tribute on enemies! hater of war!!
Wide-flaming sword of the warrior throng!!!
Liberty's beacon! religion's bright star!!
Soul of the Seneacha!! Light of the Song!!!"

Or "Ireland's hope and England's glory"* praise
In fulsome prose, more fulsome than thy Lays,
With strong mercurial pow'r, which all must dread,
Thy touch turns gold and silver into lead.
Lo, at thy name what hosts of Dunces rise!
Dulness awakes, and rubs her drowsy eyes,
With sleepy haste the poppy wreath prepares,
To crown her fav'rite bard—while wisdom stares!
Next, to complete thy triumph, even now,
The cap of liberty shall grace thy brow;
It speaks thy prowess, and thy functions tells,
Almost as truly as the Cap and Bells!
Stark metre-mad, the lovesick Edwin sends
Of jingling splayfoot verse, some odds and ends
To driv'lling Asperne,† in whose magazine

* In April, 1812, Counsellor Phillips dedicated (by permission) "The Emerald Isle," to the Prince Regent, whom he designates "Ireland's Hope and England's Ornament." Mr. Phillips, in 1815, imputes to his royal patron enormities that "he cannot speak of without danger, because, *thank God*(?) he cannot think of them without indignation."

† Doctor Johnson once remarked that an interesting book might be written on the fortunes of *Physicians*—And why not on that of *Booksellers*? In illustration, I subjoin the following "Ode," entitled

THOMAS TIBBS.

Thomas Tibbs demands my song,
Thomas lean, and Thomas long!

Th' invet'rate sons of dulness vent their spleen;
Proud of the gift so graciously bestow'd,

On a queer, eccentric plan,
Thomas Tibbs (facetious Man!)
Open'd once a shop of mirth,
Where laughter had its pennyworth.
Transplanted to the ward of Cheap,
Books, a miscellaneous heap,
Prose and verse of authors damn'd,
His window deck'd, his counter cramm'd,
Condemn'd a weary watch to keep,
Though letter'd, gilt, and bound in sheep!—
Hark! the weeping Muses cry—
"Spare thy types, Tom, or we die—
Keep, O keep thy distance from us,
Tibbs—whose christian name is Thomas

Be our lines too long or short;
Thomas makes us suffer for't—
In a typographic whim,
Strains a joint, or lops a limb—
Not Procrustes' torturing bed
Fills our souls with deeper dread!"—

Next, mounted on his rostrum high,
With open mouth, and eager eye,
Uplifted hammer, treble clear,
See Tom transform'd to auctioneer!
Haranguing loud his motley flock
Of Prentice boys at seven o'clock.
To gallop on to fame the faster,
Tom dubs himself of Arts a Master!
And prints a volume smart and trim,
Instructing men and boys to swim.
Although 'tis pretty certain when

He prints the thing which Edwin calls an ode.*
How Laura smiles! What less can Laura do?
It gives her beauties that she never knew,
'Tis so pathetic! who unmov'd can read?
Melissa faintly whispers, "Sad, indeed!"
In ecstasies Lucretia dies away,
And Edwin grows immortal—for a day!

And is not now the author truly blest,

To paper Thomas puts his pen,
He teaches best, to people's thinking,
His more congenial Art of Sinking!

By auctions, and by arts enrich'd,
Behold Tom newly cropp'd and breech'd—
He ambles, struts, and sports the dibs,
No longer Tom—but Mister Tibbs!—
Yet more to shake the town with laughter,
By the "All Hail! (Tom Tibbs) Hereafter!"
Dan Momus paints a vision fair,
Of scarlet gown and civic chair;
And bids him sit Lord Midas there!"

* The following sonnet is written in humble emulation of the modern school of Poetry:

Highgate! romantic spot! of old renown
(About a mile from Kentish Town),
Oft have I pac'd thee, pensive, pale, and lorn,
Pilgrim of every valley, hill, and grange;
What time the city coachman winds his horn

By critics flatter'd, by the fair caress'd?
Shall not his praise by future bards be sung,
When envious death has stopp'd his tuneful tongue?
F. By trade a censor, and resolv'd to sneer,
You drive the jest too far; 'tis too severe
To brand a blockhead in your angry strains,
For what he cannot help—his want of brains!
P. Be answer'd thus—his itching after fame,
His bold obtrusive vanity I blame;

(Music unmeet for solitude, and strange!)
To rouse the sons of Mammon, moping souls,
From tea and coffee, toast and butter'd rolls,
To mount "The Royal Adelaide," that whirls
(Cramm'd with puff'd cits, and roof'd with pretty girls!)
To Lloyd's, the Bank, the Alley, Mart, Exchange.

And, Hampstead! fair twin sister! on whose heath
Health, gay enchantress, sports, and fancy dwells;
Thou, too, hast crown'd thy bard with laurel wreath,
Pluck'd from th' Arcadian bow'rs of Kilburn Wells—
Where, box'd in woodbine arbour, nymph and swain,
Escap'd awhile from turmoil, smoke, and gas,
Pour forth th' impassion'd vow, the vocal strain,
Warm with the inspiration of the glass!
How short the date of human bliss, alas!
For hark, with sound discordant, deep, and sad,
Harsh, and hoarse murm'ring to the whistling wind,
Rolls the huge rumbling Omnibus—the Cad
With liquor, dust, half drunk, half-chok'd, half-blind,
Roars, with Stentorian voice, "Jump up, my lad!
Room for the Lady—hip! hold fast behind!"

Not the true dulness that inspires his lays,
But the false pride that makes him covet praise.
F. Then censure all mankind, for who is free ?
The flame that warms their bosoms dwells with thee.
In search of fame the soldier travels far,
The smirking lawyer courts it at the bar,
Th' intrepid seaman wins it at his post,
The man of virtue—
P. When he shuns it most !—
F. The anxious poet claims it as his due,
And (pr'ythee speak with candour) so do you.
P. Thus candid, I reply—if now and then
Success attend the labours of my pen,
If those who buy my works, and those who read,
Applaud—and that's a rarity indeed !
I'm not so proud, so squeamishly severe,
But honest Fame is pleasing to mine ear.
But that I write for that short-liv'd renown
Which Fashion gives the vot'ries of the town,
I cannot grant—for mark ! the gift divine
Was Darwin's once, and, Busby, may be thine.

Athirst for fame, which Magazines, Reviews,
Too coy, deny the labours of his Muse ;
My Lord (what will not vanity afford ?)
Invites a host of Critics to his board ;

Some creeping, slip-shod hirelings of the day,
Whom Colburn treats with "double pots and pay."
"My friends," he cries, "speak freely, tell me plain,
What say the public to my epic strain?"
Will they speak truth, too poor to be sincere?
But I may surely whisper in thine ear,
I who abhor a bribe;—then this—thy rhymes
In dulness rival past and present times;
So lame—the weary audience think they see
Old Settle's doggerel new revived by thee;
So bad—that worse will ne'er be seen again
Unless thou should'st resume thy scribbling vein.
From such pursuits 'twould turn thy trifling mind,
Had'st thou but, Janus-like, a face behind;
To mark the lolling tongue, the side-long leer
The pointed finger, the contemptuous sneer,
And all the silent mock'ries of the town
That ridicule thy title to renown:
But thou must feast on flatt'ry all thy days,
And be the dupe of ev'ry blockhead's praise.*

* Doctor Busby is very complimentary to those Poetasters who subscribed to his English Lucretius: we have names "unknown to Phœbus" enumerated for a whole page together. Lord Thurlow's "Hermilda in Palestine" is said to have afforded much pleasure to the lovers of fine

For mark their judgment, hear their quaint reply—
—When genius rears its head shall slander die?
A brother's fame what brother bard endures?
Thus envy follows merit great as yours.
You try the epic strain—in colours true
A second Homer rises forth to view!

poetry; and Major James (a minor scribbler) has a long paragraph dedicated to his poetical talents! Next to the celebrated Martinus Scriblerus, Doctor Busby is the most profound explorer of the Bathos; take the following as a specimen—

"From her this first, this sov'reign rule I bring,
All nature's substances from substance spring,
The gods from nothing ne'er made any thing."

But the most transcendent effort of all, is the Doctor's account of "Atoms"—"These, (the atoms) moving from all eternity through immeasurable space; meeting, concussing, rebounding, combining, amassing according to their smooth, round, angular, and jagged figures, have produced all the compound bodies of the universe, animate and inanimate. The more clearly and compactly they lie, the more the body they form approximates to perfect solidity; as the condition is less intimate, it will be more vacuous and rare," &c. &c.

The following Impromptu was written on reading Doctor Busby's list of subscribers to his Lucretius:

"Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito!"
Plautus.

Now I recollect, how considerable are these little men!

All hearts you captivate, all tastes you hit,
With Hammond's tenderness, and Prior's wit.
Thus flatter'd by the minions of his board,
Who struts, who swells, who scribbles like My Lord?
And soon he rises in a feverish dream
A first-rate poet—in his own esteem.

"Good Doctor! what a motley tribe
Thy brass has tempted to subscribe,"
(Cry'd Phœbus in amaze;)
"Pert wits, who murder sense and time,
As Dulness prompts, in prose and rhyme,
For profit, pride, or praise.

"What Mortal ever heard the names
Of Carysfort, or Major James,
Twin brethren of the quill?
Who (harmless scribblers!) strange to tell,
Was never prais'd for writing well,
Or blam'd for writing ill.

"If thou wert bent, with heart so hard,
To crucify the Roman Bard,
And sacrifice his fame,
What need hadst thou, devoid of grace,
To summon all the Grub-street race,
To glory in his shame?

"So Vulcan, in a jealous pet,
Caught Mars and Venus in a net;
Then further mischief brewing;
Invited (rude uncivil bear!)
The gods and goddesses to stare,
And laugh at their undoing."

Thurlow* (alas! will Thurlow never tire?)
New points his dulness, and new strings his lyre;
That lyre which rang the praises in our ears
Of "godlike" poets, and "transcendent" peers;
With quick dispatch his teeming brain unloads,
Then issue forth Acrostics, Sonnets, Odes;
Loud empty bombast, flights of false sublime,
Not prose indeed—but tortur'd prose in rhyme.

F. Shall blood Patrician no distinction claim?
Dwell there no virtues in a noble name?
Is Title nothing? Wealth? Pray learn for once
One grain of prudence:—

P. To respect a dunce!
Bow, flatter, dedicate, and bend the knee,
A mean dependant—this advice to me?
No, let me rather in affected drawl,
Write hymns with Collyer,† idiot tales with Ball;‡

* Lord Thurlow, in addressing the Prince Regent, uses the following miraculous ascription—

"Thames by thy victories is set on fire!"

† The following verses are extracted from a book of hymns written by Doctor Collyer:

"Leaning on thy dear faithful breast
May I resign my breath;
And in thy soft embraces lose
The bitterness of death.

Turn, Commentator grave, and pore content
To find a meaning where there's nothing meant;
Than shield from censure undeserving strains,
Because, forsooth, they spring from noble brains.
Not fools alone, as mad examples strike;
This metromania reigns in all alike:
Both wit and dunce the restless muse inspires
With equal rage, though not with equal fires;
Not Byron stands acquitted of the crime,
A promise made in prose, he breaks in rhyme.

"In the shelter of thy side,
Wounded by the cruel spear,
From impending wrath I hide,
Wrath which cannot reach me here.

"From thy head, thy hands, thy feet,
Flows the purifying flood;
See! I plunge—I rise to meet
Justice, reconciled by blood."

How different to this doggerel are the beautiful Lyrics of Watts!

‡ "The Idiot Boy; a Spanish *Tale of Pity*," written by Mr. Edward Ball.

"O Lady, all the valley *sigh*
For such a helpless spirit fled,
Who can restrain the humid eye?
Know Clara's Idiot Boy is dead."

Who is or was Ball!

Is not this the dramatic *Fitz*-Ball—an old gentleman of the Dunciad with a new name?

Hark! Printers' Devils say, or seem to say,
"No rest have we, Fitzgerald,* night, or day;
For thee, vain man, a weary watch we keep,
Nor sleep enjoy—although thy readers sleep.
Does Southey pause, or paper-staining Scott
One moment's respite grant, a page to blot;
Thy hobbling Pegasus, a sorry hack,
Still faintly drawls to keep us on the rack.
Should e'er the fates condemn thee for thy crimes,
(For thou to sense art traitor in thy rhymes,)
For paper wasted, ink so idly spilt,
Yet kindly bid thee choose what death thou wilt;
Think, think on Clarence, he (a bold design!)
Resolv'd to perish by his favorite wine;
Thy volumes round thy neck to make thee sink,
O! let 'em drown thee in thy favorite ink!"

Where old Blackfriars pours her sable sons,
A mingled tribe of Critics, Bards, and Duns,
Dwelt Phillips, an industrious, plodding wight,
And by the King's good favor dubb'd a Knight;
A bookseller was he, and, sooth to say,

Sir Richard Phillips was the Jeffs of his day.

* Mr. Fitzgerald is a very loyal, voluminous, and dull writer. He is Prologue-Speaker to the Literary Fund. His principles in this instance are more to be commended than his poetry. He was a wretched poetaster wholly unworthy of Satire.

Not Nichols * had more authors in his pay,
At verse and prose so ready were the host,
'Twas emulation which should scribble most;

* It is with pleasure I behold, in a green old age, one of the last members of the venerable Johnsonian School.—"Fortunate Senex!" the recollection of past days must be peculiarly grateful, when, in the downhill of life, he beholds those bright stars that once illumined the literary horizon, partaking of the immortality which is reserved for genius and virtue.

Mr. Nichols died at Islington on 26th November, 1826, at the patriarchal age of 82. The following tribute to his memory has already appeared in The Gentleman's Magazine:

Sov'reign Parent! Holy Earth!
To thy bosom we commend
Nichols, full of years and worth,
Johnson's last surviving friend.

He was of that glorious time,
Of that bright, transcendent age,
When immortal Truth sublime
Dropp'd like manna from the Sage.

Call'd to fill that honour'd chair
Johnson once so nobly grac'd,
He essay'd with pious care
Still to guide the public taste.

Attic wit, and sense profound,
And the muse's humbler lay,
Truth divine, with science crown'd,
All their various pow'rs display.

And Pratt himself would undertake an Ode
In one short ramble on the Hampstead road.
But high above the rest, distinguish'd far,
As Bard and Tourist, shone the mighty Carr !*

Many a name to Learning dear,
Bears his faithful, fond record—
Greet his memory with a tear !
Give his name the like reward !

Rich in Antiquarian lore,
Pageants quaint, and deeds of arms ;
He from History's ample store
Drew its most romantic charms.

Blest with candour, liberal praise,
Years beheld his fame increase—
Cheerfulness, and length of days,
Friendship, competence, and peace !

To no quibbling Sect a slave,
His religion was from Heaven ;
And to want he freely gave
What to him was freely given.

Thoughts of those that once had been,
Sweet remembrance of the past,
Cheer'd him through life's closing scene—
Of those honour'd names—the last !

England, mourn ! for never yet
Time beheld a nobler train ;
Thou hast seen thy glory set,
When shall it arise again ?

* " O day and night, but this is wondrous strange !"
exclaims some astonished reader, uninitiated in the mys-

Of scribes the chief! and once upon a time
The undisputed Lord of prose and rhyme.
Hist'ries he wrote, and etchings he would draw
Of towns and cities—that he never saw:
And travell'd daily o'er much foreign land,
(More wondrous still!)—in Bridge Street, or the Strand.—
And hence arose, with all his boasted care,
Some odd mistakes, which made the reader stare.
Thus German dames were beauteous to the sight,
The French profoundly grave, the Dutch polite;
The Scotch sincere, and Ireland's jovial sons
Too dull by half to relish jokes and puns.
Did critics sneer at some unlucky guess?
Sir John's own bulls were—errors of the press:
And lest upon his back the rod should fall,
The Printers' Devils were to blame for all.
But soon Sir Richard found, (sagacious elf!)
The Knight lov'd money, and his works the shelf;
Whereat Sir Richard, of his bargain sick,
And heartily repenting of the trick,

teries of Sir Richard's manufactory; but his wonder will cease when he is informed that Sir John Carr is one of those gentlemen who perform their travels up four pair of stairs. It was not until the appearance of "My Pocket Book," that the publick were completely let into the secret of Sir John's art of Book-making.

Consign'd the Quartos to a different fate,
And eas'd his counter of their pond'rous weight;
To pastry-cooks dispers'd them, sheet by sheet,
By which Sir John was read in every street;
Propitiation just, by all confest,
For martyr'd truth, and history made a jest.*

Some love a jingling rhyme with all their heart,
Where love and nonsense bear an equal part;
Like Rosa's sonnets, in themselves a host,
Rosa, the Sappho of the Morning Post;
Or Hafiz' madrigals, but rarely seen,
A heap of sounding words which nothing mean.

Some authors love in Epic strains to soar,
And swell to be what Homer was before;
Thus, Asperne's day, and Talavera's fight,
Have made some scribblers in their own despite.
Others, the dupes of an infectious rage,
Ransack the dulness of a former age;
For rare, moth-eaten parchments search the land,
And poring much, but little understand.
There *mote* you spy the pedant deep *y-read*,
In useless heaps of learned lumber dead,
Damning all modern wit as dull, absurd,

Either Talavera was a denumeration of both and contains many vigorous and valid lines.

* "Truth sacrific'd, and History made a jest."

Since the bright days of Caxton and De Worde.*
So, when some Virtuoso smuggles home
The mutilated blocks of Greece and Rome, see Byron
Heads, noses, arms, our curious eyes engage, or Lord Elgin
We prize their beauty much, but more their age;
Not Chantrey's art so wonderful appears,
It wants the sanction of three thousand years.
Chantrey was a bust maker Flaxman the genius of his time?
How oft some new-fledg'd Bardling on the wing,†
Essays a puny flight, and tries to sing,
Whose trifling Muse, by folly nurtur'd long,
Ne'er soar'd above a rebus, or a song.
On frozen banks the purple violets rise,
And roses bloom beneath December skies;
For contrarieties in place and time,

* "Quand je vois quelque chose que je n'entends pas," says the Frenchman, "je suis toujours dans l'admiration!"

† "Safie, an Eastern Tale," by J. H. Reynolds, "after Lord Byron's manner!" opens with the following rhapsody:

"Oh! peace had long rested in Assad's harem, John Hamil
Till the clang of arms, the war's alarum,
Had scar'd the meek-ey'd damsel from Jon Reynolds
Her fair abode, her smiling home.
Happiest Assad! then wast thou sharing the author of
The smiles of a maiden fair and free, the Garden of
As e'er whisper'd Love is melody; Florence was
Ever fulfilling, and ever declaring,
She kiss'd thee hence, when the steed was mounted," &c. &c.

a genius of a very high order and was worth a whole batch of modern poets.

Our poets think allowable in rhyme.*
To doggrel verse, where sense is never found,
(An easy task) we give the charm of sound:
Thus:—"With percussive palm the door assails,†
Now scrapes the gritty wall with bleeding nails,
Now running round, help! help! with shrill alarms,
Help! help! help! help! and writhes her frantic arms.
O live, my joy, my solace! sobs she wild;
Why do you gaze on me, my heav'nly child?
She sees not, hears not! Speak, in mercy move!
Here, here is milk—awake, my love, my love!!"

F. All this is sorry trash, and well may claim
The rod of Satire—hear a nobler name:—

* Mr. W. Taylor, author of "Parnassian Wild Shrubs," begins his volume thus:—

Ever pleasing! *ever new!*
Never tiresome to the view!
Novelty! of varied hue,
Much I love to gaze on *you*,
Thou who ever art *the same.*

† "Woman," a Poem, written by Mr. Eaton Stannard Barrett. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Barrett make a very tolerable pair; Mr. Taylor has more absolute dulness, and Mr. Barrett more empty conceitedness; Mr. Taylor whines, and Mr. Barrett frisks;—but I will pursue the parallel no further; nor stop (as Johnson says) to settle the point of precedence between a louse and a flea.

—" Of man's first disobedience—"

P. Stop, I pray!

Nor with our would-be poets of the day,
Name One, who, hateful prejudice apart,
Has reach'd the glorious summit of his art!
Let modern poetasters rhyme their fill,
To charm an hour we've Pope and Milton still;
And solitude shall never fail to please,
While it can boast companions such as these.
Hence, all ye little bards!

F. Restrain thy gall,
Does modern merit claim no praise at all? *

* Do I undervalue the poetical genius of the present day, because I cannot subscribe to the opinion, that our modern bards have even approached, much less excelled, their immortal predecessors? Lord Byron is a great, and an original genius; he has a depth of thought and a force of expression that are truly admirable. In aiming at too much conciseness, he is often harsh and obscure, while his artificial pauses, his rapid, and sometimes unnatural transitions, give his poetry an air of pedantry and affectation, of " double, double, toil and trouble." Upon many occasions, he is exquisitely simple and pathetic; his simile of the Kashmeer Butterfly, and that fine passage, " He who hath bent him o'er the dead," cannot easily be paralleled. But it is in " Childe Harold," (the greatest of all his works) that the genius of Lord Byron shines most conspicuous:—his lamentations over the ruins of Greece, and passionate exhortations to spare the last relics of her ancient grandeur, are the very soul of pathos and poetry. In proportion as

Shall not applause attend on Southey's strain?
Must Byron, Scott, and Rogers sing in vain!

P. Think not to such, applause I would deny,
Or view their beauties with a jaundic'd eye;
I mark each nobler effort of the Lyre,

I admire exalted genius, I lament its prostitution—the obscenity and profaneness which Lord Byron has bequeathed to posterity is now become a question between him and his creator. He lived too long for his own fame—we cannot say "He should have died hereafter," unless it had been to leave on record (like Lord Rochester) his deep contrition for having poisoned the minds of future generations. Yet has he met with an advocate in the Reverend William Lisle Bowles!

The author of Don Juan finds an appropriate apologist in the calumniator of Pope!

The works of Sir Walter Scott are full of spirit and variety. As a descriptive poet, he has great merit; and though the roaring cataract, the barren heath, and the mountain glen, have been described even to satiety; Sir Walter, by the force of his genius, contrives to render his scenes, if not new, at least picturesque and agreeable. But the greatest triumph of his genius is his having exalted a measure, hitherto considered as unfit for the purposes of heroic poetry, into cadences full, sounding, and harmonious. The first part of this note was written before Sir Walter Scott had produced "The Waverley Novels;" which, for felicity of invention, and endless diversity of character, have placed him in comparison with Shakespeare himself.

With the muse of Southey what critic can keep pace? —Another Epic! Yet "Roderick, or the last of the

I feel a poet's warmth, and must admire.
But when you speak of that poor bauble, Fame;—
How few deserve it! Yet what numbers claim.

To Southey, well combin'd, at once belong
Truth, grandeur, force, variety of song;
All that exalted genius can inspire,

Goths," is undoubtedly his masterpiece. Possessing none of the ludicrous wildness of "Thalaba," or the "Curse of Kehama"—deficient in those strokes of tenderness so admirable in "Madoc;" in the display of the more terrible passions, it is superior to all. A fine strain of morality runs through the whole; it presents a highly-wrought picture of guilt, suffering, and repentance; and the scenery, which is laid in a beautiful and romantic country, is drawn with a vivid and powerful pencil. Yet who can read with patience—"Conqueror, deliverer, friend of human-kind"—"Frederick the well-belov'd"—"Prince of the mighty Isle?"—It was a saying of Voltaire's, with reference to his own writings, "that an author could never reach posterity with such a load at his back."

Doctor Southey is by far the best prose writer of the present day: his papers in the Quarterly Review are models of acute and eloquent criticism—I more particularly refer to his review of the works of Huntingdon the Coal-heaver, and Evelyn's Memoirs. The History of the Peninsular War, of Brazil, and Letters written during a short residence in Spain and Portugal, are elaborate and authentic works. As a biographer, he stands in the first class: his life of Wesley is animated, interesting, impartial, and curious. That of Nelson rivets you to your seat, and (as it has been well remarked by an elegant writer) peradventure our em-

A poet's rashness, with a poet's fire.
But still his faults (this candour must allow,
Spite of the courtly laurel on his brow),
Would mar the force of many a modern rhyme,
And quite obscure a genius less sublime.
Whene'er I read (nor think me too severe,)
Aught childish in his works that grates my ear,
I turn to Madoc's grand, sublimer lays,
And hate the line that speaks in his dispraise.

bryo seeds of future valor may be traced to this production. The splendid peroration has been particularly admired.

In private life, Dr. Southey (as Johnson said of Reynolds) is a most *invulnerable* man. With every disposition to abuse, the caitiff dunces and profligate infidels of the present day find it difficult to invent terms of reproach—his only answer, is a Life devoted to every honorable, every useful purpose; a sufficient provocative to raise the envy of those, who are themselves, living or dead, libels on mankind.

Neither Mr. Coleridge nor Mr. Wordsworth are so popular as they deserve to be. It is the singular perverseness of these authors to provoke ridicule when they might command applause. The Tragedy of "Remorse," and "The Ancient Mariner," afford abundant proof that their author possesses abilities of no ordinary cast; and "The Excursion" will hand down Mr. Wordsworth's name with credit to posterity. Mr. Campbell has written sufficient to make us regret that he does not oftener appear before the public; and Mr. Rogers is a living example that it is possible to be correct, without losing any thing in spirit and variety.—And yet the present is Not the Augustan Age of England.

F. To Scott you'll grant some portion of renown;
The man has pleas'd—
P. Ay, surfeited the town.—
Th' inconstant town! that, like a pert coquet,
Can smile, adore, discard, abuse, forget!

Some deep romantic scene, where mould'ring time
Has mark'd each tow'r and battlement sublime;
Where barbarous mirth, revenge, and feudal rage
Shew the rude manners of a former age;
Romances, by tradition only known,
He paints with life and vigour all his own.

The town is pleas'd when Byron will rehearse,
And finds a thousand beauties in his verse;
So fix'd his fame—that, write whate'er he will,
The patient public must admire it still:
Yes,—though bereft of half his force and fire,
They still must read, and, dozing, must admire;
While you and I, who stick to common sense,
To genius, taste, and wit, have no pretence.
Throughout the whole, we toil to understand;
Where'er we tread—'tis strange, 'tis foreign land;
Nay, half the thoughts and language of the strain
Require a glossary to make them plain.
Beauties there are, which, candour bids me own,
Atone for these—for more than these atone:—

Beauties—which e'en the coldest must admire—
Quick, high-wrought passion—true poetic fire—
Bold, energetic language—thoughts sublime—
And all the artful cadences of rhyme.

Nor less, for sterling genius, I admire
Rogers' pure style, and Campbell's noble fire;
Montgomery's* strain to taste and feeling true,
That speaks the poet and the christian too.
Blest be the man with all that fame can give,
Who burst the Negro's chain, and bade him live;
Blest be the bard with glory's brightest meed,
Whose glowing verse immortaliz'd the deed.
Far as th' Atlantic rolls his rapid stream,
A race shall hail the poet and his theme;
And waft the sound to Guinea's distant shore,
That tells her children they are slaves no more.

The praise we justly give to truth divine,

* Mr. Montgomery's poems are distinguished for piety, tenderness, and high poetical painting; "The World before the Flood," is a noble production; the death of Adam and Eve, in the fourth canto, is above all praise. Let Mr. Montgomery continue to be guided by his good taste; posterity will do him justice, and his works will be read and esteemed when those of his more popular contemporaries are no longer remembered; or remembered (in too many instances,) to their shame.

Who can withhold from Crabbe's* unerring line?
A bard by no pedantic rules confin'd,
A rigid painter of the human mind.
And long as Nature in her simplest guise,
And virtuous sensibility we prize,
Of well-earn'd fame no poet shall enjoy
A fairer tribute than " The Farmer's Boy."†

* Mr. Crabbe displays an odd mixture of energy and coarseness; of sublimity and ludicrous punning; of polished versification and careless metre. I quote the following passage, the description of a farmer's dinner, for the sake of its oddity:

" Us'd to spare meals, dispos'd in manner pure,
Her father's kitchen she could ill endure;
Where by the *steaming beef* he hungry sat,
And laid at once *a pound* upon his plate;
The swelling fat in lumps *conglomerate* laid,
And fancy's sickness seiz'd the loathing maid:
But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the *Cook;*
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Fill'd with huge balls of *farinaceous* food;
With bacon, *mass saline*, where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen;
When the coarse cloth she saw with many a stain,
Soil'd by rude hinds, who *cut and come again*—
She could not breathe; but, with a heavy sigh,
Rein'd the fair neck, and shut th' offended eye;
She minc'd the sanguine flesh in *frustrums* fine,
And wonder'd much to see the creatures dine!"

† " The Farmer's Boy" delighted me in early youth,

Hail to departed worth!—see Scotland turns,
With tardy hand, to raise the tomb of Burns.†
Ah, spare the fame such frail memorials give!
In his own works enshrin'd, the bard shall live.
Of humble birth, but with a taste refin'd,
An adverse fortune, with a god-like mind;
He silent bore, but keenly felt the smart,

and after a lapse of thirty years, has lost none of its original charm. The neglect, suffering, and distress that darkened the declining years of Robert Bloomfield are too mournful to dwell upon. I saw him a few months before his death, emaciated by disease, embarrassed in his circumstances, and heart-broken. His mind had sunk under his numerous afflictions, his memory partially failed him, yet it retained a keen and bitter sense of the world's ingratitude. A brother Poet once interceded with a Noble (?) Lord, high in the King's Councils, to present some humble appointment then vacant in one of the subordinate offices of government, to the author of "The Farmer's Boy."—The *promise* was given, but the *place* never! Hail! and Farewell!——

"The peace of heav'n,
The fellowship of all good souls go with him!"

† Scotland is about to erect a monument to the memory of Robert Burns.—Let her not fail to inscribe upon it how nobly she rewarded his talents! She took him from the *plough*; received the grateful homage of his genius; made *him*—an exciseman! irritated his mind with indignities and disappointments, and gave him up to an untimely *grave!* The lively sallies of the Ayrshire Bard startled the plodding dulness of his insensible countrymen; the besotted

Till bitter disappointment broke his heart.
O! when releas'd, his ardent spirit fled,
How envy smil'd, how virtue mourn'd the dead,
And Scotland's hills heard ev'ry tongue proclaim
The minstrel's glory, and his country's shame.—
Then, with the poet's fate inscribe his bust;
In life neglected—canoniz'd in dust!

Hail to departed worth! o'er Cowper's bier
Let genius pause,—and drop her holiest tear:
To White's* cold turf, a weeping pilgrim turn,
And crown with bays her Grahame's† hallow'd urn:

bigots of Modern Athens beheld, with an evil eye, a poet who exposed their vices, ridiculed their superstition, and despised their ignorance. It is true that some kindred spirits stood forward as the friends of genius in distress, but what could the exertions of a few generous individuals do, in opposition to the combined malignity of fools in power? Scotland has much to answer for. Avarice bribed her to sell her king:—

"I should have died for shame,
To see my king before his subjects stand,
And at the bar hold up his royal hand!"

fanatical rage impelled her to murder her archbishop; and base parsimony (read the hard fate of the author of "Douglas," Fergusson, &c.) to starve her poets. Who was the liberal patron of Sir Walter Scott? England! Who ruined him? His kind countrymen, the Scotch!

* Henry Kirke White.

† The Rev. James Grahame, author of "The Sab-

'Twas theirs to shun the poet's flowery way,
Of them religion ask'd a nobler lay;
And well their lives its sacred influence caught,
And justified the precepts which they taught.
Religion, meek, benevolent, refin'd,
Breathes universal love to all mankind;*
And acting on this principle alone,
Weeps for another's sorrows as her own.
Soft is her voice, and humble are her ways;
Warm is her heart, and fervent is her praise;
Fair deeds of virtue all her hours employ,
She chides with meekness, and forgives with joy:

bath," "British Georgics," &c., an excellent poet, and most amiable man. I cannot close this note without naming the late Richard Cumberland.—As a poet, his reputation is firmly established by his "Calvary," and many other pieces of sterling merit. His "Observer" bears ample testimony of his abilities as a scholar, critic, and essayist; while his "West Indian," and "Wheel of Fortune," hold the foremost rank in modern comedy.

* Never was this sentiment more beautifully illustrated than in the life and conversation of the late Dr. Alexander Geddes, translator of the Historical Books of the "Old Testament." It was my good fortune, when a boy, to be acquainted with this profound scholar and excellent man; and his kindness is among my most pleasing recollections. His conversation was eloquent, argumentative, and full of research; yet, when in company with youth, (and he was often in their company,) his manners were in the highest degree kind and engaging. He lived to an honorable old

Happy the soul that feels her ray divine,
(A ray which sainted Porteus beam'd in thine,)
With conscious pleasure she reviews the past,
And confident in faith, awaits her last.

F. Why, this is praise!
P. Not greater than is due:
I can withhold applause, and give it too;
Above deceit, I scorn all venal ways;
I freely censure, and I freely praise.
If Dudley* call me ranc'rous, decent knight!
When he grows wiser, I'll grow more polite;
Till then I laugh at ceremony's rules,
And still include him in my list of fools.

age, beloved by all who knew him; and died in the humble hope of being received into his Father's kingdom with the spirits of just men made perfect. The following passage (extracted from his works,) is inscribed on the tomb erected to his memory in Paddington Church-yard, by his friend, Lord Petre: "Christian is my name, and Catholic my surname. I grant that you are a Christian as well as I, and I embrace you as my fellow disciple in Jesus; and if you were not a disciple of Jesus, still I embrace you as my fellow-man."

* Sir Dudley is editor and proprietor of "The Morning Herald;" he is likewise the author of a farce, called "At Home," in which Mr. Coates is personally ridiculed upon the stage, under the title of "Romeo Rantall." Which is the most contemptible, a Clerical Flatterer, or a Theatrical Buffoon?

Where can be the use
of devoting so much
space to this crack-brain

F. Why name you him?
P. To bring before the town
A courtly coxcomb, though he wears a gown;
A journalist—and such a one, heav'n knows!
I will not, reader, to offend thy nose,
Rake up the dunghill of his filthy prose.
Yet he can flatter with an awkward grace;
Like some old dowager who chalks her face,
He daubs so coarsely to display the saint,
That the grey sinner stares beneath the paint.
Let Manners, just escap'd from durance vile,
Abuse, defame me, in his Grub-Street style;
In some catch-penny pamphlet, penn'd complete,
Conceiv'd, begotten, born within the Fleet:
Let Scott*, the Champion, rail—with scorn I view
The worst that Dulness and her sons can do;
So, Fortune, save my character and lays
From Dudley's hireling, prostituted praise.

When Pasquin,† arm'd with libels, stalks by night,
Lest prowling bailiffs intercept his flight;

* One John Scott, a small critic, and editor of the "Champion" Sunday newspaper. Mr. Scott has lately published "A Visit to Paris," an amusing compilation, but not very authentic: I suspect that Mr. Scott, like Sir John Carr, travels by proxy.

† Anthony Pasquin, alias Dr. John Williams. In "The Baviad," his character, moral and literary, is very amply delineated.

Pasquin, dull rogue! who twenty years has made
His pamphlets turn a profitable trade;
How **** dreads the vengeance of his muse,
And ***, who has no character to lose,
Quakes in his dark retreat; while you and I,
With upright confidence, his rage defy.
Unhappy Pasquin! in thy latter days
Few fear thy wrath, none barter for thy praise;
But all thy pointless darts, at random thrown,
Hurt no one's name, but only d—n thine own.
Surely Scotland had all
Stands Scotland where it did? alas! no more—
Since truant Jeffrey flies his native shore:
For who among her sons, to speed their gains,
(Her sons more fam'd for brimstone, than for brains,)
Like him, retrac'd the path which Kenrick trod,
Traduc'd his country, and blasphem'd his God?
Mourn, Caledonia! let thy rocks reply;
Not leaden Sydney can his loss supply:—
Too dull, alas! to satisfy a picque;
His heart is willing, but his brain is weak:
Nor Holland's spouse, nor Holland's mantling bowl,
Can rouse from torpor his benighted soul.
Illustrious Holland! doom'd by angry fate
To rack the Muses, and reform the State;
Consistent Peer! unstain'd with courtly crimes,
Save some few venial spots, and doggerel rhymes:

His Jeffrey lost,—shall haply mount the throne,
And execrate all dulness—but his own.

What, though the grave may end the poet's care,
The spleen of Chalmers* still pursues him there;
Scarce would th' ungrateful world allow him room,
Yet Chalmers tears the laurel from his tomb;
And where some frailty asks a pitying tear,
He frowns, and plays the moralist severe.
Welcome each dunce of Cibber's lively school!
But save me from the solemn, canting fool;
The heavy pedant, the laborious drone,
Full of old saws and dogmas of his own.

Be not severe,† though error hath beguil'd
A son of light, the Muses' wondrous child,
Unhappy Chatterton! whom none would save,
An outcast, from the cradle to the grave.

Who and what could have saved him

* Mr. Chalmers is well qualified to abridge dictionaries, and put together encyclopedias; but an edition of the English Poets, with biographical and critical notices, was an undertaking far beyond the slender powers of a mere compiler. Want of ability, therefore, would hardly have provoked my censure; it is want of candour and good feeling. I more particularly refer to the Life of Chatterton, where the melancholy story of that hapless youth is related, and commented upon with true heartless indifference.

† The most wonderful genius since the time of Shakespeare; more wonderful even than he, considering his

There has been no delusion more extravagant than the hypothesis and notions entertained of the genius of Chatterton

Bright be thy place of everlasting rest!—
The all-sufficient Power who knew thee best,
Shall judge thee—to th' eternal fiat trust—
Vain is the wrath of man, since God is just!
He saw thy youth by great ambition led,
Beheld thy haggard form, unhous'd, unfed;

age. What poet at sixteen ever wrote such lines as the following?

"See! the whyte moon sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true love's shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude!
Mie Love ys dedde,
Gon to hys dethe-bedde
Al under the wyllowe-tree."

"Hadst thou been known to the munificent patrons of genius"—exclaims Dr. Knox: Where are they? Echo answers, "Where?" Chatterton was amusing himself one day, with a friend, reading epitaphs in St. Pancras Church-yard: he was so deep in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave that had been partly dug, he fell into it. His friend observing his situation, ran to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him, jocularly, he was happy to assist in the resurrection of genius. Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied, "My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution; I have been at war with the grave for some time, and I find it is not so easy to vanquish it as I imagined. We can find an asylum to hide from every creditor, but that—" His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from this gloomy reflection, but in three days he was—no more!

Watch'd o'er thy pillow, mark'd thy troubled sleep,
Heard ev'ry bitter groan, and saw thee weep,
Till thy proud spirit, from its daring height
Plung'd to the dark abyss of endless night.

F. Some play, or farce that gallery, box, and pit
Applaud for solid sense and sterling wit,
Name;—

Here again Daniel comes after Byron.

P. Why, methinks no puzzling task were this:
"The Trav'llers," "Sleeping Beauty," "Hit or Miss!"*
Such scenes as Cherry, Skeffington produce,
And rivall'd but by Punch and Mother Goose.
Our modern playwrights, unambitious elves,
Trust to the actor, more than to themselves;
Some odd peculiarity they hit,
A shrug, or wink, well manag'd, pass for wit;
And Liston's idiot stare, and Oxb'ry's bray,
Have sav'd (with shame I speak it,) many a play.
Would you to rapture raise the vulgar throng,

* Three very popular pieces of absurdity: "The Sleeping Beauty," is the production of Mr. Skeffington; and "Hit or Miss," is from the pen of Mr. Pocock; Mr. Mathews, as Dick Cypher, in the latter piece, gave the oaths to admiration; and "Prime, bang up!" superseded the once polite phrases of "Push on, keep moving!" "Damme, that's your sort!"

Let Mathews play the fool, and sing his song;
A thousand tongues shall roar at Fawcett's croak,
And Munden's jaws pass current for a joke.

F. Why slumbers Sheridan* in this dull age?
Why thus a willing truant from the stage?
Views he unmov'd the sickly taste that draws
Dishonest fame, and panders for applause?
Why not revive the times that once have been,

* Who does not lament that this great man should pass the remainder of his days in pursuits wholly inconsistent with his talents and rank in life? It is not for the brilliant wit, the true patriot, the enlightened senator, to exclaim:

"Mihi sit propositum in tabernâ mori;
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori;
Ut dicant, cum venerint angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic Potatori."

The grave has since closed on his genius, his misfortunes, and his errors. The following Monody will best express my feelings on the going out of this great Light:

MONODY.

Mark yon funeral's proud display!
Princes, peers, in long array,
Pacing slow those archways dim,—
While mournfully the parting hymn
To the deep organ's solemn sound,
Swells through the vaulted roofs around!
And see—that hallow'd grave contains
The poet's, patriot's last remains;
Whose wit with soul-enlivening power

When wit and humour grac'd the comic scene;
And Folly, dragg'd before the public view,
Blush'd to behold her image drawn so true?
P. Would wit and humour please the noisy crowd,
When Dibdin, Dimond, Reynolds, croak so loud?
How would the boxes storm, the galleries rage,

Gaily charm'd the social hour;
Whose pure eloquence surpass'd
All we read of ages past;
A glorious spirit, that combin'd
An erring, with a god-like mind.

Vain this dark sepulchral gloom!
Vain this pageant of the tomb!
Could this solemn mockery all
Once the fleeting breath recall,
Genius, fir'd with high disdain,
Thus would speak—nor speak in vain—
" All this empty pomp and show,
All this feign'd, or real woe,
Honour none, ye servile crew,
Brings to me, but shame to you!
When my fortunes promis'd well,
How ye flatter'd, all can tell;—
But when fate unkindly frown'd,
Ye were try'd—and wanting found!
When, to crush my sinking frame,
Want, disease, and sorrow came,
And despair stood hovering by,
I was left alone to die!"——

To see their favourites banish'd from the stage;
And call aloud, ere sense could be restor'd,
For Laurent's grin, and Ridgway's magic sword?
Heav'ns! could such scenes engage the public mind,
Did virtue, truth, or sense remain behind?
In vain we boast of Shakespeare's mighty pow'r,
For musick* now must charm the vacant hour;

Genius! too meanly priz'd on earth,
Immortal star of heav'nly birth!
How dazzling shine thy morning beams,
What ardent hopes, what golden dreams,
And summer prospects fondly cheer
Thy bright, eccentric, wild career!
Fate gives thee much—yet oft denies
Prudence, to make thee worldly-wise;
And wealth, which to the fool, with power,
Descends in many a golden shower.
The world is not thy sphere—mankind
Regard not the immortal mind;
And though thy sun in glory rose,
'Twill set—and dark shall be the close!
And never sun did brighter shine,
Lamented Sheridan! than thine:
And hear it, Genius! never yet
Did sun in deeper darkness set!

* The Merry Wives of Windsor, Twelfth Night, and A Midsummer Night's Dream, have been recently maimed, interpolated, set to musick, and produced as *Operas* at Covent Garden Theatre.—A Midsummer Night's Dream!—Shakespeare's first attempt on fairy ground.—The characters represented are spirits, exercising their magic influence

Otway,* no more we drop a tear with thee,
For song and dance are all we hear and see;

over the material agents, and producing the delusion of a wild fantastic dream. To look for strong passion and force of character, where the scene passes nature's bounds, and the actors are ethereal essences flitting in the moon-beams,

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* Otway was a great and an original genius. He struck the chords of tragedy with a master-hand, and never with more energy and power than in Venice Preserved. Will it be accounted heresy if I say, that Shakespeare has scarcely drawn more tears?

Yet, whatever tears we may shed over his scenes of fictitious woe, some few must be reserved for the memory of the poet, whose fate passed the ordinary bounds of human calamity. He had been nursed in affluence, had experienced the care and solicitude of tender parents—yet he lived to endure all the horrors of want. How pathetically does he describe his former happy situation, in the words of Jaffier—

"I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never wak'd, but to a joyful morning."

It is recorded, that he retired, in his distress, to a public house on Tower Hill, where accidentally meeting with a gentleman who had known him in his prosperity, he asked him for a shilling—the latter generously gave him a guinea. Otway immediately purchased a roll; when, from his great eagerness to satisfy the cravings of hunger, the first morsel choked him.

Except when Kemble,* to delight the few,
Restores immortal Shakespeare to our view.

is to expect them where they can never be consistently found—in the regions of enchantment. But, however barren in fable, and deficient in that interest which arises from a well-drawn picture of real life—in sportive invention and appropriate imagery, it yields to none of the most celebrated productions of Shakespeare. The imagination is held captive by scenes of high creative power and exquisite poetry, interspersed with delicate feeling, and enlivened

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* Mr. Kemble is a scholar and a gentleman. Some call him pedantic—I uphold that he is classical. For a specimen of his astonishing powers, I might advert to almost every great character in Tragedy, but I will confine myself to one in which Garrick so much excelled—*King Lear*. It was an awful impersonation, a study for Michael Angelo. His figure, countenance, and manner, all conspired to give truth to the resemblance. His angry impatience,—"*The fiery duke;*" his incredulity,—"*Does Lear walk thus? Speak thus?*" His bitter irony,—"*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old.*" Who but remembers Kemble's look and voice when he uttered these heart-rending words—"I gave you *All!*" But the climax of all acting was his curse upon Goneril. On his knees, bareheaded, his white locks streaming like a meteor to the troubled air; with heavenward eye, quivering lip, and hands clasped together in convulsive agony, he pronounced that terrible curse. The whole audience rose,—it was a moment of enthusiasm, such as conception can hardly reach, and language never adequately describe—

"I can't find words, and pity those that can!"

Rais'd with the sound, what visions fire my brain!
The Bard revives! the Actor breathes again!

by humour the most frolic and grotesque. It is strictly a midsummer night's dream—a fairy vision that may be supposed to pass before the mind during that luxuriant and romantic season. A tale of sadness was in ancient times considered best adapted to winter; and where shall we find, in any language, two dramas with more appropriate titles than "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Winter's Tale?"

In commenting on this play, it may be well to distinguish between the fairy mythology of the north of Europe, as (according to some writers) adopted by Shakespeare, and that which, transplanted from Persia and Arabia, became the common property of the romance writers of Spain, Italy, and France. The former belongs to that remote period of history, when the kingdoms of the Ostrogoths and Wisigoths were first established by colonies from Scandinavia; an event which led to the invasion and conquest of the southern provinces of the Roman empire, and lastly of England. The Gothic mythology may therefore claim a priority of three centuries over the Arabian; for the invasion of Spain by the Moors did not take place until 712, whereas the Goths had held dominion over that country since the year 409; and it was the practice of those warriors to impose their manners, customs, religion, and language, upon every people that submitted to their power; and to this day, England bears greater marks of her Gothic progenitors in her popular superstitions, but more especially in her language, than any other nation.

The Gothic system of fabling comprehended two species of preternatural beings—the *beneficent elves*, and the *malignant elves*. The one were considered as the source of all

Ages roll back from time's destructive doom,
The Chiefs, the Sages of imperial Rome,

good; the other of all evil; the first were exquisitely beautiful, and inhabited a region of the purest ether—the second were hideous and unsightly, and their dwelling was in mountains, caves, or barrows. (1) The Persian and Arabian mythology, however, differed little from the Gothic but in terms. The *Peri* and the *Dives* were gifted with nearly the same attributes as the *Bright Elves* and the *Swart Elves*; though, in eastern fairy land, we no where encounter so merry, mischievous a sprite as the *Brownie* of Scotland, or the *Puck* of Shakespeare.

There is extant an old black-letter ballad, entitled "*Robin Goodfellow*;" from which it is conjectured Shakespeare might have borrowed some hints for this play, as most of the pranks played by Puck are therein detailed. This ballad has been attributed to Ben Jonson; but it contains nothing to warrant the opinion, but the last line, in which the fairy is made to speak *Latin*; in conformity, we presume, with a certain great scholar, who wrote a long treatise to prove that Latin was spoken in paradise!

What a delightful study is this fine play for the closet, or "the pleached bower, where honey-suckles, ripened by the sun, forbid the sun to enter!"—a play, in which the imagination of the most imaginative of poets runs riot! His pencil is dipped in the dews of heaven; and his language, according with the dazzling imagery, falls on the ear in all the silver melody of sound.

Great pains have been taken to show from which mythology, the Oriental or the Gothic, Shakespeare borrowed his

(1) Drake.

With solemn port, and awe-commanding eye,
In native majesty come sweeping by.—

fairies. Shakespeare's fairies are his own: his juvenile reading had given him an idea of an airy being between man and angel—a being, so far connected with humanity as to hover o'er us in our vocations by day, and our dreams by night; to help us in our need; or, as his humour pleased, to thwart us in our amusements, or more intricately entangle us in our perplexities—"to haunt, to startle, and waylay."

But when, in after years, he brought this creature of fancy into action, to animate his dramas, and shed its spells o'er their magic scenes—although glimpses were retained of that which had charmed him in youth, the characters of his fairies, like all that passed through the alembic of his brain, came forth enriched, adorned, exalted; nor can any mythology, whether northern or eastern, produce a being comparable to *Ariel*. His very Puck, his "Lob of spirits," —he who delights in "things that befall preposterously," in *his* hands, is not the "lubber fiend;" he is the "merry wanderer of the night," the genius of harmless mirth and mischief. Titania, even in her "dotage," breathes nothing that should not fall from lips that feed on dew and honey. Shakespeare's is indeed fairy-land; its spirits flitting about amidst violets, musk-roses, and eglantines; their occupation to hang pearls of dew in the "tall cowslip," to keep fresh the magic circle of their dance; their whole existence one course of midnight revelry. How delightful to dream out a summer season with such beings, to

"Hop in our walks, and gambol in our eyes;
Feed us with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags to steal from the humble bees;

All passions rose—fear, horror, madness, rage,
Alternate mov'd when Siddons trod the stage;—

To pluck the wings from painted butterflies;
To fan the moonbeams from our sleeping eyes;
To nod to us, and do us courtesies!

I have not been able to discover from what source Shakespeare derived this play. "Sir Huon, of Bordeaux," has been instanced as one, because *Oberon* is the name of Shakespeare's king of the fairies, and of the fairy who bestows the enchanted horn upon Sir Huon, without one single *trait* of similitude in the two stories.—Chaucer is mentioned on similar grounds—the mutual use of one term, "*Duke* Theseus; which is all the obligation that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" owes to Palemon and Arcite. The title of *duke* is common with the old dramatists for their character of highest rank, and is sometimes given, without assigning his grace any local dominions. It was esteemed the more, perhaps, from its *scarcity*; for, during the greater part of Shakespeare's time, there was but *one* duke in England. A third source has been discovered in "*Ozier le Danois*;" but the adventure of Morgana with Ozier bears far too little resemblance to that of Titania with Bottom, for Shakespeare to have had it in his mind's eye when he wrote this play.

Want of interest has been attributed to this drama; but has it not all the interest that a fairy tale will bear? The loves and crosses of Hermia and Helena are sufficient for a midsummer night's dream. It is not intended for a history of deep passion. A human being enduring the pangs of such a passion, whether of love, hatred, jealousy, or revenge, would be out of keeping with the "dapper elves:" his presence would be sufficient to blight the flowers that form the couch of the fairy queen. Besides, the happiness and

Then reign'd the tragick Muse, enthron'd on high,
Awe in her mien, and lightning in her eye!

mischances of the lovers are partly due to the intervention of Oberon; and it is one of my most firmly established canons of criticism, that no profound interest can be felt for the victim of any human misery, from which the author has no means of relieving him but that which is superhuman. The Greek and French stages are both against us in this respect; but we have a better authority than either, in the example of Shakespeare, who has nothing of this kind. Events that are purely human are, with him, left to proceed and end in their natural course. Murder brings its remorse and punishment. The ghost in Hamlet, and the witches in Macbeth, give the main spring to the action, they *impel* their hero; but they neither assist nor retard his enterprises: the *results* would be the same without as with them.

The underplot or episode of the "hard-handed men that work in Athens," is one of those rich pieces of humour in which Shakespeare luxuriates. Can imagination conceive a more whimsical company of comedians than Quince, Starveling, Bottom, and their *fellows*?—with their stage directions and properties, their cast of characters, their tender regard for the feelings of the ladies, as exemplified in the histrionic weaver and his precautionary prologues; in which he informs his audience that he is not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver, and that Snug the joiner is no lion, but a man as other men are!—This is not the only hit at the heroes of the sock and buskin that is to be found in the writings of Shakespeare;—their ignorance and buffoonery are satirized pretty severely in Hamlet; while their vanity and presumption are admirably illustrated in Bottom, who as *top actor* would engross every capital part himself, and,

Mark'd ye that solemn pause, that whisper dread,
That quick terrific start?—"To Bed, to Bed!"—

though "a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day—a most lovely gentleman-like man," would roar in the lion as gently as any sucking dove, rather than Snug the joiner, who is slow of study, should fright the duchess and her ladies into applause by his extemporaneous roaring; and so versatile is his genius, that he volunteers to play Thisby in "a monstrous little voice," rather than let Francis Flute, the bellows-mender, who has "a beard coming," speak small, and "make the grove harmonious!"

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" is written not to the eye, but to the imagination;—its aerial beings shrink from mortal touch; and *Wall* and *Moonshine* would be represented with more true effect by Bottom and his compeers, than would *Oberon* and *Robin Goodfellow* by the most skilful actor that ever trod the stage. There is a charm about the *personification* of a good acting play, that identifies in our minds the idea of the theatre, and "the well-graced actor," with the play itself; and, however delightful it may be to contemplate this drama as the fairy tale of our youth, or, in after-life, as a beautiful dramatic poem, we miss the *charm* just alluded to. The poet may give "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," and we can accompany him in his wildest flights; but no "mortal creature of earth's mould" can personify his lovely fairies. They are too true to their own identity—too airy—too impalpable.

The chief characteristics of the language are sweetness and delicacy. The similes are taken from flowers, stars, dews, fruits—from all that is brightest and loveliest in nature. Amidst Titania's flowers, which shall I select?

In Jaffier's frantic wife, that steadfast grief,
Which knows no intermission, no relief,

" Earthlier happy is the rose distill'd
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness."

" Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green—when hawthorn-buds appear."

" The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' chin and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds,
Is, as in mockery, set."

But even this midnight fancy, Shakespeare makes a vehicle for some of those profound reflexions that mark all his productions. What a beautiful comment on the master-passion of our youth is the following:—

" Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read,—
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth!"

The pathetic lines on female friendship, beginning " *Injurious Hermia*," and Theseus' noble description of his hounds, are full of poetic rapture; but the most celebrated passage, which no poet that ever lived has equalled, and which Shakespeare himself has not surpassed, is,—

" The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold:
This is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

But preys upon the mind, distracts the brain,
And gives all uncontroll'd the passions reign,
Till madness, while usurping Reason's throne,
Starts at the Form she knows to be her own?*—
Ye who have seen the full meridian blaze,
The glorious light of long departed days,

The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name!"

The "fine phrenzy" here described, receives its noblest illustration from the poet's own description; and "the imagination all compact" that could produce a piece of such high inspiration, may well claim to soar above every other to the end of time.

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* The finest exhibitions of madness that I remember, were the Lady Macbeth and Belvidera of Siddons, and Kemble's Lear. The awful tranquillity and terrific energy of Siddons were of the highest order. The cast-iron rigidity of Young, the intense glow—the concentration of Kean, and the subtle spirituality of Macready, were not equal to the distraction of the broken-hearted old King, venting itself in bitter curses on his ungrateful daughters, melting into tenderness, and sinking into exhaustion and childhood. Next to Siddons and Kemble, was the frantic Ubaldo of Signor Ambrogetti, in the opera of "Agnese," a picture of deep misery portrayed with wonderful truth.

When justly to declare, the task was hard,
Which triumph'd most; the actor, or the bard—
Shall mourn—the voice, that mute attention draws,
The speaking eye, that fills up ev'ry pause,
Should their regard from fleeting memory claim,
And live, but by traditionary fame.

Blest be the Painter's art, by which we trace
The various wonders of the actor's face;
That brings, to nature and expression true,
Each passion, look, and gesture forth to view;
And gives that record art alone can give,
And bids to future times the semblance live.

Long time elaps'd ere Shakespeare's hand divine *

* Of the Drama, Shakespeare was the morning-star and the meridian; and if we compare the authors who flourished at the commencement of his career, with the great poet himself, his contemporaries, and immediate successors, we shall be astonished to find that the *infancy* and *maturity* of the stage should embrace a period of but little more than thirty to forty years. The dawn of Shakespeare dispelled the shadows, clouds, and darkness that rested on the dramatic horizon, and with him arose a host of stars that gathered glory from his beams. The most illustrious, and next in rank to himself, is Philip Massinger, of whose life little or nothing is known, beyond the melancholy fact, that he was a literary way-farer, eking out a penurious existence in humble obscurity, and that his transcendent genius,

Brought nature's stores to light, and bade them shine;
Ere truth the cloud of ignorance dispell'd,

which must command the admiration of the latest posterity, could not save him from a gaol. He died on the 17th of March, 1640. According to Langbaine, he went to bed in good health, and was found dead in the morning, in his own house on the Bank-side. He was buried in the church of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark, "without a stone, a name," in the same grave with his friend and fellow-labourer, John Fletcher. The register thus briefly records the memorial of his mortality:—"March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger—*A Stranger!*"

But, though "no storied urn or animated bust" have transmitted to posterity a record of this great poet, he may well spare the fame of such perishable memorials; and, though the regret will be deep and lasting, that his path should have been strewed with briers and thorns, a feeling of exultation will be mingled with it, that, while neglect did its worst to the living bard, time has crowned his memory with immortal honours. I believe that genius, in adversity's darkest hour, has received consolation from the conviction that future ages would gratefully appreciate it; and that, when all other hope has proved unavailing, the hope of *immortality* has cheered the drooping spirit, and made it esteem that glorious distinction cheaply bought by contumely and suffering. It is not impossible that *such a hope* might have broke in upon the sorrows of Massinger.

In assigning him a station next to Shakespeare, I cannot forget the sublimity of Beaumont—the pathos of Fletcher—the wit, nerve, and profound learning of Ben

Which the dark mind in willing bondage held :
Then nature, irresistible and strong,
In floods of boundless passion pour'd along,

Jonson. It is, that he has a combination of rarer qualities than his illustrious contemporaries; that his conceptions are more just and noble; that in dignity and elegance, in power of description—in the melody, grandeur, and variety of his poetry, he is superior to them. In majesty of thought and diction, he often approaches Shakespeare. Wit was a talent that Massinger possessed not in any degree; in humour, also, he is deficient; yet his characters are equally natural, and, though not more strongly drawn, are, in the present day, better understood than those of Ben Jonson. None of his plots are, perhaps, original, but were derived, like those of Shakespeare, from history and fiction. Yet he is eminently skilful in the conduct of them,—in producing that intricacy which lays hold of the imagination, and in unravelling them with as little violence to nature and probability as may be consistent with dramatic effect. His language is not always free from impurities; yet, an author whom hard necessity compelled to write for his daily bread, may reasonably claim some allowance for an occasional sacrifice to the licentious freedoms that the stage not only permitted, but enjoined; when the female characters were performed by males, and the theatre was a recreation generally confined to the common people. But a pernicious sentiment, a sneer at religion, a profane jest, are not to be found in the writings of Massinger. In this respect he claims a merit above all his contemporaries.

In disposition, he was mild, amiable, and unassuming; free from that irritation and jealousy which have sometimes

And spurning art's pedantic, dull control,
O'erwhelm'd with magic pow'r the captive soul.
Long may Britannia feel the ardent flame,
And boast his glorious, his immortal name;

obscured the brightest talents. By those who might be called his rivals in literature, he was panegyrized and beloved. He had opponents, but they provoked neither his envy nor hostility; nor do we discover in his writings any of those satirical invectives that (however justly provoked) characterize the pages of Jonson. He may be said to have passed through life wholly innoxious. His dedications teem with no servile flattery, but are the warm effusions of a grateful heart; and, though the frequent mention of his unhappy circumstances may not indicate that stern philosophy which endures in silence, it raises our indignation at the apathy of an age that could treat with neglect so distinguished a man.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts is the most popular of all the dramas of Massinger—not because it is the best, for there are others that possess higher qualities than this play, but because it is the best adapted for representation; that it is a valuable and curious picture of life and manners; that it displays an interesting variety of incident and character; and of passion, delineated with great truth and effect. No part of it is built on abstract ideas; nothing is obsolete or unintelligible; the plot works easily, and the catastrophe is at once striking and grand. We behold avarice and cunning foiled by their own weapons, and hypocritical villany become the mean of exemplary justice, in the betrayal of Sir Giles by his creature Marrall. And, though the integrity of the more amiable characters, Lovell, Lady Allworth, and the two lovers, is, in a certain degree,

From age to age the glowing theme prolong ;
And future poets emulate his song :—
Like him, sublime on daring wing to soar
To passion's boldest heights, unknown before ;

violated by the deceits they are made to practise upon Overreach, their justification may be fairly admitted in the full and ample punishment of that cruel extortioner. We may learn from the example of Wellborn, that youthful prodigality is the parent of poverty and contempt ; and, from that of Sir Giles, that fraud and oppression are their own bane and punishment ; and that Providence, sooner or later, marks the man who questions its omnipotence, and braves its justice.

It has been proved, beyond all doubt, that Sir Giles and Justice Greedy are real portraits. The former was intended to represent *Sir Giles Mompesson*, a notorious usurer of that day, who was expelled and banished the king's dominions, and degraded of the order of knighthood ; and the latter, *Sir Francis Michell*, his associate and accomplice, who was also degraded, fined a thousand pounds, carried on horse-back through the principal streets, with his face to the horse's tail, and imprisoned for life ;—names consecrated to never-dying infamy, by the genius of Massinger. Thus has the poet consummated what the unequal hand of justice left undone. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*" is a maxim false and pernicious in principle. If, when the wretch has lost the power of doing mischief, his name shall be held sacred and inviolate, virtue loses half its reward, and vice its punishment. By gibbeting infamy through succeeding generations, we perform an important duty to mankind, and restrain many whom neither justice, virtue, nor humanity, would have the power to restrain.

And blend triumphant in the British lyre,
The Grecian softness with the Roman fire.

'Tis not enough that the rude gallery folks
Admire thy genius, and applaud thy jokes;
That clapping theatres the benches shake
Less for thy merit, than contention's sake;
Bold in thyself, uphold the Drama's laws;
Nor basely pander for a mob's applause.
To win, employ the graces of thy style,
Not the loud laugh, but the approving smile:
To Hook* and Dimond leave the noisy crew,
Content to number the judicious few;

* Many years have elapsed since Theodore Hook and Sir Lumley Skeffington first figured away in the side boxes of Old Drury. The one, a smart punster; the other, a curled darling. Sir Lumley wrote the Sleeping Beauty: Mr. Hook penned sundry dramatic trifles; which, with the help of good acting, music, scenery, a judicious sprinkling of loyal sentiments, and a few apposite jokes, kept his audience awake. Time has laid his heavy hand on both; the punster looks as worn out as his jokes; and so bent is the baronet, that he is become, as it were, a *double*-entendre. Yet do we feel grateful for the past; since there was a time when we hailed them joint masters of the joke; and we have roared, yea, heartily, at the wit of the one, and the whiskers of the other. Hook is a good table companion, and well worth his dinner to entertain a company. His levities, when they steer clear of indecency and profaneness, are amusing, and to those, not read in Joe Miller, have an air of novelty.

Nor let thy wit, like bards of little worth,
Offend our reason, to provoke our mirth.

Once 'twas the fashion, in an earlier day,
For two, at least one plot, to form a play;
But our sage authors frugally dispense
With plots; nay more—with nature, wit, and sense;
Through five long acts their weary audience lull,
Most cold and tasteless, most perversely dull.
For me, no blind disciple of the schools
That laugh and cry by Aristotle's rules;
I loathe the fool whose humour lies in trick,
While sentimental trumpery makes me sick;
And "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "Dammes!" modern wit,—
Can please me never, though they please the pit.
Yet not a cynic, nor devour'd by spleen,
I needs must smile if Colman grace the scene;
Let humour broad, with polish'd wit combine,
No faculties more risible than mine:
But shall I laugh because some antic droll
Squints in my face?—I cannot for my soul!

F. Morton writes comedy.
P. I'd quite forgot—
Without the aid of character or plot.
Is Morton right?—then wrong are ancient schools,
And Congreve, Farq'har, Wycherley were fools,

Who thought true wit to comedy allied,
And studied nature as their surest guide.
Humour he has, I grant, but much too low,
And high-flown sentiment, and fustian woe;
To each extreme incautious Morton runs,
His pathos moves more laughter than his puns.
F. I'll name O' Keefe.* —

* "Mr. O'Keefe has brought our audiences to bear with extravagance; and, were there not such irresistible humour in his utmost daring, it would be impossible to deny that he has passed even beyond the limits of nonsense—but I confine this approbation to his "Agreeable Surprise." In his other pieces there is much more untempered nonsense than humour."—So says Horace Walpole, a noble author and a lively critic, who could see little merit in "*The Seasons*," and less in "*Leonidas!*"—Yet I would rather be the author of "*The Agreeable Surprise*," and other "untempered nonsense" (*Wild Oats*, to wit!) than "*The Mysterious Mother*," with all its elaborate elegance and art, which, however, do not mitigate the grossness and horrific impression of the story.

The comedy of Wild Oats is full of fun, philanthropy, smiles, and tears. Its hero is a strolling gentleman maintaining his integrity in the midst of temptation, and devotedly attached to a profession that ill repays his genius and enthusiasm. To be the representative of Shakespeare's heroes, to revel in the eloquent inspiration of that divine poet, more than compensates for poverty, wandering, and the taunts of vulgar arrogance. This delightful illusion bears him buoyantly through a sea of troubles that would overwhelm inferior minds; and, living in a world of a

P. I can't be grave with him,
A rare compound of oddity and whim!
His native ease, his quaint amusing style,
And wit grotesque would make a stoic smile.
Ye who have laugh'd when Lingo trod the stage,

nobler creation, peopled with a higher order of beings than the dull clods he is doomed nightly to entertain, he looks at the inequalities of fortune as the penalty of this glorious privilege; and while he spurns indignantly the canting formalist that would trample upon Shakespeare, he cares little if the hoof of pride ride rough-shod over him and his profession. His views are on the side of the bright and beautiful. He considers the world not made for Cæsar, but the happiness of the human race; and that, from selfishness, one of the many noxious weeds that man has planted in this paradise of fruits and flowers, springs avarice, unkindness, which those who sow reap in sorrowful abundance; for the covetous and hard-hearted, like the jealous, are the damned. His conversation and clothes are things of shreds and patches—dramatic scraps, incongruously tacked together,—the muse of *fire* and of *Smithfield;* three-piled velvet, and linsey-woolsey and fustian. Still, the odd diversity is picturesque; and if ever contrast had a charm; a kind heart, and an unkind fortune, we behold it in poor *Rover*.

Sleek, overweening, and hypocritical, Ephraim Smooth considers man made only to wear his beaver in this world of sin and abomination, and to abjure all pleasures that may not be snugly enjoyed, impervious to the prying eye of impertinent curiosity. He has more pride under that sanctimonious garb of humility, than had Diogenes when he trampled, with his dirty shoes, on the rich carpets of Plato; more coxcombry than the veriest macaroni of the

(Before this dull and sentimental age,)
Be grateful for the merriment he gave,
And smooth his cheerless passage to the grave.*

old school, or dandy of the new. He is an excellent specimen of the specious.

But the great charm of this comedy, is the elegant, susceptible, and lovely Lady Amaranth, a quakeress by compulsion, and a woman by nature; despising the idle vanities of life, but tremblingly alive to all its charities. That she should admire "the man *Shakespeare*," and dwell with delight on his exquisite humanity, may well alarm the greedy cormorants of her own sect, whose bosoms never felt a generous sentiment. With the fondness that is characteristic of her sex, and the frankness that belongs to innocence, she bestows her affections on the accomplished Rover. Nor does her heart waver, when her "pleasant cousin" turns out to be the "poor player;" for the discovery is accompanied by a declaration from her lover so self-denying and noble, that had she paused even at so startling a reverse of fortune, she had destroyed the witchery of her character, and sunk into a worldling. The dramatist has, however, been compassionate. Another and more important discovery takes place, and Lady Amaranth, without changing her lover, still weds her "pleasant cousin."

* King George the Fourth, with that fine feeling which stamps an additional value on a favour conferred, appointed a high dignitary of the Church his almoner. The Bishop of Chichester was the bearer of the royal bounty, an annual pension of One Hundred Pounds.

Deeds such as these shall bring him true renown,
And prove the richest jewel in his crown;
Shall shed around his throne sublimer rays,
And dim the brightness of the di'mond's blaze.

Tread lightly here—for though no marble weeps,
'Tis sacred ground—beneath, a poet sleeps :—
Spare flatt'ry now, it cannot charm his ear,
But give the silent tribute of a tear.
Lamented Tobin !*—but the muse disdains
To mark with sorrow her indignant strains,
A prouder joy might swell her glowing page,—

* The author of the " Honey Moon" is one of those to whom posthumous fame alone is decreed. Ere public opinion had stamped his production the first of modern comedies, he was placed beyond the reach of praise or censure. To what high rank in dramatic poetry he might have attained, under happier auspices, is a question impossible to decide, and melancholy to contemplate. The fine sensibilities of genius are ill calculated to contend with coldness and neglect. That Tobin inherited them in a very eminent degree, and that they were most cruelly trifled with, the brief record that remains of him painfully testifies.

It has been objected, that he is not an original.—But what dramatic writer since Dryden, Wycherley, and Congreve, *is* an original ? Are not the comedies of Cibber and Fielding professedly taken from the French ? Those of Murphy are in the same predicament. Garrick and the elder Colman are very liberal borrowers. Is Sheridan an original ? Certainly not. To descend (and a painful descent it is !) to the playwrights of our own times, the far greater portion illustrate a remark which Sheridan has taken verbatim from Churchill—they have stolen the thoughts of others—and, as gypsies do children, *disfigured them*, to make 'em pass for *their own !*

Thy scenes have half-redeem'd our modern stage.
In times like these, when ev'ry forward dunce
Starts up, good Lord! a dramatist at once,
Could Jonson rise—how vain were his essay,
Some nauseous wit would bear the palm away;
Yes! though perforce we hail a Jonson dead,
A living Jonson* p'rhaps might beg his bread.

Not so with Tobin:—"*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*" A good copy is better than a bad original. He had deeply studied the ancient dramatists. From them he acquired correctness of taste, fertility of thought, and harmony of language. His diction is exquisitely finished; it has all the beauty and freshness of the golden age of poetry; and his sentiments are pleasing, dignified and natural. Thus has the author of the Honey Moon, by *one* happy effort of taste and genius, attained a rank in literature, which the vapid and multifarious productions of his contemporaries shall in vain aspire to. When his comedy was represented, it was discovered, for the first time, what a treasure had been lost; and Tobin is one of the many examples of neglected genius, whose merits have only been appreciated when it was *too late*.

"For not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is."

* The question, how far learning is essential to form a great poet, is fully answered by the example of Shakespeare, —and how far it tends to spoil one, is equally shown in that of Ben Jonson. The former was well known to

F. Say who's to blame?
P. The sottish town, that pays

have small Latin, and less Greek—the latter was a scholar, and a ripe and good one. Jonson's erudition taught him to regard the ancients as perfect models for imitation.—Nature was the goddess of Shakespeare's idolatry: of the ancients he knew little, except through the medium of translation,—but he dipped his pen in the human heart. A servile adherence to the canons of criticism repressed Jonson's poetic fervour; hence, he is often correct only, when he might have been great. His writings have an air of antiquity that belongs not to any of his contemporaries. He crowds his page with Greek and Roman authors, without accommodating them to the manners of his age and country. Careless of future fame, Shakespeare—

"For gain, not glory, wing'd his eager flight,"

since none of his dramas were printed during his life-time, but through the medium of stolen and surreptitious copies; and must consequently have perished, but for the player-editors, who published the first authorized edition of them in a complete form: whereas Jonson was the careful corrector and supervisor of his own writings:—he knew the press to be the only channel through which they could be transmitted to posterity; and he contemplated its award with that complacency which belongs to superior genius. In this respect, he resembles Milton: like him he was content to forego present fame and reward—to suffer privation and poverty, in the hope that future ages would hasten to be just. And the hope, in both instances, has been amply realised. The works of Milton require no comment here; those of Jonson are duly appreciated: to

The fool with laughter; not the bard with praise;
That looks for, in distortion and grimace,

the antiquary, the scholar, and the man of taste, they are a never-failing source of reference and delight.

But Jonson, however devoted to antiquity, is not always in company with the ancients. He is an amusing and faithful chronicler of the manners and customs of his own times. In humour, he is superior to all his contemporaries, Shakespeare alone excepted; and, though he display not those bright scintillations of wit that sparkle through the pages of that great poet, he may justly compare with him, in exact and forcible delineation of character, and in exhibiting those lights and shades that pass over the human mind, and which can only be caught by the master's eye. He is the poet of *humours*—his characters are drawn from the middle and lower ranks of society, and in this his great merit consists. If they have any fault, it is, that they are too strongly coloured—too insulated and independent of each other. His scenes display a succession of whimsical originals, exhibiting their peculiarities with distinct and separate effect; rather than a group of characters, acting in concert with each other, and mutually contributing to form a picture of real life.—This remark applies more particularly to Every Man out of his Humour, which he calls "a play of *character*." Jonson paid little regard to scenic effect. He seldom aims to interest or surprise, by what may be termed the *mechanical* part of the drama. He often shakes us with laughter, but never melts us into tears. He is content to satisfy the judgment, without extending his empire to the heart. The basis of his dramas is one master-passion; to illustrate which, he brings forward a variety of strongly contrasted characters, drawn with the profoundest skill: the incidents maintain a perfect

Nature's soft ease, and wit's enchanting grace.—
You blame my taste, if careless 'midst the roar,

consistency; he never throws his personages into ridiculous situations to make the unskilful laugh. They speak and act according to their different propensities. Hence, his plays are not crowded with action: nor do they exhibit that perplexing round of bustle and intrigue, so congenial to our English taste, and in obedience to which, even some of Shakespeare's finest productions are thrown aside. Neither does Jonson, like some dramatists, reserve one striking incident for the close: his too lofty contempt for the million forbade him the use of pantomimic aid; nor would he sacrifice his own severe judgment, to escape or insure the catcalls of their censure or applause. This he told them pretty plainly in several of his prologues. When the passion he set out with is illustrated, his play is done.

The Fox, the Alchymist, and the Silent Woman, are the greatest efforts of Jonson's art. Though discarded by the stage as obsolete, the fault is not in them, but in the depravity of public taste, which has no relish for such profound monuments of genius. The two first are more particularly built on the illustration of one passion, which in both instances is *covetousness*. In the Fox, it makes a knave counterfeit sickness, in order to impose on knaves, and cheat them of their money, by inducing them to believe that each shall become his heir. In the Alchymist, the same passion works differently, and subjects the puritan, the epicure, the gamester, and the trader, to the trickery of an impostor, who ministers to their avarice, by pretending to have discovered the philosopher's stone. Much true comedy arises out of the impudence of Subtle and Face, and the whimsical credulity of their dupes. But the Fox is by far the finest play. The idea of Volpone being

When noble critics hiccup out " Encore !"
As Catalini, charming queen of sounds, nonsense)
(may mean a queen of dissonance)

cheated in turn by his despicable creature, Mosca, is at once bold and original, and the entire conduct of the piece is every way worthy of the high eulogium that Sir Richard Steele has pronounced upon it in The Tatler, (No. 21.)

The Silent Woman has been justly commended by Dryden, for the continuity of its scenes, its strict regard to the dramatic unities, the adroitness of its plot, and the gaiety and wit displayed in the characters of Truewit and his friends. It is said that Morose is no creation of the author s fancy, but a real personage, with whom he was acquainted, that possessed this singular turn of mind. But it has been suggested, that Jonson is indebted for this whimsical conception to *Libanius*, whose " *declamatio lepidissima de Moreo*," &c. was published in 1527. It is to be regretted that the author of *Epicæne* has not been more merciful towards the ladies. His vituperations, however, are not original, being borrowed from the Sixth Satire of Juvenal against Women.

The only comedy written by Ben Jonson that keeps possession of the stage—and even *that* is but rarely played, —is Every Man in his Humour. *Jealousy* is the master-passion here exhibited, but this drama is not confined to its illustration alone: there are a great variety of characters that display their humours, wholly independent of the principal one. The plot is less dexterously laid than those of the three first-mentioned dramas; but it would be difficult to point out a play in any language in which there is a greater redundancy of capital characters. The scene is laid in domestic life; the characters are striking and original; and the incidents kept within the pale of probability. In depicting jealousy working in the bosom

Sings a bravura—for a hundred pounds;
Or blythe Dehayes, all life and spirit, swims

of a plain citizen, Jonson may stand in comparison with Shakespeare: indeed Kitely is altogether a more masterly-drawn portrait than Ford. There is the Alsatian coward and bully, Captain Bobadil, who partakes of the humour of Pistol and Parolles, though a braggart of more pretension than either—the Poetaster and the Town-Gull, Master Matthew and Master Stephen; particularly the latter, who may fairly keep company with Cousin Slender—the quaint knave, Brainworm, and a variety of other characters, down to that son of low life, Cob, the water-carrier, that are equally true to nature. They all speak a language peculiarly their own, and act in situations perfectly consistent with their habits. If wit be made to consist in a succession of sparkling sentences, where each speaker contends for the mastery, Jonson has little claim to it; but if it be defined as proper words in proper places, his claim must be admitted without dispute. His humour is neither so rich nor so copious as Shakespeare's. The instant we encounter Falstaff and his companions, we become as one of the company, and the partner of their jokes. We call for a cup of sack, take our ease at our inn, and regard Bardolph's nose with complacency, though it should put us in mind of hell-fire. But we feel no inclination to sit with Bobadil, even were he to command his hostess to bring a stool for us. There is nothing in Jonson's most humorous characters that invites us to a near approach. They produce not that joyous excitement which belongs to the inspiring catches of Sir Toby and the Clown; neither do they compel us to hend the stile with them, like the merry Autolicus.

With these drawbacks to his fame as a dramatic poet, Jonson is eminently entitled to the distinction of a classic.

Through the gay dance, and twirls his pliant limbs,
I sit unmov'd, a cold phlegmatic guest,

Those who would know the strength and nerve of the English language must not fail to study his writings attentively. Swift boasted that he never made use of an unnecessary word. Jonson has no false metaphors, no superfluous terms—he held his imagination under the reins of his judgment; and that judgment, we have before remarked, was formed in the rigorous discipline of the schools. Like Shakespeare, he did not disdain to borrow. If the former adopted whole passages from Plutarch, the long speeches in the first act of The Silent Woman are translated from *Ovid, de Arte Amandi;* and it is the case with both these great poets, that they are less successful when they take the language and sentiments of others, than when they draw from their own stores. Jonson's plays are for the most part dramatic satires :—

> " Heroes and gods make other poems fine—
> Plain *satire* calls for *sense* in ev'ry line."

And strong sense, as strongly expressed, is the leading characteristic of Jonson's writings. He possessed not, like his glorious contemporary,—

> " The poet's eye in a fine phrensy rolling :"

Nor had he an imagination all compact, to give

> " To airy nothing
> A local habitation, and a name."

But he could seize a passion, and anatomize it with the same skill as Shakespeare: he could make vice as hateful, and folly as ridiculous: his powers of sarcasm were equally strong; their difference consists in his manner of using

Nor cry " Encore !" and " Bravo !" like the rest :
Form'd in a coarser mould, untaught by art,

them. Jonson was the Juvenal, and Shakespeare the Horace of the stage. But he wanted the art to elevate virtue—that exquisite humanity which lives and breathes in the writings of Shakespeare ; that tender melancholy which comes o'er the ear—

" Like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour"—

are no where to be found in the pages of Jonson. He has no relish for such characters as Imogen, Julia, and Viola. The pleasurable emotions that he excites are few and transient. We rise neither better nor happier from the perusal of his works.—He leaves no soothing calm upon the mind which makes us acquiesce in the distribution of moral good and evil, and consider—

" All discord—harmony not understood ;
All partial evil—universal good."

He points to the dark side of the picture, in which we discover many melancholy truths. His representations of nature are just and forcible : but it is nature deformed by vice, and debased by folly ; the contemplation of which saddens the heart, and makes us discontented with our species.

Jonson's attempts at tragedy were almost futile. Of his three tragedies, Sejanus, Cataline, and Mortimer's Fall (the latter he left unfinished), Sejanus is the best. The plot is founded on history, and modelled after the manner of the ancient poets. In it he has concentrated all the pride of his learning, and his margin is crowded with

I love the plainer language of the heart;
No far-fetch'd song that strains the lab'ring throat,

references to his quotations and authorities. Yet, withal, it is pedantic and passionless, and was received by the audience with coldness and indifference. But the witchery of *rhyme* seems to have inspired him with a spirit and gaiety equally new and delightful. In the stately masques written for the court of King James the First, are songs full of grace, liveliness, and imagination. Many of his minor pieces are exceedingly beautiful. His verses on Shakespeare have the merit of brevity and truth. His epitaph on one of the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, and on the Countess of Pembroke, have never been equalled, but by Pope, in his beautiful Lines on the Death of Lady Bridgewater, beginning,—

> " Call round her tomb each object of desire,
> Each purer frame inform'd by purer fire."

It was Jonson's fate to be pestered through life by a swarm of literary hornets. Many of these, when he condescended to put forth his arm, were brushed away in an instant: but they soon returned to the charge, and continued to fret, though they could not play upon him. Among the most ingenious and persevering, was Thomas Dekker, who, having been lashed in the Poetaster, under the character of Crispinus, returned the compliment, by exhibiting Ben Jonson as *Horace Junior*, in his play of *Satiro-Mastrix, or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*. The Duke of Buckingham evidently took the hint, when he held Dryden up to ridicule as *Bayes*, in the Rehearsal. Much of this Jonson bore with silent contempt; but when he *was* roused to retort, he inflicted summary vengeance on his opponents, and lashed them with the utmost severity

No squeaking eunuch's soft Italian note;
No attitude obscene, 'gainst nature's plan,

of his wit; and they have only escaped that oblivion which is the common lot of dulness, from having been associated with his imperishable name. To this circumstance they owe their immortality; let them therefore enjoy the infamy and the honour.

It has been said, that Jonson beheld with envy the fair fame of Shakespeare; and that he covertly satirized him in his works. In support of this accusation, various strained allusions have been produced, which, though they exhibit, on the part of the accusers, "the very cunning of the brain," go nothing towards proving it. Jonson, though of a temper haughty and petulant, had a heart above ingratitude,—and he would have been guilty of it in the greatest degree, had he treated his earliest patron, who first introduced him to the stage, and with whom for many years he continued to live on terms of intimacy and friendship, in so unworthy a manner. I believe not one word of this malicious charge; it has been the fashion to calumniate Ben Jonson, and for no other reason, that I can discover, than to perpetuate the scandal of those dunces who smarted and writhed under the severity of his sarcasm. It is no more than just that these illustrious men should go down to posterity as undivided friends. The greatest proof of Jonson's sincere admiration and love for Shakespeare, is to be found in his verses attached to his portrait by Martin Droeshout; when he could no longer be influenced by his popularity, or awed by his presence.

The disposition of Ben Jonson inclined him to good fellowship. He was one of a circle of wits (and Shakespeare was of the number), who met for the purposes of

Which more bespeaks the monkey than the man.
Merit, stand by—for lo! with servile leer
Some warbling Signior, elbow'd by a peer,
A supple slave, now banter'd, now caress'd,
Kick'd, laugh'd at, worshipp'd,—as my Lord thinks best!
Advances forth, obligingly polite,
To charm his friends—for fifty pounds per night.
'Tis foreign all—no native talent here
With artless, simple notes delights the ear;
But sounds that least of harmony partake,
Much lengthen'd quaver, and affected shake;
A heterogeneous mass—God help the while!
Which p'rhaps the cognoscenti christen "Style."
Thus fool'd—and thus instructed by the tribe,
Their follies, with their pleasures, we imbibe,

literature and conviviality. He inherited the poet's true portion—a life passed between pleasure and poverty: but it was pleasure without reproach, and poverty without meanness. By those who knew his virtues, and could estimate his talents, he was beloved and admired; indeed, few poets can produce more numerous testimonies of the admiration of his contemporaries, than Ben Jonson. His, was lofty genius pining under inadequate reward—assailed by dulness, and soured by disappointment. Let us not blame him, that, as he felt bitterly, so he often expressed himself,—but the world, whose neglect produced those feelings.

Till, by degrees we grow, like them, debas'd,
Corrupt in morals, as deprav'd in taste.
This shameful truth let slighted genius tell,—
In vain in arts Britannia's sons excel,
Since Britain proves, through prejudice alone,
A friend to ev'ry genius, but her own.

O were the good old times again restor'd !*

* "La Belle France," and "Merrie England" were the titles by which these two powerful countries were distinguished in the olden time. The vine-covered hills of France were the scene of song, dance, and minstrelsy; and Wakes and May-games were among the many periodical festivals that welcomed the seasons in their harmonious round, and won the appellation of "Merrie" from our jovial-hearted ancestors. The demon of Revolution made men robbers and assassins; and while it inspired them with a furious joy, similar to that which animated the Weird Sisters when "good kings bleed," destroyed all relish for virtuous emulation and social happiness. To puritanism, politics, and chilling philosophy, England owes the decay of her ancient pastimes, and the growth of that insipid uniformity of character, and sordid ultilitarian economy, which have produced our modern stupefaction of intellect, and confusion of knowledge. France, thanks to the buoyant and elastic temperament of the people! was more consistent than her saturnine neighbour. While the revolution was raging with all its fury, her theatres were crowded, and religion and decency publicly abjured: but in England, the sanguinary scene was rendered doubly dismal by the absence of all mirthful stimulants, and the

When wine and welcome cheer'd the festive board;
When ev'ry feast excell'd the banquet past,

mummery of pretended sanctity! The remains of old customs and happier times are occasionally to be seen in France to this day, witness the delightful "Fête of the Rosière;" but the traveller in England will look in vain for a remnant of her ancient festivities. For how many faces that scowl on him, gloomy and discontented, will he behold one that smiles with conscious rectitude, serene and happy?

There is no question on which the verdict of posterity is more satisfactory and decisive, than the character that, by universal consent, has been assigned to the Puritans. With these sectarians, a sanctimonious exterior and a sour morality were the standards of human perfection; to which they added a malevolent spirit, and a pharasaical pride:—a spirit that "let slip the dogs of war" against every faith that partook not of their gloomy fanaticism; a pride (ill concealed beneath the specious cloak of humility) that thanked God they were not like other men; and with good reason, truly! for they imitated humanity most abominably. Their furious zeal has furnished a bill of exceptions for the amusement of posterity. I particularize a few that are richly farcical,—the wearing of hats without bands; of monstrous ruffs; great-bellied doublets; costly hose; corked shoes and pantofles; coats and jerkins of divers colours and fashions; gilt rapiers, daggers, and swords; the bestowing of ten, twenty, forty—yea, a hundred pounds (God be merciful to us!) on one pair of breeches; the unloveliness of love-locks, and the loathsomeness of long hair! then, the colouring of women's faces with ointments and waters; the enciroling their heads with profane gewgaws; the curling, crisping, and laying out their hair;

And each new year prov'd happier than the last.
Our Shakespeare, who, on fam'd Parnassus' mount

their hats of velvet, too; their ear-rings, bracelets, neckerchiefs and partlets; their gowns tied with true-love's knots; their kirtles and petticoats of scarlet, grograme, taffeta, silk, fringed about the skirts; starch (the devil's *liquor!*) underpropping their pillars of pride; their wearing of musk, civet, and fragrant pomanders; of rings, peacock-feathers, and sweet gloves! their adoption of pocket-glasses, (the devil's *spectacles*, and *bellows* to boot!) reflecting their Cyclopical countenances, and blowing the blast of pride into their hearts. At these, and such like enormities, as music, dancing, wakes, may-games, the lord of mis-rule, plays, interludes, &c. &c. they thundered their anathemas; and having "cried havoc" to all that was valuable in literature and the arts, despoiled and plundered the fairest monuments of antiquity, littered their war-horses in the choirs of our cathedrals, and bathed their country's ungrateful soil with the noblest and bravest of her blood, they made their pimping, squalid conventicles echo with "devout breathings," glorifying the God of Mercy for past, and craving his blessing on premeditated murders! Their cupidity knew no abatement, their hypocrisy (we all remember the farce of the Bottle-Screw!) no bounds. Among this faction, there were a few who acted from sincere, yet mistaken principles,—men who, though wrong, would have gladly been right; and whose honourable lives and heroic deaths proved the purity of their intentions. The glorious Milton shines as one exception; Blake (of whom Cromwell was both fearful and jealous), without any regard as to *who* might be ruler, fought for England's glory alone.—"It is our duty," said he to the seamen, "to fight for our country, into what

Sat high enthron'd, and from the sacred fount
Of Helicon drank deeply, 'till the stream

hands soever the government may fall;" and Harrison and Scott met their fate with a dignity and fortitude worthy of a better cause. How beautifully has that incorruptible patriot, Andrew Marvel, described the royal martyr to Puritanism:

"He nothing common did or mean
After that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor call'd the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bow'd his comely head,
Down as upon a bed!"

The infidel is not a greater foe to religion than the fanatic. The shameless audacity of the one, is for the most part its own antidote; but the ludicrous extravagance of the other exhibits a dangerous travestie. Such is the effect of a "grace-pouring-down" visage, and a nasal tone on the puritanical rabble, that they look not upon a man as a "soul-ravishing spiritualist," without this canting and deformity of holiness. Thus are the flood-gates of impiety set open, the foundations of true religion overturned, and all regard for things sacred destroyed by those who, seeking to gain reputation with the vulgar for superior parts and piety, practise every species of fraud on such as are idle enough to listen to, and stupid enough to believe their monstrous absurdities.

I have always been extremely sceptical how men who have every thing to *learn*, can be qualified to *teach*; how charity, meekness, and good-will can be successfully in-

Lull'd the rapt bard to many a heav'nly dream,
Lov'd pastimes, manly sports, and rural bow'rs,
And archeries, and may-poles wreath'd with flow'rs.
High be the wassail-bowl with holly crown'd!
Quick let the carol and the cup go round!
Bring verdure from the forest and the plain,
Till Birnam-Wood do come to Dunsinane!
Far be the cant of true sectarian birth,
Whose presence is an antidote to mirth;
Hush'd be the voice that would our sports annoy,
In one loud strain of universal joy.

culcated by those who consign to reprobation all that are not as rash and prejudiced as themselves. They tell us that the age of miracles is past.—Yet what a miracle do they exhibit in their own persons!—An incongruous commentator of Holy Writ, an incoherent expositor of doctrinal points, the expounding of which exclusively belongs to profound learning and eminent talents. "The Unknown Tongue"—and I speak with sorrowful regret of a pious, highly-gifted, persecuted, but mistaken enthusiast,—"The Unknown Tongue" is not so startling to our credulity as Heaven's vice-gerent in the person of Huntingdon the Coal-heaver! What a comment on the gullibility of modern fanaticism was that popular hoax, and gross compound of ignorance, effrontery, and licentiousness! How opposed is the blind intolerance of error to the dutiful firmness of truth.—Pride is never so rank as when it assumes the semblance of humility, nor vice so overweening and dangerous as when it borrows the garb of sanctity to impose upon mankind.

Let the world wag for me, while fortune sends
Old books,* old wine,† old customs, and old friends! ‡

* "Give me leave
To enjoy myself: that place that does contain
My *books*, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers.
Can I then
Part with such constant pleasures? No! be it your care
To augment a heap of wealth; it shall be mine
To increase in knowledge."

† It has been shrewdly said, "Those who *drink* water, *think* water!" Johnson (*Magnum* et venerabile Nomen!) felt the god descend when, in his characteristic manner, he demanded, (lemon in hand,) "Who's for *Poonch*?" Addison and Steele owned the inspiration of a cheerful glass; Parnell, the poet, Pitt, the politician, and Orator Sherry, each and all loved old Port; and the choicest lyrics of Allan Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns, were thrown off,—

"When soul and body
Were moistified with whiskey toddy."

Horace and Virgil, when in company with Augustus, (who in reference to the short breath of the one, and the watery eyes of the other, remarked that he sat between sighs and tears,) quaffed bumpers, till their heads grew as light as their hearts, and their wit sparkled like their own Falernian: Aristippus and Aristotle were both jovial drinkers. Thus, (to say nothing of Jove's nectar and ambrosia,)—

"We see the old ancients, as well as the moderns,
Could take a sly sup of good wine!"

‡ One of my most valued *old* friends died while this

F. Old wine, I grant,—the bees-wing, and the crust!—

P. Old books—

F. Old books! Cui bono? but their dust!
You boast the ancient, I the modern lore.—

P. Which says—just what our fathers said before;
Save their high thoughts, harmoniously express'd,
Crave audience in a party-colour'd vest,
Right gaudy, and mere tinsel at the best.

F. Who reads the Classics now? the wits of Anne!

work was preparing for the Press. Charles Lamb—the compassionate, benign Elia! the quaint wit, the subtle critic, the sound philosopher, the sage gifted with "a most humorous sadness," the gentlest of satirists, (not from a lukewarm love of virtue, or a sickly *tendresse* for vice, but from a boundless humanity, and a large allowance for the imperfections of our nature;) the truest friend! I envy not the microscopic eye that could discover thy failings; I would dash from me with indignation the pen that could record them! Happy Spirit! grateful for the past, contented with the present, and not painfully solicitous for the future, with deep and devoted sorrow, (selfish though it be,) I mourn thee. But *my* hope and *thine*, while it permits and pardons the "human tear," ensures at no distant period a joyful re-union. The dark cloud that overhangs the valley of the Shadow of Death is but the twilight of an eternal morning.

Shelv'd, out of date, forgotten to a man!
Who quotes the mighty Aristarch with awe?
Whose voice was thunder, and whose word was law.
Who wanders musing through the churchyard way,
Led by the tender muse of pensive Gray?
Or weeps at Auburn's tale? or starts to hear
The mingled chords of madness, rage, and fear,
Struck by the bard who, while his lyre he strung,
Too keenly felt ONE Passion that he sung?
Lost are their names, their glories but a dream,—
P. Lost in the murky smoke of gas and steam!
To rise more glorious like refulgent day,
When time has blown those noxious clouds away!
Dear sons of fame! by fond rememb'rance ting'd—
On Thames' fair banks, and Isis' willow-fring'd,
Wand'ring, ye bade my youthful bosom glow
With harmless joy, or melt with chast'ning woe.
Since first ye taught me gen'rous love of fame,
How all is chang'd—but Ye are still the same;
My spirit lacks its fire, my head is gray,
And friends belov'd have dropp'd, and died away;
But Ye, to whom I owe the pleasing past,
My earliest friends, are faithful to the last!
Let me not live till palsied, wither'd age
Shall dim the charms of your immortal page;
Contract my soul within its narrow bound,

Where sordid love of Self is only found,
Av'rice, distrust, oblivion, peevish gloom—
Let me not live—but "give some labourer room."
Glad to depart, yet grateful to have been,
To see what now I see, and what I've seen;
Health, friendship, books, I would not, wanting these,
The Wine of Life, with dotards dreg the lees.

How Dulness smil'd on that auspicious morn,
When high enthron'd, the butt of public scorn,
She pompous saw her sapient Arnold sit
In Drury's fane the arbiter of wit.
"My son," the joyful mother cried, and then
Into his trembling fingers thrust a pen,
"Something thou shalt produce—no matter what,
An old romance supplies thee with a plot;
Then steal or borrow to cajole the folks,
Tom D' Urfey's madrigals, and Miller's Jokes:
All these together in confusion thrown,
Well sprinkled with some nonsense of thine own;
And some odd scraps, by Colman thrown away,
Will (Holt* can answer for it,) make a play.
Long may'st thou live to prove the scourge of sense,

* Mr. Holt wrote a comedy, called "The Land we live in," which was very properly hooted from the stage.

And nurture Folly at a large expense!
To catch each novelty, howe'er absurd;
And raise all hell, as Faustus gives the word.
Though Polito, to make the people stare,
Erect his annual booth at Smithfield Fair,
Where lions roar with wide distended jaws,
And grinning serpents hiss with vast applause;
How vain are all his efforts to outdo!—
Old Drury's stage shall boast its monsters too.*

This gentleman received a severe castigation from the pen of Jew Brandon, in a preface to his opera of "Kais."

"Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war!"

* "To ensure success on the stage, you must write as they paint the scenes,—in great splashes of black and white!" The silent awe and mournful entrancement that were once wont to enchain an audience, have no longer power over the intelligent play-goers of Great-Britain; even the puling, wishy-washy flood of tea-table sentimentality has given way to the *ecole horrible;* and the still, sad music of humanity is utterly drowned by the stage carpenters, with hammers obligati. The genius of Bartlemy Fair, driven from her ancient haunts, has, with "the Smithfield Muses," taken up her abode in temples where tragedy and comedy guard the entrance of the one, and Shakespeare crowns the portico of the other! Giantesses of alarming dimensions, but fortunately in a state of domestication, are now the vogue; and Exeter Change

But if, with equal emulation fir'd,
Thy rival Harris hath each monster hir'd,
(A genuine son, a kindred spirit he,
And second in my love to none but thee ;)
Let Raymond take some fierce Rhinoceros' shape,
And Oxb'ry be transform'd into an Ape ;
Next let *thy* talents find their proper use,
Do thou, as best becomes thee, play the Goose ;
Then all shall own, while they admire the cast,
Thou'st found thy fittest character at last !

(non est inventus !) divides its monsters between Covent Garden and Old Drury.

Tragedy—

" The folks with admiration stare,
And think her a prodigious bear !"

Comedy has doffed the sock, for the fool's cap and harlequin's jacket; we go to the theatre not to see a *play*, but a *character* represented.

In opera, how often do we secretly ejaculate, " Stop that terrible big drum! silence that braying bassoon !" In vain do we implore: the band are enjoying their old game of *follow my leader !* The sheepskin is victorious !—Lots of warlike uproar, vivid instrumental strife !—How the leader flourishes through it !—The broadsword exercise is nothing to the exercise of his baton and right arm !—Yet the critics applaud—" Bravo ! bravissimo !"—Critics that will never singe the flowing locks of Old Father Thames.

We come not under the anathema of Shakespeare: we

See how my children in one cause unite,
Lo, Larpent* reads! while Hook and Reynolds write;
Dull Brinsley sleeps, and should he wake again,
I fear some revolution in our reign;
But Kotzebue's bombast, fearing to expire,
Stole the last spark of his immortal fire."

are to be moved by a concord of sweet sounds; but not such as remind us (when taking an interesting view over an acre of tiles,) of the diabolical courtship of cats, and the amorous bickering of pigeons!

"Ten pewterers, with platters empty,
Tinkers hammering, four and twenty;
Then a medley of fowls,
Fifteen peacocks, nineteen owls;
Next, a set of trencher-scrapers,
That will make your teeth cut capers,
Snuffle of fanatic ravers,
Whirlwinds cut in semi-quavers:
This is music fit for them
Who *true harmony* contemn."

Thank heaven! the prince of harmony is restored to us, after having been cruelly put to death by our London Diurnals!

The people said, that *Braham's* dead, or dying of the cholera,
When he was all alive and well, and singing—Tol de lolera!!

* Mr. Larpent, the erudite supervisor (I will not say reader,) of plays, farces, interludes, and pantomimes, under the Lord Chamberlain.

To drain our wealth what numbers cross the main;*
Fiddlers from France, and mountebanks from Spain;
From Italy a host of warbling slaves,
From Holland grave Mynheers, egregious knaves.
There Indian jugglers ply their trade for hire,
And here a Prussian lady swallows fire;
While rushing crowds assemble far and near,
What to behold?—a Cossack and his spear!
When Polito might gratify their view
With sights as ugly, and as human too.
But most to thee, O Germany! we owe
Our choicest stock of rarities below;
Counts, gamesters,† princes, jostling side by side,
Thy low-born offal, and thy high-dutch pride,

* Shakespeare throws out the following pleasant sarcasm at the idle curiosity of the English nation. Trinculo, upon first beholding Caliban, exclaims—"A strange fish! were I in *England* now (as I once was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; *any strange beast* there makes a *man:* when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a *dead Indian.*"

† A German count and a gamester are synonymous terms.—George Selwyn, being haughtily commanded by some petty Elector to quit his kingdom in three days, replied, "Please your Highness, I will look upon your dominions in half an hour!"

All who for wit or want their country leave,
Kind, we invite; and grateful, we receive;
Thus cramm'd—impos'd on much beyond our due;
'Tis hard, methinks, to send us poets too!
Our taste is German—and our wives will say,
How pure the doctrine of a German play!
Where vice appears so innocently dress'd,
We almost fancy cuckoldom a jest;
For the frail nymph so well her crime defends,
The couple weep, embrace, and soon are friends!*

Nor stop we here—strange farragos succeed,
("Oh, horrible! most horrible, indeed!")
Undaunted Ireland† dares the mighty test,
Although, in raising spirits and the rest,
Lewis without a rival stands confest.

* See the play of "The Stranger."—A passage from "The Revenge" is not here inapplicable. Zanga, addressing Alonzo concerning his wife's supposed infidelity, exclaims,

"If you forgive, the world will call you good;
If you forget, the world will call you wise;
If you receive her to your grace again,
The world will call you very, very kind."

† Mr Ireland, of Shakespearian notoriety, has written several romances, full of ridiculous diablerie; in one of them is the merry incident of "a little red woman" being yearly whipped round the abbey cloisters by the devil!

27333A

Though sprites appear obedient at his will,
Ghosts are but ghosts; and demons, demons still;
Alike in matter, and in form the same:
Hobgoblins differ only—in the name:
Yet Lewis trembles lest his fame be won,
And Mistress Radcliffe fears herself outdone.
But these are harmless, Satire must confess,
To the loose novels of Minerva's press;
Such melting tales as Meeke and Rosa tell;
For pious Lane, who knows his readers well,
Can suit all palates with their diff'rent food,
Love for the hoyden, morals for the prude!
Behold! with reams of nonsense newly born,
Th' industrious pack who scribble night and morn;
Five pounds per volume! an enormous bribe,
Enough, methinks, to tempt a hungry scribe.
First Lady Morgan,* Amazonian Fair!
(Ye gods, what will not Lady Morgan dare?)

* Innumerable are the caterers for the Minerva Library: Lady Morgan, Mrs. Meeke, Rosa Matilda, Bridget Bluemantle, Ann of Swansea, Honoria Scott, Captain Hewitsone, Captain Williamson, Cervantes Hogg, Theodore Melville, Francis Lathom, "A Native Officer," and a whole tribe of "single and double pinks," who live upon the bad taste of the public; for

> Dulness all her children viewing,
> Kindly bounteous, cares for all.

With four octavo volumes shocks the sight;
For who can read as fast as she can write?
Next fair Llewellyn,* modestly indeed,
Would have us *name* her works, as well as *read;*
Which to perform, in language just and brief,
Let "bawdry" be inscrib'd on every leaf.
Matilda toils the promis'd boon to win,
And Ann of Swansea wades through thick and thin;
While Bridget Bluemantle's eternal scrawl
Makes truly more waste paper than them all.
Would you with blushes tinge the virgin cheek,
Read "Midnight Weddings," penn'd by Mrs. Meeke:
Soft amorous stories by Honoria Scott,†
Of ravishments, seductions, and what not:‡

* "Read, and give it a name," a novel in four volumes, by Mrs. Llewellyn.

† "Amatory Tales of Spain, France, Switzerland, and the Mediterranean;" by Honoria Scott.

‡ I thought that my catalogue of dull authors had been nearly complete, when I accidentally lighted on "The Amatory Works of Tom Shuffleton." The writer of this volume (a profligate scribbler, one John Gwilliam,) would make the public believe that his trash is from the pen of Thomas Moore, he therefore dates from Dublin instead of Grub Street! It is impossible to conceive a more abject performance; such a gallimaufry of obscene dulness has seldom issued from the Press.

Or Gunning's tales, for Gunning, to my taste,
Is sprightly, witty, any thing—but chaste:
Or "Rival Princes," anger's latest spark,
Pride of them all, and worthy Mrs. Clarke.

I pass in silence, authors not a few;
Cervantes Hogg,* and all the Grub Street Crew:
Alas! more worthy of contempt than rage,
Their worthless names would but defile my page:
The muse shall never gibbet them on high,
Obscurely as they liv'd, so let them die.

F. 'Tis pitiful—but why indulge your spleen?
Will all this harsh invective mend the scene?
Your satire is too pointed, too severe,†

* Cervantes Hogg, Esq. author of the "Rising Sun," and the "Barouche Driver and his Wife,"—despicable catch-penny trash.

† "*Ah! Boxzy, I smell you in the dark!*" whispered Doctor Johnson to his friend James Boswell, as they waded by night through the streets of Auld Reikie, not inaptly denominated the *Spice Islands!* And I odoriferously *nose* Mr. Hewson Clarke in the following lines, on the author of "The Modern Dunciad," raked up from the fœtid dunghill of the "Theatrical Inquisitor."

"Just wise enough to play the fool,
Just learn'd enough to err by rule,
With vanity of monstrous size,
That struts and swells, and would be wise;
Instead of wit, with venom fraught,

And little suited to the public ear.
My Lord, who now and then, to serve his ends,
Invites some score of literary friends,
Will meet you at his table with an air
That plainly tells you have no bus'ness there.
"Ye Gods!" he cries, "shall I, who think sublime
Matilda's motley hash of prose and rhyme,
By one, who begs a dinner at my door,
Be school'd—and play 'Sir Oracle' no more?"

P. I guess you well—henceforth no verse of mine
Shall question Rose's* title to "*divine*;"
No more in critic gall I'll dip my quill,

With owl-like mien that looks like thought;
Our sapient author rushes forth,
Like the pale critics of the north,
And vainly tries with idle rhyme,
That flows in one poor ding-dong chime,
To blast the high unsullied name
Of all the dearest sons of Fame!"

* Mr. William Stewart Rose is the author of "Partenopex of Blois." One extract will suffice to show Mr. Rose's talent for writing, what Ben Jonson calls "no language at all."

"With that 'twas wrought of fayery so dight.—
Melior in sooth it was, the sov'reign fay,
The wardress of that keep and garden gay,
She on the bed her dainty limbs down laid."

Let Feist† and Croker scribble what they will;
Let piddling Gwilliam‡ void his riff-raff stuff,
And damn'd be he that first cries "Hold, enough!"

F. Wisely resolv'd—since this contention ends,
All Grub Street and the court shall prove your friends;

† An attorney's clerk and a maker of verses. A droll story is told of Mr. Feist: he employed a printer to print his poems, (the feast of reason!) obtained a dozen copies for himself, but entirely forgot to pay the expence of publication.

"Wits have short memories, and *dunces* none."

‡ First and foremost of the indignant tribe who are still smarting from my lash, stands John Gwilliam. This illustrious obscure has written a threatening libel in the "Scourge"—but if John be twice a Dunce, he is thrice a Coward. He winces at my strictures upon his book—very likely—my object was to lash fools; and how could He hope to escape whipping? John has had so often "to ransack for filth his heart, for lies his brain," that he is a perfect adept at abuse. "For almonds he'd cry wh*** to his own mother." Yet

"If he call rogue and rascal from his garret,
He does you no more mischief than a parrot."

The following are extracts from his "Stanzas on the Author of the Modern Dunciad" in "The Scourge."

Behold the prince of darkness comes,
Sucking his dirty inky thumbs;

Brisk maids of honour quit their fond amours,
And Little's prurient page, to gloat on yours!
Why always Satire? choose some milder theme.

P. —Soft! 'tis the music of yon murm'ring stream—

F. Pshaw! the mere cant of ev'ry tuneful tongue—

P. Then say, what scenes has nature yet unsung?

With all the dunce's spirit!
Pil'd on his back a goodly weight—
Behold his lampoons on the great,
Destin'd by Somnus and by Fate,
To meet the gloom they merit."

* * * * *

" Oh! when the senseless rogue shall dare
To give his *name* the open air,
I'll make the blockhead shiver;
But, dirty dog! his timid heart
Will never let his name depart,
Lest fate should make the coward smart,
And perforate his liver!"

* * * * *

" But let him pass, the prating sot
Will very quickly be forgot,
Doom'd on his crony's shelves to rot,
While witlings round him revel;
The coy reviews, no longer paid,
Will call his Muse an arrant jade,
And send her to the devil!"

The time has been, when many a rural lay
I tried, as life pass'd airily away;
But grief and care, the inroads time has made,
Have cast o'er all a melancholy shade.
E'en now, I hasten to my last retreat,
Soon this too anxious heart shall cease to beat;
Some filial tears be o'er my memory shed,
And those who lov'd me living, mourn me dead.
Has pitying Heaven an early fate design'd,
It still shall find me grateful and resign'd:
Well pleas'd to share, at life's eventful close,
The scorn of all whom most I wish'd my foes.
For Dryden never fear'd with manly rage
To lash the full-grown vices of the age,
But, spurning what he thought dishonest fame,
Call'd ev'ry rogue and blockhead by his name;
Thus Shadwell's dulness, Shaftsbury's baser crimes,
Are handed down to all succeeding times.
Pope (who retains pre-eminence, in spite
Of all that Weston,* all that Bowles could write,)
To conquer vice the surest method found,
He aim'd with care to give the deeper wound:
And counting titles, wealth, inferior things,
To Virtue gave what he deny'd to Kings.

* This miserable dunce was hired some years ago to defame Pope in the Gentleman's Magazine.

And shall the Muse,† freeborn, to none a slave,
Unbrib'd, unbought, by any fool or knave;
A votary oft at Freedom's holy shrine,
Check the just warmth of her satiric line?

† ODE.

Of all the slaves by fate accurst, (1)
Sure a Dependant is the worst,
The dupe of every whim;
The Negro chain'd on Afric's shore,—
The meanest wretch that tugs the oar,
Is blest compared to him.

See Appius, curst with mighty gains,
How great his pride! how small his brains!
How haughty, cold, and stern!
Behold him at a levee wait—
The sycophant, a tool of state,
Must bow and cringe in turn.

Though fortune give me such a share
Of wealth, that leaves me none to spare;
A happier fate is mine;
Since Providence hath largely sent
A richer portion in content,
And why should I repine?

(1) "We have already extended this article so far (*twenty pages of criticism*) that we can spare room for only two more quotations; which, long as our extracts have been, we are persuaded will prove acceptable to our readers. The first is an *Ode*, not satirical, but simply beautiful." Antijacobin Review for January, 1815.

Free let it flow while truth directs its course,
Strong in its tide, resistless in its force;
And shame the hoary pimp, the courtly tool,
The bold-fac'd villain, and the harmless fool.

For know, my Friend, of human bliss
The whole economy is this—
(Experience speaks it true:)
If little be our worldly part,
To sit resign'd—and learn the art
To make that little do.

Here seated in my calm retreat,
My milk is pure, my fruits are sweet,
Impearl'd by morning dews;
How fresh the breeze! how clear the sky!
My faithful handmaids ever nigh,
Contentment and the Muse.

My house a crib—built firm and strong,
My garden, scarce an acre long,
Well planted o'er with flowers;
And then of books a precious store,
Of ancient and of modern lore,
To charm the lonely hours.

With him, the bard, "who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,"
Let Spenser strike the lyre;
And, prince of chivalry and song,
Sidney, shall join the tuneful throng;
And Shakespeare, Muse of Fire!

Shall Britain, spot of heaven's peculiar care,
Her sons so warlike, and her nymphs so fair;
Whose envied fame is borne on ev'ry breeze
As waves her flag majestic o'er the seas;

I hear the fallen, Evil One,
Lost Spirit! curse the morning sun—
I mourn our Parents' sin—
Without—all darkness and eclipse—
A spark inflames the Poet's lips
From Heaven's own fire within.

In Parnell's sweetly moral lay,
I learn to bless, while I obey
What Providence decrees:
In Shenstone's soft impassion'd strain,
I hear a tender heart complain
To ev'ry whispering breeze.

I love to sit at evening tide,
With Chloe, by our own "Fireside,"
Domestic bliss the theme—
Or, in the "Cotter's" shed to drink
Of Living Waters, by the brink
Of Zion's sacred stream.

And let "The Minstrel's" lay inspire
Love for the poet and his lyre—
Hail, "Truth" immortal! hail!—
And blessings on the tuneful tongue
That "Fancy's" fleeting visions sung,
And Owen's mournful tale.

Shall Britain see her liberties despis'd,
Once jealously maintain'd, and dearly priz'd,
And silently behold her court outblaze
The rank obscenity of Charles's days?

Her wing "Imagination" prunes,
When lofty Akenside attunes
His loud harmonious shell—
Hark, to yon pipe of oaten reeds!
'Tis gentle Cunningham that leads
To "Contemplation's" cell.

He that hath a quiet mind,
What he seeks for, he shall find
In calm, sequester'd bow'rs;
Where, Armstrong, in thy classic page
Bloom vernal youth, and vig'rous age
With fancy's fairest flow'rs.

Thanks to the gods for what they send!
A cheerful glass to treat a friend,
Of liquor old and rare;
O'er which, borne high on fancy's wing,
We drink our country and our king,
Or toast some fav'rite fair.

And what I hold my greatest pride,
A partner, in affliction tried,
O'er life's tempestuous sea;
Kind, patient, affable, sincere,
To all who know her virtues, dear—
But doubly dear to Me!

Shall vice make virtue crouch beneath her feet,
And grey seduction prowl from street to street;
And sins too black and horrible to name,
In her unhappy land be thought no shame?

Thanks to the gods for what they give!
Thus independent let me live;
Thus independent die;
Steal from the world—not quite unknown—
And may some monumental stone
Point where my ashes lie.

Enough, that o'er their father's bier
My children drop the filial tear,
By fond affection shed;
And (grateful to the poet's mind)
The humble works I leave behind,
Embalm my memory dead.

Let no unfriendly step intrude
On this, my peaceful solitude—
Grave! guard thy silent guest.
Here, all my deeds beneath the sun;
Here, all my good and evil done,
Find their eternal rest.

Here grief subsides, and rage expires,
And mad ambition's wild desires—
E'en love forgets to burn—
And friendship's bright ethereal ray,
Life's pleasant sunshine! dies away
In the sepulchral urn.

Shall Scripture, blessed fount of truth divine,
Which made by holy faith the Saviour mine,
And taught me through this dark sojourn to see,
Although a wanderer, he died for me,
By daring infidels, and fools at best,
Be boldly call'd a fable and a jest?*
And O! to make her infamy complete,
Shall Truth and Justice quit the judgment-seat,
And Law, her strong defence in former times,
Uphold the guilty, and defend their crimes?

Sense, feeling, all—save Hope, are fled
From this lone mansion of the dead—
She, to dispel the gloom,
Completes the pilgrim's triumph here,
And casts, from her celestial sphere,
A radiance round his tomb.

* Philosophy!—how has this comprehensive word ("the love of wisdom!") been misapplied, to dignify the vilest jargon that sophistry ever invented to bewilder and impose upon mankind. Scepticism constitutes modern philosophy; the theory of which degrades man to the brute, and the practice of which is in harmony with the theory. Admitting for a moment this withering assumption, that man is an irresponsible being, the creature of circumstances, and, according to some sages, at one period not even possessing the distinction of walking erect, and exercising the gift of speech, would the promulgation of such a doctrine add one iota to his happiness? Where would be the philosophy of substituting for a glorious illusion, a melancholy truth?

Shall sins like these, which loud for vengeance call,
And urge a tottering nation to its fall,
Unbridled reign, and Satire's voice be dumb?
Nor warn a guilty land of wrath to come?
I will——

F. Fine words! lash blockheads to the bone,
But leave, my friend, pray leave the Great alone;
The sons of dulness, they were made for sport,
But spare, for prudence sake, O spare the Court!
My Lord, whose frown keeps modest Truth in awe,

Whirled in the giddy vortex of fashionable dissipation, the rich may have neither time nor inclination to contemplate eternity; far different is it with those who tread the lowly vale of poverty, their privations are many, their enjoyments few. What reconciles them to their hard fate? what teaches them patience and resignation, and gives them peace, which outward circumstances may disturb, but cannot destroy, but the certainty of a blissful inheritance after the toils of their weary pilgrimage? Proclaim this a delusion, tell them that the hour to which they look forward with trembling hope will be the hour of eternal darkness and annihilation, and the light that illumined their cottage is gone for ever! Wretched philosophy, that deprives man of his last, his only consolation!

How degrading to stand in awe of a worthless few, who, having cast off the allegiance they owe to their Maker, would induce others to follow their unhappy example! It is a mental thraldom of the most abject kind, an infatuation that cannot plead for its excuse the example of moral excellence, or the powerful ascendency of genius; for it

Array'd in all the terrors of the law,
Suspends his legal vengeance.—
P. Let it fall;—
One smile from Virtue makes amends for all;
A Jefferies' rage can ne'er my terrors raise,
I scorn his censure, as I hate his praise.

Thou (if a voice, still true to virtue's cause,
Dare give neglected honesty applause,)
Who, free from private pique, from party zeal,

would be difficult to point out to the indignation and scorn of mankind, a race more hateful for their profligacy, or more contemptible for their ignorance, than this modern school of infidels. Man without religion, *is* the creature of circumstances; religion is above circumstances. "My friend," said Voltaire to the atheist Damilaville, "after you have supped on well-dressed partridges, drank your sparkling Champagne, and slept on cushions of down, I have no fear of you, though you do not believe in God; but if you are perishing of hunger, and I meet you in the corner of a wood, I would rather dispense with your company." Voltaire knew by experience what precarious stuff infidelity is made of. The disciples of "the brilliant Frenchman" can receive little consolation from his last moments. "I die abandoned by God and man!" was (according to M. Tronchin, his physician,) the awful exclamation of this pretended philosopher. Finely has Dr. Young remarked,

"Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die!*"

Canst like a poet write, a patriot feel,
Accept my verse; relax thy brow awhile,
Nor scorn my labours for their homely style.
If now and then a happier line appear,
And sound with sweeter music in thine ear;
A brighter thought, in which thou seest combin'd
Sound judgment, fertile fancy, strength of mind;
Such as may justly claim thy meed of praise,
And call to mind the bards of former days;
'Tis all I hope—but far from me be those
Who flatter Grenville's* rhyme, or Dibdin's prose;
Phlegmatic judges, who unmov'd can sit,
And Arnold's ribaldry mistake for wit;
O'er Dimond's† puling scenes lament and sigh,
With Skeffington or Godwin‡ laugh and cry;
And O! (what wonders we may live to see,)
Think, Maturin, mighty Shakespeare rivals THEE!§

* Lord George Grenville, author of "Portugal," a Poem.

† Mr. Dimond wrote "The Hunter of the Alps," "Adrian and Orrilla," "The Foundling of the Forest," and several other pieces in the German style.

‡ Mr. Godwin perpetrated a laughable Tragedy, called "Faulkner," that was damned at Drury Lane.

§ In those day-dreams of fancy, which persons of a certain temperament are wont to indulge, I have pictured to my imagination Shakespeare and his times. His majestic countenance, from the contemplation of which Dryden

Let such dull loungers (if they rise so soon)
At dry rehearsals spend their time till noon;
To billiards stroll, or half asleep peruse
The vague abortions of Fitzgerald's muse;
Then at Albina's rout complete the yawn,
With her blue-stocking friends, and gape till dawn.

caught inspiration, has been rudely, yet faithfully preserved; his mind is best seen in his works. On the few incidents recorded in his life, I dwell with fond enthusiasm. His boyhood, courtship, marriage, his wild exploits in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy (the scene of "As You Like It"), his bitter lampoon on the "Parliament Member," his retreat from Stratford, arrival in London, accidental encounter with the players, his appearance as an actor and author, and the first dawning of his mighty genius. That the muse had vouchsafed him her inspirations, and opened to his infant eyes the gates of immortality; that she had haunted his visions by day, and his dreams by night, is not the fiction of an idle brain, but an inference fully warranted by events. In disgrace and penury, the world before him, but its prospects gloomy and uncertain, Shakespeare quitted his native town, his family, and kindred. His feelings who shall imagine? who shall describe? I should say they partook of melancholy mingled with hope, relieved by the curiosity of a young and ardent adventurer strong in the emotions of genius, anticipating a wider field for the exercise of his talents, and not without some partial glimpses of "The All Hail Hereafter!" If such were his aspirations, never was vision more prophetic.

In aid of this illusion, his contemporaries pass in review before me: Elizabeth, "the expectancy and rose of the

fair state;" the munificent Southampton, "the observ'd of all observers;" the gallant Raleigh; the rare Ben Jonson, and his *fellows*, Alleyn, Armin, Burbage, Green, and that prince of clowns, Dick Tarlton, whose true effigies have passed to posterity, and enough of whose history remains to give me some insight into their characters. Their very places of resort, convivial and theatrical, though for the most part destroyed by time, are transmitted by the graver's art; and so minutely has description set forth each particular, that I pace the deserted chambers of the Falcon and the Devil—I hear the wisdom and the wit, and the loud laugh—I visit the Bear Garden, the Globe, and the Fortune—I listen to *Tarlton*, with his wondrous, plentiful, pleasant, extemporal humour, exchanging gibes with our merry ancestors—I behold *Burbage*, such a player "as no age must look to see the like," in his original character of the crafty *Richard—Maister Greene*, than whom "there was not an actor of his nature, in his time, of better ability in performance of what he undertook, more applaudent by the audience, of greater grace at the court, or of more general love in the Citty," in his *crack* part of *Bubble*, in "*Tu Quoque!*"—the merry and frolicsome *Bob Armin*, in simple *John, in the Hospitall*—and

> "*Alleyn*, playing *Faustus*,
> With the Cross upon his breast."

The age of Shakespeare was the age of romance,

> "Of pomp, and feast, and revelry,
> With mask and antique pageantry;
> Such sights as youthful poets dream
> On summer eves by haunted stream."

As yet, frigid philosophy had not reduced man's existence to one dull round of sad realities; but some magical drops

were distilled in the cup, to make the bitter draught of life go down. Shakespeare had drank deep at this fountain of inspiration; hence the high-toned sentiment, the noble enthusiasm, the perfect humanity, that make the heart tremble, and the tears start, in the works of this mighty enchanter. The age, too, was a joyous one; the puritanical ravings of *Gosson* and *Stubbes*, and the snarling of *Prynne*, had not disinclined the people to their ancient sports and pastimes; and England, in her holy-days and festivals, well deserved her characteristic appellation of "Merrie." These national peculiarities were not lost on a mind so excursive as Shakespeare's:—his works abound in curious illustrations of the domestic habits and popular superstitions of our ancestors; and he who has attentively studied them, may claim more credit for antiquarian knowledge than is generally conceded to the readers of fiction and fancy. From all that I can learn of his personal history, his disposition was bland, cheerful, and humane; by one who best knew him, he is styled the "gentle Shakespeare." He possessed that happy temperament so beautifully described by Hamlet in his character of Horatio:

> "For thou hast been
> As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
> A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
> Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
> Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
> That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please."

He loved the merry catch and the mirth-inspiring glee,—the wine and wassail, the cakes and ale, which warmed the hearts of that immortal triumvirate, Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and the Clown, and extracted from the taciturn Master Silence those precious relics of old ballad poetry that erst graced the collection, "fair wrapt up in parchement, and

bound with a whipcord," of that righte cunninge and primitive bibliographer, Captain Cox, of Coventry! And how deeply has he struck the chords of melancholy!—yet no marvel thereat; since there never was a true poet who did not feel the presence of this sublime spirit—a spirit that dwelt in Shakespeare in all its intensity:

> " To him the mighty mother did unveil
> Her awful face; the dauntless child
> Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
> This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear,
> Richly paint the vernal year:
> Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
> This can unlock the gates of joy!
> Of horror, that, and thrilling fears,
> And ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Among the moments that I contemplate with peculiar complacency, are those passed in the theatre. *Katharine* and *Constance*—*Hamlet* and *Lear*—*Richard* and *Shylock*—and those merry varlets, *Benedick*, *Mercutio*, and *Autolicus*, from being my idols on the stage, became my companions in the closet, and there inspired me with still more exquisite delight. Thus led to the fountain-head of true poetry, I discovered that the stream had been polluted by ignorance and presumption; that interpolation and stage necessity (?) had disfigured the bard, and shorn him of some of his choicest beauties; and that passages of high intellectual power, from being slurred over by a " robustious periwig-pated fellow," had fallen unheeded on my ear, but now discoursed most eloquent music. Like the traveller journeying afar, who has been alternately delighted and amazed with the various prospects that have opened to his view—who has contemplated the smooth river and the mountain-torrent—whose eye has rested on one unbounded extent of earth, and ocean, and sky; I, in studying the writings of

Shakespeare, have been presented with every object in Nature's landscape, with the added charms of philosophic and metaphysical lore. I have seen the springs of passion unlocked, the inmost recesses of the heart explored, and every thought, however deeply seated there, revealed and analysed. The veil that separates the material from the immaterial world has been drawn aside, and I have beheld the wonders of that mysterious region. I have been subdued by sorrow that I would not have exchanged for mirth, and exhilarated by merriment that might have unbent the dull brow of melancholy and softened it into a smile. I have seen morality and science in the many-coloured vesture of poetry; and philosophy, erect, not elated, cheerful, benevolent, and sublime. But envy hath no fancy to the rose of the garden, and what careth malice for the lily of the valley? Of *Voltaire*, and his host of infidels and buffoons, let me speak with temper. There are certain men to whom we cannot afford our anger; but charity demands something, and we throw them our contempt. This is the only feeling provoked by the French critics. Beautiful Spirit! what griefs hast thou not alleviated and charmed? what sympathies hast thou not awakened and sublimed? In health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow, in the busy turmoil of every-day life, in the silent tranquillity of reflection and solitude, the infirmities of our nature have in thy brightness been glorified and transfigured.

Shakespeare did not wait for the sear and yellow leaf, ere he bade a final adieu to the theatre of his glory. If ever pride became a virtue, it was that which glowed in the poet's bosom at this auspicious moment. Of fame he possessed a greater share than ever fell to the lot of human being. A splendid retirement was before him;—

> "And that which should accompany old age,
> As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

With what emotions must he have revisited that sacred pile, the last object where perchance he fondly lingered, when he went forth a wanderer!—Too soon it was to become his mausoleum—the shrine of adoring votaries, through distant ages; who, led thither by the divine spirit of his muse, account it no idolatry to bow before the dust of Shakespeare.

VIRGIL IN LONDON;

OR,

TOWN ECLOGUES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1814.

THIRD EDITION.

VIRGIL IN LONDON;

OR,

TOWN ECLOGUES.

INTRODUCTORY DIALOGUE.

LADY ***** AND AUTHOR.

Lady. WHAT! Virgil in London?—'twill never
go down—
He'll meet but a sorry reception in town;
His manners are coarse, and his language, you know
(As Dryden translates), is exceedingly low;
An old fashion'd poet, whose obsolete rhymes
Will ne'er suit the taste of these whimsical times;
Unlike Thomas Little, all pathos and passion,
A Bard, that, I'm sure, will be always in fashion!
But what hieroglyphics are these that I see?—
Lord F— with a dash, and the Countess of D—,
No scandal, I hope.—

Author. Not a stroke of ill-nature,
All sober hilarity, good-humour'd satire;

My Muse, no prim quakeress, straight, and tight-lac'd—
Will, I hope, prove a nymph to your Ladyship's taste.

Lady. But why thus confine your poetical rage?
Give scope to your talents, and write for the stage;
'Tis a second-hand task o'er the classics to pore,
And Virgil has had his translators before.

Author. The Stage!—'twere in vain for your poet to try,
No half-witted melo-dramatist am I.

Lady. Write a poem in Erse—
Author. And provoke the Reviews!
What! rival the chaste Caledonian Muse?

Lady. Then conjure up Spirits, and boldly advance
A champion for fame in the field of Romance;
Try Politics—*they* 've been the fashion of late!—
Turn critic—but ne'er condescend to translate.

Author. Though pedants may rail, though the learned may frown,
Still Virgil shall make his appearance in town.
A masquerade, pic-nic, a grand city ball,

A Carlton House fête, or a squeeze at Vauxhall,
The play-house, the park, and occasional news,
Shall furnish right popular themes for his Muse.
How like you the thought?

Lady. Why, the subject is witty,
'Tis a novel idea, and exceedingly pretty!
For Virgil to sing, when he travels from home,
The fashions of London as well as of Rome.—
The grave with the gay, you must skilfully blend;
If dull, you will tire; if severe, you'll offend;
Be cautious, and take the advice of a friend.

Author. Ye Critics! before whose tribunal severe,
As a dutiful bard, I am bound to appear;
To a poet be merciful once in your lives,
And spare him the smarts of your critical knives!
If sometimes, a truant from classical rules,
His muse take a license unknown to the schools,
Reflect, Alma-mater is nothing to him,
A laughing disciple of frolic and whim;
Nor scalp a poor author for trifles like these,
Who strives to amuse, and whose aim is to please.

ECLOGUE I.

THE RETIRED CITIZEN TO HIS FRIEND IN TOWN.

Fortunate Senex, hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.
VIRGIL, ECLOGA I.

WHILE you, M——, fond of noise and strife,
Endure the bustle of a city life,
Content with Mopsa, your enamour'd bride,
To breathe the smoky vapours of Cheapside;
I, far remov'd from busy scenes like these,
Enjoy the morning sun, the evening breeze,
To rural prospects unrepining go,
While life has yet some pleasures to bestow.

Let sordid misers ev'ry art employ
In heaping gold for others to enjoy;
Let sober cits, resolv'd to take a trip,
Give once a year their customers the slip,
And rashly dare (anticipating joy)
The ten-fold horrors of a Margate hoy;
Let them, good folks! forsake the town in droves,
And idly stray through Dandelion's groves,

Or, proud to show a daughter's clumsy air,
Half-stifled in a ball-room, strut and stare;
Let them, in shuffling cards and throwing dice,
Expend a twelvemonth's profits in a trice,
And, cursing inwardly their journey down,
With empty pockets travel back to town;—
Beneath a shade I take my cheerful glass,
Nor let the precious moments idly pass;
Those blissful moments, which, in age we learn
Too swiftly vanish'd, never to return.

For wealth, the most desir'd of earthly things,
Is only useful for the joys it brings;
And let me never tauntingly be told
I simply barter'd happiness for gold.
Let me, ere gouty ills, a direful train,
Disturb my rest, and rack my joints with pain,
Or cough consumptive, when I mount the stairs,
With hollow sound, delight my greedy heirs,
Improve by mirth this remnant of my span,
And gaily cut a caper while I can;
For age is not a time for roguish tricks,
And few can dance a reel at sixty-six.
Our neighbour Gripus left his shop and till,
To breathe the purer air of Greenwich-hill,
To taste the soft delights of rural bow'rs,
But not till age had frozen all his pow'rs:

Scarce to these scenes of pleasure did he go,
Ere gout, relentless, fasten'd on his toe;
Although, to shorten his declining life,
He lack'd no better torment than his wife.
Old Discount, who, in forty years' retreat,
Had snuff'd the wholesome air of Lombard-street,
First felt his sudden passion to retire,
When Farmer Gubbins, o'er a Christmas fire,
Declar'd what sterling joy the country yields,
And prais'd his dogs, his horses, and his fields.
To leave the town, and rusticate dispos'd,
His books are balanc'd, his accounts are clos'd;
In landed sureties he invests his gains,
And not one debt unsatisfied remains:
He builds, he plants, and counts his future years,
When Death, a ruthless creditor, appears:
Enough, that Discount did his life employ
In hoarding riches—let his heirs enjoy.

While yet my limbs are sound, and health remains,
While yet the blood runs freely through my veins,
Ere watchful Time, with slow and silent pace,
Engraves a thousand wrinkles on my face;
Ere yet my eyes grow dim, my hearing fail,
I'll climb the hill, and wander through the vale;
Hear the sweet Lark salute the rising day,
And Philomela pour her evening lay;

Or with some chosen friend, in woodbine bow'r,
In social converse pass the cheerful hour,
Talk of our youthful days in merry vein,
And act our sports and gambols o'er again;
For many a sport had I, at many a time,
In youth's gay spring, when life was in its prime!

On Sabbath-days some visitor comes down,
And brings me all the latest news from town;
How many Frenchmen we have put to flight,
And who is made a bankrupt, who a knight.
Proud of my snug retirement, ere we dine
I show my guest my cattle and my kine,
My well-stor'd greenhouse, warm and trimly neat,
Where social plants from ev'ry climate meet;
My young plantation, full of vernal shoots,
My summer blossoms and autumnal fruits.
Happy old Man! my house and grounds my own,*
I envy not the monarch on his throne.
What though the dust in summer blind my eyes,
And bleak and cold the wint'ry tempests rise,
No noisy fish-wife bellows me to death,
No rank unwholesome vapours stop my breath.
Happy old Man! here, in my country box,

* Fortunate Senex, ergo tua rura manebunt:
Et tibi magna satis; quamvis lapis omnia nudus, &c.

And fruitful fields, I learn the price of stocks,
As from my woodbine arbour, green and gay,
(The Hampstead stages passing twice a-day,)
My only daughter, zealous to amuse
My fond impatience, reads the weekly news!

Then come, my friend! 'tis nature's self invites;
Leave London's toilsome days and anxious nights;
Indulgent Heav'n has multiplied thy store,
Enough for thee, and canst thou wish for more?
To rival patriots leave the sinking state,
Nor hope to show thy talent for debate.——
Here, in the midst of exercise and health,
Thy mind shall learn the real use of wealth;
In stepping wide from Mammon's sordid elves,
And doing good to others, and ourselves.

ECLOGUE II.

ALEXIS.

BENEATH a shade, near Inner-Temple Lane,
Sat fond Alexis, a despairing swain;
A lawyer he, whom cruel love in sport
Had driv'n, relentless, from the Inns of Court:
Who, since he bow'd to little Cupid's yoke,
Had thought no more of Lyttelton and Coke,
But tun'd his plaintive harp to grief alone,
And Gray's-Inn gardens answer'd to his moan.

" Ah! Easter Monday! Day for ever dear!
Thou blithesome herald of the vernal year;
To me, alone, thou prov'st a galling smart,
For on thy luckless day I lost my heart.
Fair shone the rosy morn, at six I rose,
And view'd with eager eyes my Sunday clothes;
Th' embroider'd vest, the pantaloons so trim;
The high-crown'd modish hat with narrow brim;
The hessian boot, the coat with taper skirt,
The stiff-starch'd cravat, and the ruffled shirt!
Thus nattily equipp'd, a London spark!
I march'd with hasty step to Greenwich Park;

Through clouds of dust I bent my joyous way,
With song and whistle, for my heart was gay;
But little thinking I should find, ere night,
My heart so heavy, and my purse so light.
Ye Muses of Apollo's sacred hill,*
Whom once I woo'd, (and let me woo ye still!)
When, warm with passion and the rural scene,
I sung the blue-ey'd Maid of Stepney Green,
Teach me once more to sing my am'rous pains,
And Blouzelinda's charms in equal strains.
A gipsy hat her auburn hair confin'd,
Save some stray locks that sported in the wind;
And nature, bounteous nature, bade disclose
Her neck the lily, and her cheek the rose.

Long has the maid my youthful bosom fir'd,
Her beauty long my simple lay inspir'd;
I saw her charms unfolding ev'ry hour,
Fair was the bud, but fairer is the flower!

†As lately at the river's brink I stood,
In meditation deep, at Hornsey Wood,

* Nymphæ, noster amor, Libethrides, aut mihi carmen,
Quale meo Crodo, &c. &c.

† Nec sum adeò informis: nuper me in littore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis staret mare. Non ego Daphnin,
Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago.

I, while the sun delay'd his parting beam,
Beheld my face reflected in the stream;
My eyes look'd bright, with diffidence I speak,
And youthful blushes glow'd upon my cheek;
I mark'd my form, to Vestris no disgrace,
Where just proportion vied with manly grace:
But, since these beauties charm my love no more,
I shun the fountains that I sought before;
From billiards, rackets, quoits, and cricket flee;—
And taw and skittles have no charms for me.

Canst thou forget, when, warm with love and ale,
I whisper'd in thine ear my tender tale?
How didst thou blush at Cupid's soft command,
(The glass of negus trembling in thy hand!)
And sighing, promise everlasting truth,
If I would take thee but to Saunders' booth,
To see the tailor, in equestrian pride,
With crupper, whip, and spur, to Brentford ride?
Did I not show thee ev'ry kind of fun;—
Cows with two heads, that never had but one;
Sage necromancers, who, to conjuring prone,
Tell ev'ry body's fortunes but their own;
And Lady Morgan short, and Patrick tall?
No Yorkshire club was ours—I paid for all.
Yes, cruel maid! and no reward I seek,
Though that day's flourish made me fast a week;

Bear witness to my vows, ye pow'rs above!
I ask no other payment, but thy love;
No fonder pledge I crave, my lovely girl,
Than that thou gav'st me o'er a pint of purl!

Come to my longing arms, my lovely care!*
And take the presents which the gods prepare!
The macaroni cake, the Chelsea bun,
And almonds crisp, and raisins of the sun:
But what avails it that I yield my store?†
The purse-proud Daphnis still will offer more,
And Blouzelinda has too sweet a tooth,
To scorn his gifts, and wed the poorest youth.
In splendid courts, let haughty princes reign,‡
The shepherd loves the forest and the plain:—
The prowling dun the hungry bard pursues,
The politician travels after news,
The unpaid tailor dogs the London spark,

* Huc ades, O formose puer. Tibi lilia plenis
Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Naïs, &c.

† Rusticus es, Corydon; nec munera curat Alexis:
Nec, si muneribus certes, concedat Iollas.

‡ Pallas, quas condidit arces
Ipsa colat: nobis placeant ante omnia Silvæ.
Torva leæna lupum sequitur; lupus ipse capellam.
Florentem cytisum sequitur, lasciva capella:
Te Corydon, O Alexi: trahit sua quemque voluptas.

The curious hunt the Cossack through the park—
Each has his diff'rent hobby:—by this rule,
Sir Claudius plays the courtier, Coates the fool,
My Lord the jockey, Skeffington the beau,
And Love's my hobby, wheresoe'er I go.

Resound, ye hills! resound my mournful strain,
Of perjur'd Blouzelinda I complain!—
The doctor tries his Esculapian skill,
He draws the lancet, and prescribes the pill,
And lays for Cupid many an artful lure;
But love's a pang that physic cannot cure;
A ruthless dun, devoted to his prey,
By night tormenting, as he plagues by day.

But see, the night emits unwholesome damps,
And nimble link-boys run to light their lamps;
Now strolls the painted Cyprian in the dark,
I'll to the Basin, in St. James's Park:—
*Farewell! the lawyer's quirk, the pleader's bawl;
The Temple, Lincoln's-Inn, and Justice-Hall!
Farewell! the park, the play-house, and Pall-Mall!
Blouzy, adieu!—and all the world, farewell!

* Non ego vos posthac, viridi projectus in antro,
Dumosà pendere procul de rupe videbo.
Carmina nulla canam: non, me pascente, capellæ,
Florentem cytisum et salices carpetis amaras.

ECLOGUE III.

THE DISCARDED MINISTER.

Amicus. *Ho! Georgius, whither on thy way so fast,
From good St. Stephen's?
Georgius. †Ah! my friend; at last,
(Would I had never liv'd, this day to see,
Strange revolution for the state and me!)
His Highness, who has ow'd me long a grudge,
Exclaims, "You cringing ragamuffin, budge!
A fellow, that to serve his private ends,
Gives ev'ry place of profit to his friends!
No more I'll have a herd of Scotch petitioners,
Clerks of the crown, or Navy-board commissioners."

Ami. But what will now become of your colleagues,
Their ways and means, their councils, their intrigues?
What other leader will they choose?

* Quo te, Mœri, pedes? an, quò via ducit, in urbem?

† O Lycida, vivi pervenimus; advena nostri,
(Quod nunquam veriti sumus) ut possessor agelli
Diceret, Hæc mea sunt; veteres migrate coloni.

Geo. Heav'n knows!
I weep to think of leaving Treasurer Rose;*
Methinks I hear him cry, distracted, next,
"Forebodings tell me that my turn comes next!"
And then the honest man dissolves in tears,
To lose the place he's held for twenty years.

Ami. And Vansittart,† will royalty reject him?

* Here lies old George, who took the surest
And safest road to wealth, though dark;
The Statesman, Treas'rer, Sinecurist,
The Lords', though once a Purser's clerk.

Alike to him, were friends and foes;
And both by turns, he would importune;
For George's politics were those
Which tended most to make his fortune!

Bred in the Caledonian school,
Laborious, plodding, dull and grave;
He was too knowing for a *fool*,
Yet wanted wit to be a *knave!*

If there are sinecures in heav'n,
Our Treas'rer may indulge his whim;
If neither pow'r nor place be giv'n,
Faith, 'tis a sorry change for him!

† *The Grand Question debated.*

Cries starch Mrs. Sidmouth to grave Mrs. Van,
"I cannot conceive what the deuce there can be in us,
That the Prince to promote us should do all he can,
When nobody else any merit can see in us;

Geo. Ah! no: impassive Dulness shall protect him:
He has no dang'rous particle of sense,
But all is solid—shillings, pounds, and pence.
'Tis not in pious Nicholas to think;
Suffice it, that he uses pens and ink,
To calculate with nicety the sum
Of new imposts and taxes yet to come.

Ami. What will they do with Ryder, let me ask?
" An oracle within an empty cask!"

" For had I stuck fast to my Doctor's degree,
(That I did'nt 'tis well, though it certainly odd is!)
The king's loyal subjects might still have been free,
I ne'er had imprison'd, but physic'd their bodies;

" That His Highness, a man both of wit and of letters,
(Which between you and I, are but rarish commodities)!
Should raise us so high o'er the heads of our betters,
Is strange, Mrs. Vansittart, I vow to God it is!"

Mrs. Van having heard Mrs. Sidmouth's oration,
Gave her mouth a wise screw, turn'd her eyes in their sockets,
Just as when she harangues on the state of the nation,
Or makes some financial attempt on our pockets.

" The reason quite plain without all this parade is,
So truce, Madam Sid, to your logical fuss;
As the Prince has so great a penchant for *Old Ladies!*
No wonder he's grown rather partial to us!"

He rises,—with the awful subject big,
And shakes the powder'd honours of his wig;
He speaks;—a mute attention fills the House,
The mountain is deliver'd of its mouse.

Geo. He, p'rhaps may prove of service to the state,
In matters of small consequence and weight;
To make an act to walk the parish bounds,
And see that sleepy watchmen go their rounds;
Or, with a face most ludicrously stern,
To move—the yawning house do now adjourn.

Ami. But hast thou (pray excuse the thing I mention,)
No small reversion, sinecure, or pension,
No secret bribe to make retirement sweet?—
Come, say how much might purchase thy retreat?

Geo. For neither pension, sinecure, nor bribe,
Am I indebted to the courtly tribe.
Was it for this I brav'd the party-storm,
And silenc'd the loud Demon of Reform,
That fierce assail'd me with its thousand tongues,
And brazen forehead, and stentorian lungs?
Was it for this, I made a glorious stand,
And gave corruption both my heart and hand?

Ungrateful Party!—in declining age
To hiss a hoary vet'ran off the stage.

Ami. Mourn not, my Friend, thy public life is o'er,
There's nothing left behind thee to deplore;
For what is pow'r, but trouble, care, and pain?
Hard to acquire, uneasy to retain.
O! fly from court, to nature's rural scenes,
To patient drudges leave the ways and means;
There health is borne on ev'ry breeze that blows,
There murm'ring streams shall lull thee to repose.

Geo. What fancied scenes of happiness you trace,
Strange comfort for a statesman out of place!
Who, by no oaths political confin'd,
Dare, (mirabile dictu!) speak his mind.
Are hills, and dales, and valleys, half so gay
As bright St. James's on a Levee day?
What fierce extatic transports fill my soul,
To hear the drivers swear, the coaches roll;
The courtiers compliment, the ladies clack,
The satins rustle, and the whalebones crack!
What! shall a fallen Minister regale
On slices of brown bread, and homebrew'd ale?—
Lay his opinion open to rebuke,
And please a Boor—when he might charm a Duke?

And, O! the greatest nuisance in the land,
Shall squire and vicar shake him by the hand,
Or bellowing huntsman, follow'd by his pack,
With hearty thump salute him on the back?—
No, let me rather live to see the day,
That joins me to the politics of Grey,—
Adopt mad schemes by restless Tierney plann'd,
Or, all unnotic'd, at a Levee stand.—
Let me the words of blust'ring Fuller quote,
Or to that puppy Holland give my vote
To calculate the ex-officio fibs
Of my old worthy friend, Sir Vicary Gibbs!
Or, once for all, in winding up the sum
Of evils present, past, and yet to come,
O, let me be proclaim'd, by Hawkers loud,
Political Jack-Pudding of the crowd.

Ami. Since you're resolv'd, I have no more to say,
But banish care and sorrow for a day;
Some disappointment* cross'd the Regent's mind,
The Queen look'd grave, or Hertford prov'd unkind;
But let the worst arrive; now, pray consider,
You can but truckle to the highest bidder.

* This conjecture is reasonable: it is not uncommon to see "Cœlestibus iræ,"—Anger in heavenly minds.

ECLOGUE IV.

CRAMBO.

'Twas in that glorious season of the year,
When leaves are green, and op'ning buds appear,
When tuneful songsters ply the feather'd wing,
And Nature welcomes the return of Spring;
'Twas in that month, when urchins, loos'd from school,
Make (fond of mischief,) many an April Fool,
And to some crabbed dame, demurely cry—
"Your stocking's down, your cap is pinn'd awry!"
'Twas in that season, when the God of Day
Once more resumes his renovating sway,
When soft the rivers glide, the zephyrs blow,
And farmers see their future harvests grow.

*Two prowling Bailiffs, hunting after prey,
Thro' ancient Grub Street sped their cautious way,
When, just at dawn, with joyful hearts they found
The tuneful Crambo prostrate on the ground.

* ———— Chromis et Mnasilus in antro
Silenum pueri somno vidère jacentum, &c. &c.

That Crambo, whom, with wondrous toil and pain,
Three tedious days they sought, but sought in vain;
That Crambo, who, though tipsy and in tatters,
Was crown'd the very prince of Odes and Satires;
That Crambo, who defied a groaning pit,
And still was thought a poet and a wit,
And, ne'er repining at his fate severe,
Was damn'd at Covent-Garden twice a-year.

Now, with a piece of cord, both long and hard,
The wary bailiffs bound the sleeping bard;
His pockets next they rummag'd, but the duns
Found nought but scraps of epigrams and puns,
Flat, fulsome, panegyrics, stiff in stays,
Remnants of farce, and fragments of new plays;
An ode to riches, an address to dawn,
With duplicates of sundry things in pawn;
Proposals for a volume in the press,
Letters to friends complaining of distress,
Beseeching they would all with open hands come;
And lott'ry puffs for Bish and Lady Branscomb.
Much more they found of literary trash,
But not one single halfpenny in cash.
Cursing with disappointment verse and prose,
The bailiffs tweak'd poor Crambo by the nose,
Who starting from his trance, and mad with pain,
Strove to get free, and bellow'd out amain.—

*"Loose me," he cry'd, "'twas dangerous to bind
A sleeping Bard; as you shall quickly find;
When my Lord Ellenb'rough once knows the matter, he
Declares you guilty of assault and battery.
But if you let me go, (rejoin'd the wit,)
You of this daring outrage I acquit;
And if you'll grant your company so long,
We'll seal the mutual bargain with a song."

"Agreed," the Bailiffs cry'd, "no more our slave;
Come, tune your pipes, and let us have the stave."

†He rais'd his voice; and soon, a motley throng
Of gaping hearers crowded to the song.
‡Not more applause, when puppets dance on wire,
Or some arch Merry-Andrew swallows fire;
Not more applause, when Kemble, full of death,
Stalks forth with bloody daggers in Macbeth;
Not more applause, when Catalani's throat
Pours forth a soft, mellifluous, pleasing note,
Which seems to us the music of the spheres;

* Solvite me, pueri: satis est potuisse videri.
Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoscite: carmina vobis: &c.

† Tum verò in numerum Faunósque ferásque videres
Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.

‡ Nec tantùm Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes,
Nec tantùm Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orphea.

Ere fill'd the air, or deafen'd human ears;
Streets, lanes, and alleys heard the mingled jar,
And scar'd pedestrians gap'd at Temple Bar.

He sung the constitution's secret springs,
And all the arts of ministers and kings;
The party squabbles of the ins and outs;
Blue-stocking clubs, and fashionable routs;
And how, the gallant Regent to amuse,
Some reg'ments play at soldiers, at reviews,
Sham-fighting, and exchanging martial rubs
At Wimbledon, Hyde Park, or Wormwood Scrubs.

He sung in notes so musical and clear,
The giant-slaying Cossack and his spear,
Who (Zemlenutin surely would'nt lie!)
Kill'd nine and thirty Frenchmen and the Fry!—*
Then, suddenly he borrow'd Croker's strain,
And sung the wars of Portugal and Spain;
And, next assuming all the minstrel's power,
With Grenville, sung the lions in the Tower.

Of Coates's fooleries his song began,
Rare pastime for the ragamuffin clan!
Who welcome with the crowing of a cock,
This hero of the buskin and the sock.—

* "Twenty more—Kill *them!*" ———

Then rose his verse against those wicked imps,
Call'd Flatterers, Spies, Court-parasites and pimps,
Who plant their poison in a princely breast,
And H**d***t's name was mention'd with the rest.

He sung the course the foggy Adm'ral steer'd,
And Yarmouth's whiskers, and Van Butchell's beard;
Of pious roastings, Spanish inquisitions,
Of penal codes, and Catholic petitions;
Of birth-day odes by tuneful Laureats furnish'd,
With all the dull encomiums newly burnish'd;
Of Bond-street macaronies, City fops,
Assemblies, Easter-balls, and Smithfield hops.

He sung in rumbling strains, to shake the soul,
The genealogy of Well'sley Pole;
And, Britain's fond credulity to cram,
Th' adventures of the whisker-fac'd Geramb;
That dauntless chief! of whom there is a tale,
He travell'd on the body of a whale,
And, (or some folks miraculously feign it,)
Spitted one hundred Frenchmen with his bay'net.
More had he sung, and rival'd ancient fables,
But Night, a sober widow clad in sables,
Bade this Apollo of the tuneful throng
Suspend awhile his yet unfinish'd song.

ECLOGUE V.

THE FIELD PREACHER.

Damon. What ho! my Peter, tell me, I beseech,
Your eager haste to town?
Peter. My haste! to preach:—
To lead my flock from error's thorny way,
My silly, wandering sheep who idly stray,
In spite of all I do, and all I say!
No arguments of mine can rouse their fears,
I preach to iron hearts, and leathern ears.

Da. I've often wonder'd that thy flock had patience,
To listen to such tedious, dull orations;
And much, alas! their folly did I grieve,
To think the stupid blockheads should believe:
For, gentle Peter, I must say in sooth,
Thou art not over nice about the truth;
And not one swain who knows thee, will deny,
That, Peter, thou canst preach,—and thou canst lie.

Pet. Methinks, thou'rt strangely pert, good Master Damon,

To shew such rudeness to a pious Layman!
To vent thy bitter spleen, and impious wrath,
Against the sober brethren of our cloth;
Who, since the plotting Sidmouth lost his bill,
(As much I hope such graceless Nobles will,)
The Gospel are at liberty to dish up,
And shake their heads at Vicar, Dean, and Bishop.

Da. Unhappy sheep, ah! who shall set them free*
From such a shepherd, such a guide as thee?
Didst thou not, cunning Varlet! when of late
Thy hearers put their money in the plate,
With sacrilegious hands the whole secure,
And of their lawful right defraud the poor?

Pet. An honest man may freely take his own;†
The cash was mine, by preaching fairly won:
Go, ask my clerk; if he the fact deny,
This tongue shall give the perjur'd rogue the lie.

* Infelix, O, semper, oves, pecus! ipse Neæram
Dum fovet, ac, ne me sibi præferat illa, veretur,
Hic alienus oves custos bis mulget in horâ:
Et succus pecori, et lac subducitur agnis.

† An mihi cantando victus non redderet ille,
Quem mea carminibus meruisset fistula, caprum?
Si nescis, meus ille caper fuit, et mihi Damon
Ipse fatebatur, sed reddere posse negabat.

Da. Good words, old rev'rend sinner! for I trow
Thy clerk's a sorry knave,—and so art thou.
Pet. Egad! a libel, or the deuce is in't!
Da. No libel, by my Fay! unless in print.

Pet. Let Collyer boast his soft bewitching note,
And crack-ton'd Wilks, the wonders of his throat;
My breast nor rival fears, nor envy knows,
I speak the truth,—and speak it through my nose.

Da. Boast not thy fancied skill, thy false renown,
Thou hypocrite! thou scarecrow of the town!
Dunce at the best! in Chapels scarce allow'd*
To tease an empty, groaning, yawning crowd.

Pet. Ah! little heed I what my Damon saith,
He is not yet converted to the faith.
Still, peradventure, though he idly mock
The priest, the guide, the shepherd of the flock,
A lambkin, he may turn his wand'ring feet;
And with a contrite heart repentance bleat.

Da. You've touched me, Peter! yes you have,
I fear,

* Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen?

I feel so strange, so comical, and queer;
My pulse beats high, my blood and bowels yearn,
I melt with love, with ecstacy I burn!
Indulge me, Peter, in this pious qualm,
And quicken my conversion with a psalm.

Pet. Such soft sensations do the saints inherit,
Who feel the inward workings of the spirit;
O! would our Sisters Tabitha and Ruth,
With all the crop-ear'd brethren of the truth,
Assembled hither for their soul's diversion,
Could see thy sudden, wonderful conversion.

Da. O, name not Tabby! debonnaire and sleek,
I tremble at the roses in her cheek!
And Ruth is buxom, though devout and shy,
A righteous heart, but yet a wicked eye!

Pet. Now hear me, brother Damon; hear, I pr'ythee,
My late conversion—and the Lord be wi' thee!
Some forty years ago, or nearly that,
I was a forward, pert, and graceless brat,
My tongue was bold, and saucy were my looks,
I lov'd my play much better than my books.
On Sabbath-days, with Thomas Stokes and Greenfield

I pitch'd the quoit, shot sparrows in a bean-field;
At playhouse riots I was quite the thing,
When Ben, or Buckhorse * fought, I kept the ring.
My father would have given pounds by twenties,
To bind me to some honest trade apprentice,
To crush my vicious habits in their growth,
But this I spurn'd, and answer'd with an oath;
For, ere the down appear'd upon my chin,
I was, though young in years, mature in sin.
But fate, in spite of all my follies past,
Resolv'd to turn my stubborn heart at last:
Stokes was transported in his tender years,
And Greenfield died with "Cotton in his ears;" †
I just escap'd the same untimely check,
And turn'd King's Evidence, to save my neck!
I grew devout, apply'd myself to trade,
And groan'd, and sang, and prophesy'd, and pray'd,
Repriev'd, affronted, coax'd:—to sum up all
In simple language—I receiv'd a call.
To crown the whole, I took a second wife,
The Son of David lov'd the married life;

* For an account of this interesting character, see the European Magazine for October, 1804.

† It is a saying when a culprit is executed at the Old Bailey, that he dies (in reference to the last exhortations of Doctor Cotton, the pious ordinary,) "with *Cotton* in his ears."

Five hundred wives had he, a noble suit!
And eke four hundred concubines to boot:
Allowing *half* the story to be true,
Peter might surely venture upon *two!*
Grown old at last, unmindful of reproach,
I feast, grow fat, kiss wife, and keep my coach;
No care have I about my latter end,
But live secure, while Satan is my friend.

Da. Right deftly hast thou tun'd thy reed, my Peter,
And told thy tale in mighty pleasant metre;
But time is on the wing, I must be gone,
What says your watch? for mine is gone to pawn.

Pet. A mighty lucky thought—as sure as Heaven,
It only wants ten minutes to eleven!
Collection Sunday to begin so late!
Do thou, good Damon, come and hold the plate;
But first, since thus our foolish quarrel ends,
Let's drink a pot of porter, and be friends.

ECLOGUE VI.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

———Quod optanti divûm promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.
VIRG. EN.

SCARCE had Aurora chas'd the shades of night,
And ting'd the mountains with returning light,
Blythe Chanticleer proclaim'd the rising morn,
And woodlands echo'd to the winding horn;
Scarce had the dextrous housemaid twirl'd her mop,
Or slip-shod 'prentice swept his master's shop;
Or nymphs and shepherds left their dark retreats
To scream their various cries thro' London streets;
When lo! a City dame, Belinda hight,
Whom pleasing thoughts kept wakeful half the night,
Rose from her downy pillow, blythe and gay,
With anxious heart, impatient for the day.
Already was the toilet's task begun,
And eagerly she watch'd the ling'ring sun.
For now the time had come, so long desir'd,
When fair Belinda, gorgeously attir'd,
In ostrich feather, wig, and diamond brooch,
Should take her station in the City Coach;

For Goddess Chance, to make the people stare,
Had pitch'd upon her husband for a May'r.

In ancient times, when Britain's laurels grew,
The rival City had her Poet too;
Then Laureat Settle, in harmonious lays,
Immortaliz'd her feasts and public days;
Her grand parades majestic roll'd along,
Supreme in ode, and mock-heroic song;
And while King Charles's praise was Dryden's care,
He found as many virtues in the May'r.

But times are chang'd; and many a tuneful strain
The civic bounty courts, but courts in vain—
E'en Virgil, who in British cap and gown,
Now humbly asks the favour of the town,
Shall find, perhaps, no market for his rhymes,
That pleas'd Mæcenas, in Augustan times;
And, forc'd by Dulness to his native home,
Without a patron travel back to Rome.

Now walk'd Belinda forth, superbly sheen,
"She look'd a goddess, and she mov'd a queen!"
To make her blooming, Art its colours lent,
And nought she lack'd that Fashion could invent.
Rare articles for show, and few for use,
Hat à-la-mode, and mantle à-la-russe;

Scarfs, furbelows, for routs and public days,
Racamian ringlets, and Parisian stays:
Ere yet, in gaudy pride, she join'd the Show,
While loudly rang the merry bells of Bow,
And eager crowds in gath'ring numbers press'd,
To Betty thus her feelings she express'd:
Aid me, Apollo, while I touch the string!
For what Belinda said—the Muse shall sing.

"Let noble dames our pageants hold in sport,
And boast the soft refinements of a court,
Look down with pity on the sons of earth,
Who claim no title to superior birth;
Be theirs the joys of fashionable strife,
Be mine the pleasures of a City life!
What pleasing visions swim before my sight,
By day the dinner, and the dance by night!
A thousand glitt'ring tapers gild the Hall,
And lo! a young Adonis, straight and tall,
Perchance just landed from some foreign tour,
Asks me to dance a minuet-de-la-cour.
Methinks I hear th' admiring gazers cry,
'Some Goddess has descended from on high,
To raise our wonder, and to charm our sight,
For sure no mortal ever stepp'd so light!'—
Then how 'twill give my enemies the vapours,
To see it mention'd in the public papers:—

—' Last night my Lady danc'd with such an air,
Terpsichore had blush'd had she been there;
Her eyes discharg'd so many killing darts,
That half the common council lost their hearts!'—
A crown, or ten-and-sixpence at the most,
Will get a puff inserted in the Post.

" It was my passion, I remember well,
My early pride and glory, to excel;
For when at school,—the governess confess'd
I sung, danc'd, play'd, far better than the rest.
In riper years I still retain'd my pride,
When rival Lovers woo'd me for their bride.—
My Father would have chosen for his heir,
A Buck of Fashion from St. James's Square;
But I, although no conjurer, could see
He lov'd himself too well, to die for me.
The Country Squire's politeness knew no bounds,
He swore he lov'd me better than his hounds,
Spoke his regard with emphasis and force,
And bid me dread no rival—but his Horse.—
The spruce Attorney, apeing Cupid's brogue,
Could hardly, in the lover, sink the rogue;
But he, too eager, overplay'd his cards,
I trick'd him—with a Captain in the Guards,
Whose pockets, while they strove my heart to win,
Had too much gold *outside*, t' have much within!

"How sweet to hear, when, as the barge we board,
The folks exclaim,—'My Lady! and my Lord!'—
They shout!—and gladly welcome our approach!
And see! they drag the horses from our coach!
For free-born Britons love these low pursuits,
To show how well they imitate the brutes.

"And, should the Regent in his grace (God bless
him!)
When next the Court of Aldermen address him,
Think fit, (the thought transports me with delight!)
To dub my Spouse, by making him a Knight;
How will the glorious news, the tidings rare,
Make all our wond'ring City neighbours stare!
What busy scandal will their tongues employ,
They'll almost die with envy—I with joy!

"But hark! the trumpets and the horns below!—
The carriage waits!—I'm summon'd to the Show!—
O patience! what a flurry I am in!—
Here, Betty, put this patch upon my chin!—
A glass of water! I shall surely faint!—
Run, Betty!—you had nigh forgot the paint!—
My case is trying, and my nerves are weak;
Oh, shocking! here's a pimple on my cheek!
This sudden greatness overcomes me quite,
Heav'n keep me in my proper wits to-night!"

ECLOGUE VII.

THE TRIAL.

Cives. STOP, Curio, what disaster prompts thy flight?
No storm is nigh, no bailiff is in sight!
Not Buonaparte flies faster when he wheels,
With twenty thousand Cossacks at his heels!
What, has thy wife (I tremble to inquire)
Once more elop'd, and set thy house on fire?

Curio. I have no time for parley,—once for all—
I go to hear a trial at Guildhall:
A case of libel, but I really doubt,
If Garrow's quibbling tongue can make it out:
Defendant's counsel promises the court
Much private information, deal of sport;
Come, let your bus'ness prove to-morrow's care,
Why all the world will be assembled there;
Great Garble threatens, for he owes a grudge,—
Civ. Hush! recollect that Garble is a judge!
More potent than a bashaw with three tails,
So have a care of penalties and jails;
His quick resentment reason never stems,

He bullies first;—(but mum,—) and then condemns.
Cur. 'Tis hard that vice should lord it—
Civ. Hard indeed!
I like your errand, and commend your speed.—
Cur. Then come, and bear me company;—
Civ. Agreed.

They reach'd the Hall, where, in familiar chat
And confab close, a tribe of lawyers sat.
There Garrow spouted with undaunted face,
And grave Sir Thomas Plomer put his case;
There Topping told the causes he had won,
And Best was all antithesis and pun;
There Clifford (who, through Covent Garden porch
From last night's revel sail'd behind a torch,)
Bawl'd rudely, as when reeling through the town,
He bilks a fare, or knocks a watchman down,
Or pleads, as he is wont, for half-a-crown!
When lo! (a signal that the time was come,)
My Lord Chief Justice Garble gave a hum!
His gown he folded with repeated twirls;
And shook like Jove his long ambrosial curls:
Prevailing Dulness in his features dawn'd,
And thrice he bit his thumbs, and thrice he yawn'd!
When, after num'rous shrugs, and inward throes,
Great Garble's pupil, Serjeant Splitbrain, rose!
Renown'd for gross vulgarity of speech,

And legal impudence that few could reach:
Such was the quibbling lawyer, such the man
Who, hemming thrice,—look'd big—and thus
began.

Splitbrain. My Lord, and Jurors, in this land
of freedom,
With honest laws and lawyers, when we need'em;
This case must make all loyal subjects wince
Who hate a libel, and who love their Prince.
What's Satire?—Why the very worst of crimes,
A drawback on the vices of the times;
A glass that brings the villain forth to view,
And leaves our friends, the Clergy, nought to do!
Who, though, poor souls! they lecture night and
day,
Can hardly keep old Lucifer at bay.
Suppose a Peer of fashionable life,
In some odd whim seduce his neighbour's wife,
His youth or noble blood must plead his cause,
And shield him from the vengeance of the laws!
Nay, grant him crippled, old, with rev'rend hairs,
Pray might not passion seize him unawares?
If he betray'd his friend, what can be said for't?*

* *Nothing*, most learned Serjeant! but a great deal *against it!*

He must not be condemn'd to lose his Head For't:
All men have had their frailties since the flood,
And, "Homo sum," my Lord—*we're* flesh and blood!
The Satirist I deem a canting rogue
Who darts his quill at any vice in vogue:
His wit is dull, his morals out of date,
If aim'd against the follies of the great.
But grant that Vice, for decency at least,
Requires some gentle chiding from the priest,
There's Parson D— "At Home" in time of need,
With his well-bred accommodating creed,
To put Court folly instantly to flight
In language most respectful and polite.
Not wishing now to state the case at large,
I leave it to his Lordship in the charge;
Your Verdict must find guilty the Defendant,
And pack him off to Jail—so there's an end on't.

Verax. On upright British Jurors, British Laws,
I boldly rest the merits of my cause.—
Too long has vice been sanction'd by the great,
And sapp'd the strong foundations of the state;
Too long have subtle pimps and flatt'rers—
Garble. Hold!—
This mode of pleading, Sir! must be controll'd:
This strange recrimination sets aloof
All due decorum:—

Ver. But, my Lord, I've proof,
Plain downright proof, I hold it in my hand;—
Why ev'ry honest Jury in the land
Know H—d—t, H—t—d (barring all lampoons),
To be sad gamesters, flatt'rers, and buffoons.
This never can be libellous I trust,
When all the world allows it to be just.

Gar. Yes, grossly libellous, you know it well,
And Scandalum magnatum—false as Hell!*—
Your client is an universal pest,
The rogue has libell'd Me among the rest;
He says I'm hot, and irritated soon,—
Yes—when some blockhead puts me out of tune!
That rage for ever flushes in my cheek:
The villain fibs!—no barrister so meek.
That guttling Epicurus in his stye,
Ne'er gormandiz'd more greedily than I,
Which (curse his base assurance!) is a lie.
A twelvemonth spent in Newgate, dark and still,
Will cure his scribbling vein—or nothing will.

* Garble had high authority for his oath. George the Second and the late Chancellor Thurlow were both profane swearers. Queen Elizabeth swore a good round hand; and, by all accounts, her maids of honour could prattle very prettily.

Ver. The man is studious, well-inform'd, though young,
No Harpy's smile has he, no flatt'rer's tongue;
Untutor'd in the manners of a Court,
He cannot yet hold decency in sport.
To vice he's neither bending nor polite,
But drags the grey impostor forth to sight,
Whate'er his rank or station, high or low;
He courts no titled friend, he dreads no foe.

Split. Henceforth no sprightly Peer can drink and wench,
No Justice fall asleep upon the bench,*
No Col'nel pimp, no Priest disgrace his gown,
But he shall be placarded through the town!
E'en *you*, my Lord, so eloquent and grave,
May chance to grow immortal in a stave,
While ev'ry minstrel of the Grub Street Choir
Unaw'd, unshackled, can command the lyre.

Gar. As Brother Splitbrain argues—black is white—
And Truth's a lie, and wrong (in Law!) is right.
May this bold-fronted libeller of Kings,

* This occurred very recently in the Court of Common Pleas—"Good old Mansfield sometimes nods!"

Who talks of worth, and such discarded things;
This Fanatic, of principles so nice!
Be taught to know the dignity of vice,
When veil'd beneath the splendor of a crown,
A Lordling's ermine, or a Statesman's gown.
Come, Jurymen, dispatch—nay, prithee, pox,
Don't sit a twelvemonth quibbling in the Box!
I'm (Deuce confound your stupid souls, in Styx!)
Engag'd to dine at Carlton House at six.

ECLOGUE VIII.

THE PARTING.

"———————————— Multi
Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato;
Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema."
JUV.

CLOSE in those walls, which Frank's* mistaken zeal,
To please a rabble, christen'd the Bastile,
Whose lofty turrets overlook the plains,
Where laughter-loving nymphs and jocund swains
In motley numbers, once a year repair
To hold the ancient rites of Gooseb'ry Fair!
Close in those walls, which ne'er a rival knew
Till Peter's† noisy Rostrum rose to view,
(For Peter, to give Lucifer a rub,
The Sons of Bridewell lectures from his tub):
Two faithful Lovers to a cell retir'd,
Both young alike, and by the Muse inspir'd;
The red-hair'd Thyrsis, and the downcast Ruth,
To whisper vows of constancy and truth:
For now the Transport was equipp'd to sail,

* Sir Francis Burdett.
† Huntingdon the Coal-heaver.

And only waited for a prosp'rous gale,
To bear young Thyrsis from his Ruth away,
On a septennial trip to Bot'ny Bay:
And thus the couple, full of am'rous pains,
Rehears'd their sorrows in alternate strains.

Ruth. Since cruel fate ordains that we should part,
Oh! Thyrsis, hear the feelings of my heart—
May I become as odious in thy sight*
As painted Hags at Drawing-rooms by night—
Such, and so monstrous, let thy Ruth appear,
If e'er her conduct give thee cause for fear.
Hence with thy doubts, for shame! for surely she
Deserves reproach from none,—but least from thee.

Thyrsis. Unhappy is the lesser villain's doom,
Cut off in fortune's pride, in manhood's bloom!
The crafty statesman, favour'd by his King,
Obtains a ribbon—but deserves a string;
And, thinking it the duty of his station
To cheat the public, and to starve the nation,
Leaves Bridewell, Bot'ny Bay, and Tyburn tree,
To friendless unprotected rogues like me!

* Immo ego Sardoïs videar tibi amarior herbis,
Horridior rusco, projectâ vilior algâ;
Si mihi non hæc lux toto jam longior anno est.

Ruth. I busy was with reading Little's muse,
When Cousin Bridget brought the dreadful news:
"A pretty joke (she cry'd), your Sweetheart Thyrsis,
Who left an honest trade to scribble verses,"
(And looking fiercely with her arms a-kimbo,)
"Has (thank his roguery for it!) got in limbo."
The words she utter'd fill'd me with despair,
I beat my bosom, and I tore my hair,
My face I scarify'd—behold the scars!
And wept aloud, and curs'd my evil stars:
My mother thought me in hysteric fits,
The Doctor said that I had lost my wits;
And cry'd (while to his mouth he did present his
Long amber-headed cane) "*Non compos mentis.*"

Thyr. But I must travel far, to climes unknown,*
Beneath the scorching or the freezing Zone;
Condemn'd, alas! by Law's unjust decree,
My home, my friends, my love! no more to see:—
We all must reap the harvest that we sow,
Good Heav'n! what ills from deeds dishonest flow.

Ruth. Now hear me, Thyrsis, hear the vow I make,
To die a faithful virgin for thy sake.

* At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros:
Pars Scythiam, et rapidum Cretæ veniemus Oaxem, &c.

Let eager suitors proffer bars of gold,
And court me like Penelope of old,
I'll show the rogues, the lady of Ulysses
Had not a heart more true to love, than this is.

Thyr. I know thee, Love! thou surely wert the son*
Of some hard judge, or shoulder-tapping dun,
The ruthless pupil of Old Bailey Juries,
Nurs'd by the fiends, and suckled by the furies.

Ruth. O, dread not storms! my sighs shall waft thee o'er—
Though tempests should arise, and billows roar,
Thy bark shall lightly skim the wat'ry realm;
The God of Love, presiding at the helm,
Shall night and day his watchful vigils keep,
And be thy trusty pilot o'er the deep.

Thyr. As to the City 'Prentice, whey and curds,†
So to me, gentle maiden! are thy words.
As to the longing school-boy, Christmas cheer;
To cattle, pastures green and rivers clear;

* Nunc scio quid sit amor. Duris in cotibus illum, &c.

† Quale sopor fessis in gramine; quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.

To rosy vicars, revelry and ease;
To hungry lawyers, briefs and double fees;
To sick enamorato, Lady's glove;—
So are thy sweet assurances of love
To this fond heart, which, may I now be curst,
Is not at thought of parting like to burst.

Ruth. This night, my Thyrsis, let us banish care,*
Cutlets and bottled ale shall be our fare;
Thy head shall find a pillow on my breast,
My voice shall hush thy sorrows all to rest:
For hark! the gaoler shakes his bunch of keys,
And ev'ning Zephyrs die along the trees.

* Hic tamen hanc mecum poteras requiescere noctem
Fronde super viridi. Sunt nobis mitia poma, &c.

IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

ODE XV. BOOK IV.

TO THE PRINCE REGENT.

"Phœbus volentem prælia loqui."

WITH martial heat I seiz'd the Lyre,
To sing of wars and conflicts dire,
And valiant heroes slain;
When Phœbus whisper'd with a frown—
"O ne'er, to please a foolish town,
Attempt the battle-strain.

"To fill the soul with fond alarms,
To sing the pow'r of beauty's charms,
The joys of love and wine,
Shall better far thy muse become,
Than trumpet, pistol, sword, and drum;
For not a strain can Croker thrum,
To match one Ode of thine.

"Let other bards, in martial verse
The deeds of Wellington rehearse:—
In numbers light and gay
Do thou, my friend, Horatius Flaccus,
Record the victories of Bacchus,
A chief, who if he once attack us,
Is sure to win the day.

"Thy Prince demands his meed of praise,
Attend—and thou shalt gain the Bays,
(The hungry Poet's pray'r,)
For which harmonious Cibber burn'd,
Which haughty Gray indignant spurn'd,
And Dryden blush'd to wear."

Obedient then, I strike the Lyre—
Come, Busby, and my song inspire,
And all ye rhyming host!
Come, chaste Matilda! thou whose muse,
In any sudden dearth of news,
Adorns the Morning Post.

I never swept the tuneful string
To laud the virtues of a King,
Or what is more—create 'em:
With lighter strains my friends I treat,
A pun, a tale, a quaint conceit,
Or Scandalum Magnatum.

Then, please your Highness, tell my muse
What sort of character you choose,
Wise, tender, or heroic?
A chief, invincible in arms—
A lover, fond of beauty's charms—
A statesman, or a stoic?

To do what many bards have done,
Suppose I blend them all in one!
With compliments in plenty;
And paint you am'rous, wise, and brave,
Chaste, philosophical, and grave,
And call you one-and-twenty.

Hail, mighty Prince! illustrious youth!
O listen to the voice of truth,
A voice to Monarchs strange;
Your bright example mends the taste,
Bear witness, many a slender waist
From Charing Cross to 'Change!

Augustan days are come, we hope,
For Doctor Busby rivals Pope,
And Milton keeps the rear;
Sir Richard lives in Cottle's strains,
And Spenser's Muse, where fancy reigns,
Is distanc'd by a Peer.

See Arnold, with his Pye,* agree,
And Skeffington, (immortal three!)
The Drama's rights to seize;
See Op'ras, Farces, all the rage,
And Kemble banish'd from the Stage,
For how can genius charm an age,
Which Shakespeare fails to please?

Britannia! bless thy lucky star,
That gives thee Clifford for the Bar,
Sly Lancaster to teach,
And "All the Talents," All! to fool,
Dance, drink, game—any thing—but rule!
And Huntingdon to preach.

My mind, as in a glass, surveys
The glories of your future days,
To me, my Prince! display'd;
Ye years, your happy circles run!
Enough—the promis'd task is done,
And Phœbus is obey'd.

* "The Prior Claim," a comedy (?) written conjointly by Messrs. Pye (the Laureat) and Arnold.

ODE XIX. BOOK II.

TO DOCTOR BUSBY.

"Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus."

I saw (nor disbelieve my strain,)
High, in a Box at Drury Lane,
In consequential trim,
A little pert translating Prig,
Extend his hands, and shake his wig,
Most ludicrously grim.

With gestures strange, and accent loud,
He lectur'd to the gaping crowd,
About the Drama's laws;
While now and then, in noisy fit,
Some long-ear'd brethren in the Pit,
Who thought the Doctor still a wit,
Stood up, and bray'd applause.

In vain he spoke—the Gallery Gods,
From their celestial high abodes,
Sent forth a dismal yell;
Nor louder scream, nor hoarser cough,
Were heard, when Pluto gallop'd off
With Proserpine to hell.

I hear, in varied cadence still,
The frequent hiss, the whistle shrill,
The loud discordant bray;
I see the spouting Pedant stand
Unmov'd,—his Prologue in his hand,
Amid the wild affray.

Hail, Busby, hail! eccentric Wight!
The feats of that tumultuous night
Unfading laurels yield;
When boldly thou withstood'st the brunt,
A coat of mail, thy brazen front,
And impudence thy shield.

Lucretius calls thee from the shades,
In hollow voice he thus upbraids—
"For vanity, or bribe,
How durst thou murder my sublime,
Thou wicked son of prose and rhyme!
And bid the town subscribe?

"Think'st thou my philosophic Muse,
To teach the lessons of the stews
Was e'er design'd by fate,
To charm the ears of modern jilts,
Or, Caitiff! plac'd by thee on stilts
To strut in empty state?

" By nature form'd for low debate,
To rhyme, to fiddle, and to prate,
Impertinence thy crest;
O! surely thou wert born to shine
A Petit-maître of the Nine,
Apollo's scorn and jest.

" Since 'twas ordain'd by angry fate
That, Dunce! thou should'st my works translate,
(With common sense at strife:)
What now remains to blast my fame,
And brand with infamy my name,
But Bowles to write my Life?

" If thou would'st wound me deeper still,
Let Thomas Tegg, with desp'rate quill,
Arch rogue! supply the notes;
And Master George, thy hopeful son,
The flatt'rer play, as thou hast done,
And dedicate to Coates."

ODE XIV. BOOK III.

ON THE RETURN OF THE PRINCE REGENT TO BRIGHTON.

"Herculis ritu modo dictus, ô plebs."

HARK! the merry bugles sound
Ev'ry heart to lighten;
Beat the drums, His Highness comes,
The Prince returns to Brighton!

Now for Fêtes and Routs a score,
Prom'nades, Balls, Outridings;
Bloomfield in a chaise and four,
Proclaims the joyful tidings.

Crowds of gazers walk the Steyne,
Prim Mammas and Misses;
Such were seen, when Greece again
Beheld her lost Ulysses:

Doctor T——* a motion makes—
Let ev'ry beau and belle come,

* Dr. Tierney.

And join his pranks, a vote of thanks
To bid His Highness welcome !

Pierce a cask of gen'rous wine,
Claret, Port, or Sherry;
Drink his health in bumpers nine,
'Fore George, we will be merry !

Bacchus gay shall rule the day,
Unless our rev'rend Vicar,
A rosy Put, has pierc'd the butt,
And drank up all the liquor.

Call Fitzherbert, ancient fair!
From her Cytherean border,
Bid the Sybil bind her hair,
And put her charms in order:

Jersey to the feast invite,
For such a painted beldam
At fifty-six, on this side Styx,
We surely see but seldom.

Margate, boast thy lofty pier,
Thy cliff, and castle, Dover;
Bath, thy fashionable cheer,
And many a Bond-Street rover !

Brighton, highly-favour'd spot!
  Shall still outshine the million;
Happy since she boasts a Prince,
  To grace her long pavilion.

Arthur, valor's fav'rite son,
  Bold, intrepid, brave, he
Cudgels Frenchmen till they run,
  And makes them cry "peccavi!"

Col'nel Bloomfield, stout and tall,
  (Was e'er a hero prouder?)
Though his head escape the ball,
  It does not miss the powder.

May old age, a tyrant fell!
  That fills the bones with dryness,
Vanquish'd by some magic spell,
  Politely pass your Highness.

Long may Britain own your sway;
  While we, of merry sort all,
Shall wish our Prince as *Horace* gay,
  And, like his strains, immortal.

EPODE II.

IN PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis."

HAPPY he, who free from care
Breathes the sweets of country air,
Far from town, where traffic drives,
Noisy brats, and scolding wives.

Anxious thoughts, and worldly schemes
Ne'er disturb his pleasing dreams;
War for him has no alarms,
When ambition calls to arms.

Honest, he abjures the Law;
Splendid Courts he never saw;
Courts, where Placemen, night and day,
Flatter first, and then betray.

If, to cheat the ling'ring time,
Goddess Mirth provoke a rhyme,
Full of wit it smoothly runs,
Quaint conceits, and merry puns.

Formal pedants, bred at schools,
Boast of Aristotle's rules;
Such, let cringing bards obey,
Servile wits, who write for pay.

Nought restrains his Muse of whim,
Critics dull may rail for him;
Still he rhymes, and writes it down,
Let them smile, or let them frown.

If the bounteous Gods afford
Some kind wife to spread his board,
See him blest with, day and night,
Converse sweet and chaste delight.

Would you once his mind bewitch—
Give him wealth, and make him rich:
Keep him to his low degree,
Kings are not so blest as he.

ODE XX. BOOK I.

A POET'S INVITATION.

"Vile potabis modicis Sabinum."

If you come to dine with me,
Dainties must not be your care;
Harmless pleasure, social glee,
And the Poet's frugal fare;

These I give—and should my Lord
Me to visit humbly deign,
Port is all I can afford,
He must bring the bright Champaigne!

Cool beneath a spreading vine,
Jovial Horace, thirsty chap, he
Quaff'd his rich Falernian wine,
With Mæcenus snug and happy—

We, in lodgings near the skies,
Of Apollo humbler scions,
Banquet amidst London Cries,
And the bray of Kent-Street Lions.

ODE XV. BOOK III.

TO A FADED BEAUTY.

"Uxor pauperis Ibyci."

DEAR Chloris, at an age like thine
To dance, coquet, and dress so fine,
And ape such youthful airs,
Might shock a taste not over nice,
So prithee take a friend's advice,
Repent, and say thy pray'rs.

Give o'er thy light fantastic tricks,
For coquetry at fifty-six,
Credulity disarms!
Forswear the company of beaux,
Nor thus to ridicule expose
The winter of thy charms.

No beauty thou hast left to boast,
Though twenty years a reigning toast,
By coxcombs pledg'd aloud;
Retreat in time, give others room,

No nostrum can restore thy bloom;
Haste, Chloris! nor defraud the tomb,
Death courts thee for a shroud.

What sprightly Phœbe, frank and free,
So well becomes, sits ill on thee,
Thou folly's doting tool;
Leave off thy pert affected prate,
Thy childish lisp, thy mincing gait,
And blush that vanity, so late,
Should make thee play the fool.

Ah! roll no more the leering eye
At ev'ry fop that flutters by,
Thy ogling days are past:
And mark the moral of my strain,
That beauty, though she proudly reign,
Must be dethron'd at last.

THE TIMES;

OR,

THE PROPHECY.

———" Nunquam libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub Rege pio."————

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1811.

FOURTH EDITION.

THE TIMES.

Bold is the man who, with satiric rage,
Aims to reform a weak and vicious age;
Who, flush'd with honest anger, dare complain,
And shew he holds its vices in disdain:
For when corruption bears unbridled sway,
When tyrants rule, and willing slaves obey,
Some hireling, black apostate, lost to shame,
Will swear reproof and libel are the same;
And gravely preach, with other wondrous things,
That sin is no disgrace in Lords and Kings.

Hail useful Satire! whose inspiring strain
Shall lash the world, when parsons preach in vain!
When justice sleeps, and sets the villain free,
Expiring Virtue calls for aid to thee!
Yet say what crimes, in this regen'rate age,
Demand thy censure and provoke thy rage,
What need of Satire to reform the times,
So great our virtues, and so small our crimes?

What contemplative mind but now deplores
Once favor'd Israel's desolated shores?

Sees Rome's proud empire to destruction hurl'd,
The seat of arts, the mistress of the world,
Where god-like wisdom flow'd from Cato's tongue,
Where Cæsar triumph'd, and where Virgil sung?
What mind so uninform'd that need be told
How great, how blest was Babylon of old?
What now remains to meet the curious eye?
Her massy domes in scatter'd fragments lie;
In vain the traveller would seek to trace
The artist's breathing form, the sculptor's grace,
The spoiler's hand hath marr'd the beauties there,
Which only faintly tell what once they were.
Did guilt bring wrath on Israel's chosen race,
What claim have we on Heav'n's redeeming grace?
Did Jewish priests blaspheme the Saviour's name?
Hear our blasphemers too! and blush for shame.
Did justice cry aloud, unknown, unheard—
See worth untimely crush'd, and vice preferr'd—
Did sin bring Israel's glory to the tomb—
Hear Britain, hear, and tremble for thy doom!
Long hath th' Eternal blest thy favor'd land,
And pour'd down mercies with a lib'ral hand;
Still art thou spar'd, so fallen and deprav'd,
To seek his grace, and if thou wilt, be sav'd!

Grac'd as thou art with Learning's ample store,
And justly proud of Greek and Roman lore,

Tho' crown'd with science bright, that lifts her eye
To view the various wonders of the sky,
Thy glories are eclips'd, or vainly shine,
If truth forsake thee with her light divine.
Reflect, if still in wilful error blind,
And let the thought sink deep within thy mind,
Thy stubborn pride contemn the warning voice,
And bid thee vaunt and glory in thy choice;
How doubly lost thy nation shall remain,
Blest with the gospel's sound, but blest in vain—
Perhaps e'en now, to consummate thy woe,
Heav'n meditates the long-suspended blow,
To bury all thy triumphs in the dust,
For God, tho' merciful, will still be just.

Spain! thou hast felt the truth of this decree—
Now hath the sword of terror wasted thee;
That desolating sword thy sons of yore,
To Indian plains in savage triumph bore!
Long hath th' eternal arm withheld the blow,
Yet Heav'n, tho' late, hath lain thine honours low;
While Vengeance, prompt at retribution's call,
Laughs at thy shame, and glories in thy fall.

Well pleas'd we view what providence ordains,
And grateful own the God of justice reigns!
He saw thee act the robber's, murd'rer's part,

He mark'd the bitter tear, the broken heart,
And but delay'd the terrors of his pow'r,
To crush thee in his own appointed hour.
See, from thy plains what mingled horrors rise!
Hark! 'twas a dying groan that pierc'd the skies!
In towns laid waste, in villages that burn,
We see thee ravag'd and destroy'd in turn!

How shall we stand acquitted? Bow thy knee,
Imperial Britain, bow, and urge thy plea—
Plead for thy favor'd Isle; where full-blown pride
Thrusts unpretending honesty aside;
Where venal poets prostitute the muse,
And slumb'ring prelates preach to empty pews;
Where Truth shall dread if once she ope her lips,
Fines, law-suits, jeers, imprisonment, and whips;
Where Justice tries to lift her voice on high,
While Law, alarm'd, preserves a jealous eye;
Where ribald sceptics, fav'rites of the town,
Who boast their philosophical renown,
Make that blest name which dying martyrs sung,
The scoff of ev'ry idle babbler's tongue—
If thou wouldst stand acquitted, *this* thy plea—
Bid Justice quit her throne, and bow to thee!

Is there a villain that pollutes thy shore,
And turns a parson to blaspheme the more;

In folly, guilt, and ignorance supine,
Defying laws both human and divine,
Who boldly stands th' expositor of truth,
The downright juggler of a Smithfield booth,
And preaches temp'rance, while his greedy soul
Dwells on the social pleasures of the bowl—
Him (tho' the law no punishment ordain
For those who take their Maker's name in vain,
Assume the prophet's mission, hold the rod,
And call their blasphemy, the word of God,)
Shall useful Satire reach, and strike with awe,
And those shall feel its force, who laugh at law.

What's Virtue?—but a mask to cheat the blind!
An empty name, a phantom of the mind,
A tale the sophist tells, the fool believes,
An artful plea that damns, while it deceives—
But faith, that precious opiate of the soul!
Lulls all our fears to rest, and makes us whole,
Gives colour to the vices of the times,
Sets conscience free, and sanctifies our crimes!

Blest argument that proves, Avarò cries,
My undisputed title to the skies!
I, who have set my heart against despair,
Whose care of self, drowns ev'ry other care;
Who ne'er till earth shall take these old remains,

Will give the world one farthing of my gains;
I, who would triumph in my country's fall,
Did not her sinking funds possess my all;
I, who remain in these degen'rate days,
A bitter foe to poetry and plays,
Kneel at God's sacred altar, with my crone;
And hate all sects and customs but our own,
Shall, when this sinful world is wrapp'd in flame,
Exult in faith's reward, and virtue's shame!

Strange doctrine! let the promis'd bliss be thine—
May virtue's hopes, and virtue's fate be mine!
When the last day exulting seraphs hail,
And Heav'n's bright throne appears without a veil,
Then shall our sev'ral claims be justly try'd
By Him, who, to confirm them, groan'd, and died.
For virtue who shall plead? What Heav'n holds dear,
Names of high worth, tho' little valued here.
Patience, on whom life's ills innocuous fall,
And gentle charity that feels for all;
Nor least, the widow's and the orphan's pray'r,
Shall reach the throne, and find acceptance there.

These are thy bright rewards, O truth divine!
These shall, ere long, O Wilberforce, be thine!
Such bliss awaits the man who pitying gave

Light to the blind, and freedom to the slave!
And taught his ruthless ministers of woe,
Mercy's blest name, and friendship's sacred glow!

Afric, rejoice! from Britain's distant shore,
Your grateful sons the welcome tidings bore;
Britain, who scorns, in amity sincere,
To rob you of the gem she holds so dear,
Hath sent fair Liberty beyond the main,
To consecrate your land, and burst your chain!
O could she her immortal truths disclose,
And plant in desarts wild, sweet Sharon's rose;
Then should her labours prosper in their aim,
And blend with Freedom's, Faith's serener flame,
Teach your believing sons on Him to call,
Who shed his precious blood to ransom all.

Is there a deed that Heav'n itself approves,
That god-like virtue prompts, compassion moves,
That gives the human soul new light to shine,
And proves indeed its origin divine,
'Tis that, which sends to earth's remotest bound,
Salvation's work, the Gospel's cheering sound!
Go ye, who shall the proud distinction claim,
And teach the nations your Redeemer's name!
Go, plant his glorious cross in wilds unknown,
And bring new subjects to Jehovah's throne!

Say, when astonish'd nature saw him die,
Red light'ning flash'd, and thunder shook the sky,
And while the rocking earth beheld his pain,
The Temple's awful veil was rent in twain!
Go to the wretched couch where mis'ry lies,
Exalt the soul, and point her to the skies!
If doubt or fear invade the dying bed,
Tell how your Saviour suffer'd, how he bled,
Burst hell's strong fetters, triumph'd o'er the grave,
And lives to bless the saints he died to save.

Here pause the sorrowing Muse with sacred dread,
To pay her honours to th' illustrious dead,
Recall those names Britannia's sons adore,
And tell of worth and greatness now no more—
How Pitt, and O! that name for ever dear,
Lives in my heart, and vibrates in my ear,—
With gen'rous ardor rais'd his country's fame,
And gave new lustre to the patriot's name!
Who, when the civil storm began to low'r,
And factious knaves call'd loud for place and pow'r,
Stood forth fair Freedom's champion, nobly great,
To save from tyrant hands a sinking state!
Who died unpension'd, crown'd with just applause,
A faithful servant in the public cause!—
Be envy silent o'er his hallow'd dust,
And, if it dare not imitate, be just.

Again, are Britain's hopes involv'd in gloom,
Again she mourns a Patriot's early tomb—
Firm in his country's cause the statesman rose,
In spite of foreign and domestic foes;
Admiring senates heard with awe profound,
Pale treason stood aghast, and faction frown'd!
While those to whom his mem'ry still is dear,
With whom the Muse shall drop the sacred tear,
Whom party ne'er could move, nor envy blind,
Rever'd the brighter beauties of his mind.
Did mis'ry e'er to Perceval complain,
Did mercy sue? they never sued in vain:
His ear was open to affliction's call,
His hand to virtuous want, his heart to all.

Stars, garters, ribands, all are glitt'ring toys!
And long-drawn titles make a mighty noise!
Titles, to low-born minds distinctions rare,
May make the flatt'rer cringe, the vulgar stare;
But to the man who strikes at honest fame,
They brand with new disgrace a worthless name.

Lothario is a proud Patrician—mark!
A Liberal, too! a traitor in the dark,
A vile, intriguing slave, whose treach'rous mind,
Nor honour's sense could move, nor friendship bind.
Peace to Lothario's breast! if peace can reign,

Where passion rules, and virtue pleads in vain:
Joy to Lothario's heart! if joy can e'er
From guilt repel the terrors of despair.
Yet hadst thou not aspir'd to pow'r and fame,
Thy worthless deeds had perish'd with thy name;
But when thou wouldst assume the patriot's part,
A mountebank in morals as thou art!
'Tis fit the muse, as dreading virtue's frown,
Should tell the world thy name, and pluck thee down.

Sir Sycophant, for splendour and support,
Bows, cringes, scrapes, and flourishes at Court,
Flies to the levee of some titled knave,
Proud to become his lordship's humble slave.
Admitted once with courtly peers to sit,
He pimps, buffoons, drinks hard, and turns a wit,
Laughs at his patron's jests—a ready tool,
To draw a cork, say grace, and play the fool!
Vers'd in the paltry art of low grimace,
In Britain's senate, see, he takes his place,
Applauds the minister in Stentor's note,
And sells at once his country and his vote.
The point obtain'd, the dirty bus'ness done,
Corruption hails him as her darling son;
Whispers his merit in his Sov'reign's ear,
And dubs him placeman, pensioner, and peer.

He robs the nation with rapacious hands—
His grandeur asks for equipage and lands!
Gold he must have, no matter from what source,
While mountebanks and fiddlers come of course!
And what this minion does, because he's great,
Would hang a hundred rogues of mean estate.

You'll surely grant one statesman may be found
With truth and honesty, on English ground,
To whom fair fame her blooming chaplet gives—
I grant there may be one, while Eldon lives.—
Or Erskine—and I triumph in the name,
The first and fairest on the rolls of fame;
Whose mind embraces all the wise can teach,
And all that soft humanity can reach—
These are the men (not ev'ry booby lord
Who drives his prancing bloods, and smacks his cord!)
To guard the senate with a watchful eye,
Unmask her foes, and bid sedition die.
O! when I see how men of little fame,
Men who are only popular in shame,
Cajole a hungry faction—smirk and bow,
And pluck the honours from a nobler brow;
I snatch the lyre, and sweep the chords along,
Pour a rough strain, nor heed the grace of song!

Who would not laugh, to see a solemn fool,
Like Midas, perch'd upon the judgment stool?
Behold this modern Jeff'ries of the bench,
Abuse a vagrant, chuckle with a wench;
Brow-beat a jury, urge the culprit's fate,
And rather hang too soon, than dine too late!
Mark him in private—unconcern'd and free—
No village clown a verier sot than he!
He smokes his pipe, tells tales, and stirs the fire,
Laughs with the priest, and tipples with the squire;
Bawls out an oath, or cracks a smutty jest,
Pays for the worst, but always drinks the best;
And reeling homeward, if occasion need,
Gravely expounds the law he cannot read.

But hush—my Lord may frown, and take offence—
What is my crime?—Plain truth and common sense!
Is truth a crime?—you jest!—If you pursue
This strain of censure, you may find it true!
Produce an instance.—If my counsel fail,
Will you lay down five hundred for my bail?—
Keep within proper bounds, or be undone—
Vice hath no bounds, and satire should have none!

What are these men, these little limbs of law,
Who keep poor trembling vulgar souls in awe?

These quibbling parchment brokers! who of late
Have crept like worms to undermine the state?
These buzzing wasps who sting us if we touch,
Who do so little and who talk so much,
That free-born poets should be struck with awe,
And make the muses' court, a court of law?
No, while I live, I'll fear no haughty judge
Who hates the truth, and owes the muse a grudge,
Because the muse, in some unlucky hour,
Said upstart fools were often mad with pow'r—
If in the cause of justice, 'tis my fate
To wake the fears, or raise the villain's hate,
Truth shall approve and vindicate her lays,
And crown my labours with immortal praise.

The purse-proud fool, of aught beneath the skies
Is what I pity most, and most despise;—
Wealth is indeed a blessing, when applied
To nobler purposes, than thrift, or pride;
A blessing, tho' to thousands the reverse,
A precious gift which man has made a curse!
Go search the sacred scriptures, read with care
The deeds of charity recorded there,—
The widow's boon a bright example see,
And learn the use of good bestow'd on thee!
What, tho' with bleeding heart, with anguish wild,
The starving mother mourn'd her dying child,

Elijah of the scanty pittance fed,
And shar'd the last sad morsel of her bread.

In joy's light moments, in affliction's hour,
We feel one mighty all-sustaining Pow'r—
Does conscious guilt distract the mind with grief?
'Tis God, that ruling Pow'r, who brings relief—
Does pleasure charm? to his unbounded love
Belong all peace below, all bliss above!
Does plenty ope, for us, her golden stores,
And freedom bless, and conquest crown our shores?
Alive, the song of gratitude to raise,
Be ours the blessing, and be his the praise!

See Grotius, blest beyond a common fate—
Born to a richer, not a happier state;
Enjoying all that fortune can impart,
He wants no more—except an easy heart.
In vain he reads what soundest casuists teach,
And thinks the object still within his reach;
Yet finds that wealth can ne'er our ills oppose—
Once turn the scale, or lighten human woes.

Old Gripus prays—and so does Gripus' wife —
They go to church, and lead a sober life;
Starch in their manners, zealous in their creed,
The world accounts them pious folks indeed!

Poor Gripus swears that riches are a curse;
Yet all his bliss lies centred in his purse!
His wife, good soul! too provident to spend,
Would sooner die than waste a candle's end!
If you would live his friend, and prove his heir,
Be slow at works, but diligent in pray'r;
Prove what the world esteems an honest man,
Pray when you please, but profit when you can!

Would you be blest?---the proper means pursue;
Make others happy, and be happy too.
How trivial are the wants that life requires;
The fault is less with fate, than our desires.
Yet do we oft complain, our blindness such,
That fortune gives too little, or too much;
Say, why too much, if worthily employ'd?
Too little, if that little be enjoy'd?
For mark what ills on cumbrous grandeur wait,—
What fearful visions haunt the bed of state!
The wretch, before whom pamper'd menials bend,
May fifty flatt'rers boast, but not one friend.
Unwieldy wealth, a source of endless strife,
Shuts up the soul, and binds it fast to life;
Gives ten-fold terrors to the tyrant death,
Haunts our last hour, and leaves but with our
breath.
Be grateful for the good that Heav'n bestows,

By day employment, and by night repose;
Content that if enough your means are found,
To make the goblet with the year go round;
To share with suff'ring worth your friendly store,
And banish want, pale spectre, from the door.

Wanders my muse from method's slavish rules.
And all the solemn pedantry of schools,
In sportive mood forsakes the beaten track?
Method, a pedant dull, shall bring her back:---
She, like the bird that airy sports engage,
Flies from her narrow bounds, and leaves the cage;
Fond of her freedom, prunes her ruffled wings,
And wild and artless are the lays she sings.
Soft is the linnet's song, the thrush's throat
Warbles so sweetly clear---the blackbird's note
May charm, and Philomela's mournful strain
Dissolve the pensive soul in pleasing pain—
But the gay tuneful lark, that soars, and sings,
Feels freedom urge her note and spread her wings;
She, first to welcome morning's genial ray,
Sings to the setting sun a parting lay!

Horace and Pope with free familiar grace,
Reprov'd our follies with a laughing face,
But, throwing off the censor's aspect stern,
We grew familiar too, and laugh'd in turn.
In harsher strain, with more indignant fire,

The stately Juvenal has swept the lyre:
Yet oft he marr'd the cause he aim'd to mend,
Obscene his language, tho' divine his end:
Young aim'd a dart at vice, but venal praise
And fulsome flatt'ry marr'd the poet's lays:
Johnson, whose mighty name the wise revere,
With rigid morals, amiably severe,
Stood forth the champion of an injur'd cause,
Gave language grace, dispens'd the critic's laws;
Deep silence reign'd—the idle, babbling crowd,
Impertinent and vain, submissive bow'd;
He prov'd to Vice alone, a stubborn foe,
And Virtue own'd him as her friend below.

Churchill, the rudest of the tuneful choir,
Snatch'd from the willing Muse the ready Lyre,
And struck a chord so deep, that Vice amaz'd,
Recoil'd, and startled Guilt with wonder gaz'd!
Cowper with noble ardour touch'd the strings,
Approving Virtue listens while he sings;
That mild philanthropy, those thoughts refin'd
Which grac'd his deathless verse, adorn'd his mind.
Religion, source of ev'ry pure desire,
Glow'd in his heart, and Virtue's holy fire
There found its altar; Faith's immortal flame,
And gentle soothing Charity, whose name
Archangels in melodious concert sung—
And Hope, in native beauty ever young,

Inspir'd his Muse; and Nature's breathing sweets,
Her woodbine arbours, and her green retreats,
Were themes he lov'd: and Pity's gentle charm
He sweetly sung; a wanton act of harm
His soul abhorr'd; the wild and tim'rous hare
Fled to his roof, and found a refuge there!
Yet oft to harsher themes his Lyre he strung,
And deep Remonstrance dwelt upon his tongue;
O'er thoughtless Guilt he dropp'd the Prophet's tears,
And rous'd a slumb'ring nation into fears.

Say, what inducement yet was ever found
For wits to venture on poetic ground?
Alas! 'tis poor encouragement they meet,
Their only choice—a garret, or the Fleet!
The mighty Homer was oblig'd to fast,
Though luckier Pope was amply paid at last—
The Chanc'ry thus, with true parental care,
Starves the right owner to enrich the heir!
Butler, with wit and humour on his side,
Wrote well, nor found a patron till he died.
Dryden, to whom the magic pow'r was given
With harmony to raise the soul to Heav'n,
Long time the servant of a worthless court,
Outliv'd at last its favour and support.
Steele was distress'd, while Laureat Cibber fed;

Lee roam'd, a wanderer, Otway begg'd his bread;
Savage, whose fame shall live to future times,
Died the sad victim of a parent's crimes.

Ah, what avails if all the Nine inspire,
With Shakespeare's nature, and with Milton's fire,
If Poverty, with all her loathed train,
Usurp the spot where Taste and Genius reign?
What boots it, if the soul be taught to soar
From earth to heav'n—with eager eye t' explore
Things only visible where Wisdom's light
Hath shone sublime—else veil'd from human sight—
If doom'd to feel Affliction's galling weight,
The scorn of villains and the frowns of fate?
Has Providence so mark'd the Poet's name
With bitterness, obscurity, and shame;
Op'd to his ardent view a fairy scene,
To render want more irksome, grief more keen?
Has Heav'n ordain'd the mind supremely blest,
By godlike genius rais'd above the rest,
Should perish, ere its tenement of clay
Hath gone to dust—should blaze and pass away?
O 'tis a bitter truth, by none denied,
A truth that well may humble learned pride,
That reason, God's best gift, may feel a void,
Her sacred temple shook, though not destroy'd.

Such, Collins, was thy fate,* nor thine alone—
Well may those walls that echo'd to thy groan
Bear witness to the tale! till taught to rise,
Thy soul expanding, sought her native skies,
Found in religion that assur'd relief,
Strength for her faith, and solace for her grief.

Thanks to the gen'rous Muse! to her I owe
Much of Life's consolation here below—
Mark'd by misfortune even from the womb,
Thrice snatch'd, an early sufferer, from the tomb,
Once more unwilling to the world allied,
For had my fate been happier, I had died;
Much have I suffer'd, much endur'd from those
Whom envy, fraud, and dulness made my foes.
O how can I address thee! shall I blend
In thee, the kind protector, father, friend,
The faithful guardian of my earliest youth,
Whose deeds were virtue, and whose precepts truth?

* A beautiful monument has been erected by public subscription to the memory of Collins, in Chichester Cathedral. He is finely represented as just recovered from a wild fit of frenzy, and in a calm reclining posture, seeking refuge from his misfortunes in the divine consolations of the Gospel, while his Lyre and one of his productions lie neglected on the ground. Above are two beautiful figures of Love and Pity entwined in each other's arms.

No—candour would blot out the treach'rous line,
Thou scourge, thou bitter scourge of me and mine!
Hast thou not read in God's most holy word,
And tremble at the sin thou hast incurr'd,
How lost is he, the basest, most accurs'd,
Of all the tribe of sinners stampt the worst,
Who robs the widow, or the widow's son,
And eats the orphan's bread—as thou hast done?
O could I burst the grave's oblivious gloom,
And call thy once lov'd Brother from the tomb,
If, rising from the earth, the dead should speak,
How would conviction blanch thy coward cheek,
Wring ev'ry nerve, and tell thy guilty heart,
How foully thou hast play'd a Brother's part!
For me, whate'er my fate, if good or ill,
May Heav'n decree a spotless conscience still,
Contentment and serenity of mind,
Though prone to sadness, still to all resign'd—
Resign'd—e'en now I wipe the filial tear,
For one long lost, yet still to mem'ry dear,
In the blest hope I hasten to that shore
Where we shall meet again, to part no more.

Yes, there's a charm amid severest woe,
A secret charm that only poets know,
That whispers to the Bard, his suff'rings pass'd,
A glorious immortality at last!

Ah! who shall now resume the Censor's lyre,
With honest zeal, and well-attemper'd fire;
Pierce through dark error's gloom, bring Truth again,
And show mankind the beauties of her reign?
To curb the statesman's petulance and pride,
And send him truth and wisdom for his guide;
To tell some greedy pluralists, who teach,
'Twere well if priests would practise what they preach;
To stop the villain in his bold career,
And whisper Conscience, in the lawyer's ear;
To lead the wand'rer back, who went astray,
To show mankind the error of their way;
And work reform among this motley crew,
A modern Satirist has much to do.

'Tis well when Princes, who in earlier days
Were dupes of ev'ry mean dependant's praise,
And slaves to Folly, rais'd a nation's fears,
Grow grave and wiser in succeeding years,
And blushing for their sad misconduct past,
Resume their native dignity at last!
This England deeply felt in days of yore,
And Heav'n perchance those days may soon restore,
When the fifth Harry, peerless in renown,
Did ever Prince so well deserve a crown?
Gave to the world a lesson of his own,
Which prov'd his noblest title to the throne.

His youth was vicious, libertine, and low,
His sports were vulgar, his companions so—
Revel and riot fill'd each noisy hour,
And Law retain'd its name, but lost its pow'r—
His sire (his tott'ring crown by murder won!)
Thought Heav'n had pour'd its vengeance in his son;
While Britain saw her future evils spring,
And trembled at the thought of such a King.

Vain fears, though just—no sooner was the crown
Plac'd on his head, than, with an awful frown,
He call'd the vagrant crew, and wiser grown,
Reprov'd their follies much, but more his own;
He bade them ev'ry former vice give o'er,
Reform their lives, or see his face no more.
To the wise servants of his Father's train
He prov'd a friend, religion held her reign,
Law kept its pace with mercy, though severe;
And only coward guilt had cause for fear.
O'er foreign lands he spread his matchless fame,
And haughty Gallia trembled at his name;
Her captive King in English fetters bound,
Her pride destroy'd and humbled to the ground.

Apply the tale—there yet may come a time,
(And now I only prophecy in rhyme,)
When such a prince, a prince of noble fire,
Shall bless our Isle, and bid the world admire:

When we shall see, and call the times our own,
A second Harry Monmouth mount the throne!

Is there a man in England's wide domain,
Whose heart would not exult at such a reign?
When Liberty, which our brave Fathers steel'd,
To shed their blood in many a well-fought field,
When tyrant Kings, may Britain ne'er again
Behold such rulers! forg'd the heavy chain
To bind her fast, and had not just alarms,
To Runnemede's bold barons cried, "to arms!"
Her glorious name, so much rever'd of yore,
Had sunk in endless night, to rise no more,
When Liberty shall reign throughout the Land,
And Justice re-assume her old command.

Yes, if a Prince aspire to Harry's fame,
(And where shall monarch find a nobler aim?)
Let interest, will, and passion be subdu'd,
And private friendship bow to public good.
Let no Dependants crowd around his gate,
Drones in the church, or Hirelings in the state;
No German Counts, who fiddlers were at home,
No fops from Paris, and no priests from Rome;
These must no more employ his precious hours,
But the lost mind, resuming all its pow'rs,
With new-born vigour into life shall spring,

And the gay Trifler perish in the King!
Let no mean Tyrant, such as I could find,
Whose features are an index to his mind,
Savagely pluck sweet mercy from her throne,
To gratify some vengeance of his own—
Let no false Patriot, frantic for reform,
And ripe for faction, raise the civil storm;
Bid Loyalty before its altar bleed,
And call it zeal, to sanctify the deed—
Let no gall'd Bishop rival Bonner's name,
In England's church light up the Popish flame,
And bring before her trembling sight again
Those bloody scenes which curs'd a Tudor's reign,
When Ridley, Latimer, immortal names!
Died for their faith, triumphant 'midst the flames!
Far from thy councils, Britain, may they roam,
And in some foreign country find a home,
Where Slaves, obedient to a Tyrant's reign,
Bow their submissive necks and hug their chain.

Great, truly great, shall be that Monarch's name,
Who builds his glory on his people's fame;
His praise shall travel to the furthest Pole,
Where winds can bellow, and where waves can roll.
Like Him* of old, who gave Britannia laws,

* Alfred.

His glorious name crown'd with deserv'd applause,
Shall brightly shine in Hist'ry's ample page,
A leading star through each succeeding age!
In vain shall Tyrants spread their wild alarms,
The God of Battles shall defend his arms—
In vain shall Traitors, with infuriate zeal,
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous steel;
Heav'n shall o'ertake the wretch with wrath divine,
Arrest his hand, and blast the foul design.
When full of worth, and years, and fair renown,
He leaves an earthly for a heav'nly crown;
The Patriot's sigh shall murmur o'er his bier,
And Freedom greet his mem'ry with a tear.
Long shall his race, to future heroes grown,
With still increasing glory fill the throne,
Their honour'd names in fair succession run,
The Father's virtues bright'ning in the Son.
Surrounding nations shall with envy see,
That to be conq'rer, Britain must be free;
For when the Flag of Liberty's unfurl'd,
She arms her heart with steel—and dares the world.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

See the Conversazione published in the Literary Souvenir for 1832.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

written to in reference to the name host H. W. Pickersgill's full attended Sunday evening Conversazione at his house in Bloomsbury Square

THE cards dispers'd, the guests invited
The curtains drawn, the candles lighted;
In silver state, the port, the sherry,
The strong bohea, the fragrant berry;
A crowd of Literati rush,
And storm the door of Mr. Brush!
Say, wherefore, Muse, this outward din,
This pomp and circumstance within?
Lo, Brush—who gives to City Madam
As many charms, as if she had 'em;
And tricks out Aldermanic phiz
With sense and meaning—what a quiz!
And makes a form, however queer,
Start forth Apollo Belvidere—
Lo, Brush,—a man of paint and letters—
In imitation of his betters—
Brush—in th' Academy, a star, a
Wit, craniologist, and R. A.—
Must have his little batch of Bards
To conversation, tea, and cards.

In the Conversation Hall P. is called Don Pedro. Here he means Brush.

Lightly tripping up the stairs,
The motley party mount in pairs,
Economics, from Lombard Street,
And Metaphysics, from the Fleet!
Whitechapel prose, and verse that smacks
Of Ludgate, and St. Mary-Axe!
Yon dapper coxcomb, sprucely drest,
Is one, whose rhyme is in request;
While he, who creeps from loftier stories,
Is one, whose poetry a bore is.
Yet here, like sprites, they mingle may,
The wit, the dunce, the grave, the gay;
The young, the old, the short, the tall;
To Mr. Brush they're welcome, all.

They reach the drawing-room; where, lo,
Sits Mr. Brush, in statu quo,
Lord of his Tusculum—Soho! X
His wife and daughters either side,
Apollo's playthings and his pride!
Around, about, above, beneath,
See "Friendship's Off'ring," "Winter's Wreath,"
"The Keepsake," "Amulet," and "Bijou,"
Brimful of pretty prints to please you!
Smart periodical bouquèts,
That bloom and wither while we gaze,
Then sink in Dulness' lap to rest,

X. Rochegude lived for merly in Soho Square

For she takes first what she loves best!
Though in the desart, drear and dry,
A limpid stream conceal'd may lie,
'Tis hardly worth our while to grope
Pandora's box, in search of "Hope."*

Now mutual compliments begin,
The weekly critic cocks his chin,
For as a Mag. transcends a journal,
Your seven-days' scribe precedes diurnal.
Where'er he rolls in awkward state,
The smaller wits attendant wait,
Fearing an *Informatem fulmen*,
For critics are the dread of dull men.
A virgin Muse her off'ring brings,
A tender Ode in leading strings;
A smile intreats, a corner begs,
To set the bantling on its legs.
Bowing and scraping, from his attic,
With humble suit, the bard dramatic,
Beseeches Aristarch to say
A word in favour of his play—
For, now-a-days, a friendly puff,
And Madame Vestris, half in buff,
And Liston's face, are quantum suff,

* The author of "Anastatius."

To make a comedy legitimate,
Say Mr. Mathews and his witty mate.

Woman's scorn, and manhood's shame,*
A nondescript, without a name,
A pompous gig, it takes its round,
Repulsive, leaden, and profound.
With all its gravity of mien,
It dearly loves a jest obscene,
And if a fool profanely sin,

* This obscene infidel has been going the round of our Literary and Scientific Institutions, for the purpose of wriggling its insignificance into notoriety. It smuggled itself into "The Literary Union," or Clarence, or *Clearance* Club!—It infected the "Literary Fund," (keeping away many patrons from a late anniversary dinner,) with the leprosy of its name;—and it has, by means of a bribe, (that might have been more honestly applied towards the liquidation of the unpaid ten shillings in the pound to its creditors,) fastened itself on "The Mechanics." So plausible is its tact, and so profound its hypocrisy, that nothing but long experience, and the closest personal observation can fathom the dangerous depths of its character. Its *literary* pretensions, which are not the smallest part of its inordinate vanity and self-love, have been scouted with derision; and to its *moral* conduct—let one of its *near kindred*, bear loathsome testimony! In the absence of a full-length portrait, it may, for the present, be briefly described, as,

> "A dull, prim prater of the sceptic race,
> Guilt in its heart, and *famine in its face!*"

Good Lord, how horrible its grin!
Ungrateful, selfish, vainly blind,
It cheats itself, and not mankind;
Who pass from theory to fact,
Compare its scribbling, with its act,—
And find the one, as much with sense
At war, as t'other with pretence.
With ambiguity of speech,
Arraigning truths above its reach,
Propounding queries, splitting straws,
Chance, fate, free-will, effect and cause;
Whichever way its humour leans,
The more it talks, the less it means.

Sly Reynard left, by odd mishap,
His tail behind him in a trap;
And wishing not to look exclusive,
He tried, by argument conclusive,
To prove to all the Reynards round,
That tails were better lost, than found!
But nought his sophistry avails,
They heard the wag, and wagg'd their tails!
Admiring much the fashion new,
Yet thought it best to keep them too!
And we, who know what orthodox is,
And what, without a tail, a fox is!
Laugh, when the sceptic would persuade us
Out of the Providence that made us.

Lumb'ring, and tugging up the hill
Of modern metaphysics,—Mill,
A heavy proser, dull and futile, he
Th' eternal question puts, "*Quid utile?*"—
And though no sailor born or bred,
Gramercy! how he heaves the lead!
And then, the northern drone, M'Culloch,
Whose system classes man with bullock,—
That system, (Ethics thrive apace!)
A bull!—perks forth his lacquer'd face.
Each erring in a different school,
How strange the contest, fool with fool!
In science various ways they pull,
Yet still, unanimously dull!

Superlatively queer the cant
Of long-ear'd Puritans that rant,
Of owl-ey'd critics hypercritical,
Of quacks, poetical, political,
Of craniologists, and all
From Spurzheim, down to Dr. Gall;
Or deeper, ay, and deeper still,
From Dr. Gall, to Dan Deville!*
But not, the Calvinistic cant

* A learned Craniologist, whose science consists in ringing the changes on (in his own ludicrous phraseology,) "*Went*s, *walwes*, and *whackcuhums!*"

Of long-ear'd Puritans that rant;
The cant of critics hypercritical,
Of quacks, poetical, political,
Of craniologists, and all
From Spurzheim, down to Dr. Gall;
Or deeper, ay, and deeper still,
From Dr. Gall, to Dan Deville!—
Is half so comical, in sooth,
As that queer cant—the cant of Truth,
Which dull philosophers grope out
Of darkness, apathy, and doubt!
Enough for me, the sacred page
(My guide in youth, my hope in age,)
More than Philosophy† hath giv'n,
Life, immortality, and heav'n!
A joy that knows nor guilt, nor fear,
A balm for sorrow's bitt'rest tear,
A truth by Sages handed down,
Who bears the cross shall win the crown.

Mark yon fribbled form of fungus,
How the deuce came *she* among us?
Quite a negative, I'm told,
Neither very young, nor old,
Dull nor witty, hot nor cold!

† "I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which Materialists have pestered the world, ever persuade me to the contrary."—*Sterne.*

Wheresoe'er she turns her eyes,
Cupid claps his wings, and flies;
Venus, and her turtles too,
Scream, and Hymen's torch burns blue!
"Woe," she croaks, "to man's increase,
Quick let propagation cease;
Malthus' system shall be tried,
And nought but pence be multiplied."
Were all the world like thee and him,
A queen so scowling, and so grim,
A cynic of so queer a genus,
The merry bells had ne'er (between us,)
Rang "Consummatum est," my Venus!

. . .

The actor mounts his tragic stole,
And makes Macbeth exceeding droll;
Till, in his periwig combustion,
Will. Shakespeare sounds like Irish fustian,
In which Macready tears a cat,
And Shiel, the patriot, writes so pat;*
A sort of linsey-woolsey tyrant,
Between low comedy, and high rant.
The monkey-mimic makes essay,
And plays Tom Fool a diff'rent way;
When all the company that pass,

* Alas! the old English game-cock is degenerated into the modern French capon—show without mettle, and battles without spurs!

Are seen reflected in his glass,
With air and attitude absurd,
Suiting the action to the word!
The craniologist, the sconces
Feeling alike, of wits and dunces,
A doughty argument he thumps,
Discoursing learnedly on bumps.
Pardieu! if we believe the caitiff,
Mine host has got the bump amative!
Which Mrs. Brush, who loves phrenology,
Says, stands in need of no apology!
But see, yon group of merry faces;
Sure Punch the genius of the place is;
Loud laughter peals, what makes the fun stir?
'Tis Mr. Merryman, the punster.

To wake the soul with hum'rous strokes,
To crack the sides of honest folks,
To banish care, dispel ennui,
With social merriment and glee,
For this, did Momus, muse of fun,
Ordain that jackanapes, a pun!
Yet Wit, like folks in higher station,
Will sometimes flout this poor relation,
And, more provoking still, pretend
To treat it as an humble friend—
As some proud Fair, neat, trimly dress'd

All in her brilliants and her best,
To heighten beauty's magic pow'r,
Adorns it with the simplest flow'r;
So Wit, from Pun will condescend
To borrow grace, as well as lend—
The Dean, that humourist Cervantic,
One fav'rite had—'twas Pun, the antic!
The which he loved passing well,
His motto, "Vive la Bagatelle!"

In little knots the Party split is,
Frisking, and chatt'ring in committees:
What fidget, fuss, and much ado,
How pass the pronouns, I and You!
Yet here, behold a nation's hopes;
See future Miltons, Drydens, Popes!
For these, alas! in sooth to say,
Have shone, exhal'd, and pass'd away.
Transcending far the ancient school,
Hail, Pocock, Planchè, Peake, and Poole!
All hail, Paul Clifford! mightier Bulwer,
To whom e'en Fielding, Smollett, dull were!
As thou, supreme in verse and prose art,
Lo, Parry outshines Haydn, Mozart!
The treasur'd Lore of ages past,
Grown out of date, is crumbling fast;
Religion, Morals, Party, Sect,

Bow to the March of Intellect!
That march—which, to the right about
Sends Truth—puts Reason to the rout;
Bids Virtue halt—(rare tactics these!)
And cries to Morals—"Stand at ease!"

Behold a tribe, unknown to Phœbus,
Contributors of rhyme and rebus;
Old Ladies, Misses in their teens,
That warble in the magazines.
And then, the little flock of males,
That flutter, frisk, and cock their tails;
Major Journalists, and minors,
Versemen, Prosemen, Penny-a-liners;
Gentlemen, who live by guess,
Call'd facetiously, "The Press."
The novelist aristocratic,
That starves the author in his attic,
And takes his manuscript to Colburn,
When he in pity should the whole burn—
Which is the readiest scribe, whose books
Go fastest to the pastry-cook's,
Or quietly give up the ghost,
He best can tell, who prints the most!

Now damn'd be he who hears thee puff,
And cries, "Hal Colburn, hold, enough!"

For since the first-born Puffer, down
To Packwood's strops, for half-a-crown;
Rowland's Macassar, Wright's Champagne,
Hunt's patent roasted—(rogue in grain!
Whose Blacking makes our leather soon shine,)
Thou art the very prince of moonshine!
Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The lucky scribe, who prints with thee
His waste demy, in volumes three!
For through the town thy trumpet blows
The merits of his verse and prose,
Then how he struts, and frets, and crows!
And shines (where Fame would blush to enter,)
Of ev'ry little group the centre.

Cards, what mortal can resist?
Loo unlimited, and whist—
Shuffle, cut—the man of bumps
Takes the lead; the wit, the trumps!
Laura hopes her Heart to save,
But, how absolute the Knave!
See it falls a glorious prize;
And captive next, her Honour lies!
Thus Fortune, in a pack of cards,
Each diff'rent character regards;
The Tricks she gives to Punster Hood,
And the Philosopher is loo'd!

Hark, the Music! quiv'ring, quaking,
Voices tuning, elbows shaking;
Treble, base—each throws a hum in,
Some folks out of tune, and some in;
How they snuffle, squeak, and snort it,
Duet, Trio, Quintett, Quartett.

Supper past—the hour approaches
(Hark! I hear the sound of coaches,)
When the little group must sever,
Cruel fate! but not for ever.
Laura, by the silver moon,
Drops a tear, but wipes it soon;
Edwin writes an ode upon it,
L— a rebus, E— a sonnet!
Softly pillow'd, be their slumbers
Sweet and pleasant as their numbers;
Sound, as ev'ry Member's doze
When Joe Hume, or Bowring prose;
Or, when Science, in a panic,
Lulls intelligent Mechanic;*

* At a recent distribution of prizes at the London Mechanics' Institution, one of the premiums, for "An Essay on *Education!*" was triumphantly carried off by an intellectual journeyman smith and bell-hanger! These Pundits, though they cannot break the head of Priscian, contrive at least to puzzle their own!

Or, at Presbyterian Synod,
Where the Elders low and high, nod!
Morn appearing—Ladies, Bards,
Welcome Invitation cards—
The Philosopher—no stickler—
In religion not partic'lar—
Hopes on *Sunday* next to see
All its lib'ral friends to *tea!*
When 'twill prove beyond denial,
Heav'n and Providence a lie all.
Afterwards 'twill bring to view
Old Society, and *New*—
In the first, what roguish priestcraft!
In the latter, not the least craft!
Halcyon days! when lusty Hymen
Shall no more to women tie men;
But when each shall choose a dear,
Like an "Annual"—ev'ry year!
Up, disorder! down, decorum!
When the Fair shall mount the Forum;
Pass their judgments, give their votes,
Lycurguses in petticoats!
When—but like the Bear and Fiddle,
We must break off in the middle—
—Sunday next shall solve the riddle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"THE NEW VIEW OF SOCIETY."

OR,

MR. OWEN AT NEW LANARK.

A NEW BALLAD.

"News! neighbours, news!"—*Old Song.*

I, Robert Owen,
For certainty knowing
Political systems are rotten,
Have, with infinite pains,
Been confounding my brains,
With economy, logic, and cotton.

That man's a machine,
Will be presently seen,
When I've fully develop'd each measure;
And my system requires,
That I move the wires,
That the puppet may dance at my pleasure.

Like Noah in his ark,
I am king of Lanark!
My subjects due deference pay me;

You'll find in the sequel,
They're perfectly equal;—
That's equally bound to obey me!

The wise of all ages,
Philosophers, sages,
Dull rogues! must in turn go to school to me;
Aristotle and Plato
Are quite out of date O!
And Zeno himself is a fool to me.

Locke, Newton, and Bacon,
I'll prove are mistaken,
Poor Malthus I'll down at a blow;
Landaff is mere chaff,
Hannah More is a bore,
And Bob and his job all the go!

The Commons and Lords
I've so bother'd with words,
That they vote me, to save time and patience,
Economist clever,
Extravagant never,
But in one simple thing—my orations!

The faith I maintain,
Is a spice of Tom Paine,
My politics too, where's the wonder?

For argument specious,
I poach in Helvetius,
Nor Hume quite escapes from my plunder.

Some have it, my style
Has a touch of Carlile,
(Such lies choke the rogues that invent them!)
I own there's a touch,
When I mystify much,
Of my honest old friend, Jerry Bentham!

I deny there's a devil,
Heav'n, or hell; good, or evil;
The doctrine of priests, I cut short all;
'Tis a farce of the schools,
That a Providence rules,
That the soul is sublime and immortal.

That a glorified Being,
All-mighty, all-seeing,
Of infinite pow'r and dominion,
Call'd the stars into birth,
Form'd from chaos, the earth,—
I'm quite of a diff'rent opinion.

But chance, at a jerk,
Did the wonderful work,
And atoms, combining, concussing,

Toss'd, tumbled, and twirl'd
Themselves into a world,
And then in a frolic, brought us in!

Where I'd have ev'ry man,
Just as long as he can,
For self, and for pelf, live and labour;
Then each mother's son,
When his dinner is done,
Walk off, and make room for his neighbour.

The plan I lay down,
Is to build a small town,
(Some wiseacres call it a riddle!)
In the shape of a square,
Parallelogram rare!
With an eating-house clapp'd in the middle!

Where intelligent cooks,
Who have studied my books,
Their novel experiments trying;
Till my favourite plan,
To a sop in the pan,
Rule the roasting, the broiling, the frying!

A bell in a steeple
Shall summons my people
To join the community's table;

Where Christian and Jew,
And the devil knows who!
Shall complete my edition of Babel.

As no priest 's in the place,
Let Nic's Chaplain say grace,
To quiet some scrupulous laymen;
And little Jack Gorgon,*
My orator, organ!
Shall piously chuckle forth " Amen."

'Tis pleasant enough,
Tho' the mutton run tough,
To see how the rogues tooth and nail it!
Like flies in a shamble,
They join in the scramble,
With appetite good—what should ail it?

Lest brandy, or rum,
Should intoxicate some,
I banish them both, with Geneva;
Instead of blue-ruin,
We've Adam's own brewing—
A much better drink, by your leave-a!

* The sometime profane *Sunday* Jack-Pudding of the Sans Souci:—The *Fox* that had lost its *Tail!*

As soon as my spinners
Have finish'd their dinners,
(Soup-maigre, if beef they'd the last time,)
The girls, for ten minutes,
Shall play on their spinnets;
The boys dance a hornpipe for pastime.

The old men and women
I'll treat with the skimming
Of some philosophical question;
Abernethy, queer chap!
Says an afternoon nap
Is an excellent thing for digestion!

I'll tell the good folk,
That religion's a joke,
And offer my own, as a sample;—
That man is a brute,
Is beyond a dispute;
My friend, little Jack! for example.

That vice is a name,
And that virtue's the same,
Deserving nor censure, nor credit—
See, my "Essay,"* in print,

* Essay on human character—*proving* (?) that the character is *made for* the man—*Ergo*—Man is *not* a responsible being.

Yet I'll give 'em the hint,
As few but myself, may have read it.

Economy's this,
No advantage to miss—
Philanthropy too, is no stickler;
Its favourite dish is
The loaves and the fishes;
Taking care of itself* in partic'lar!

And liberty also,
At least what I call so!
Binds only mankind in my slavery—

* The following Ode has been attributed to a distinguished disciple of the "New View." It is entitled

NUMBER ONE.

PHILANTHROPIST! for prudence' sake,
As thro' life's thorny vale you run;
Whate'er you do, be sure to take
Especial care of Number One.

Profession's easy, words are cheap,
A thing is sooner said, than done;
Abroad, at home; awake, asleep;
Still keep your eye on Number One!

The Indian worships wood and stone,
The fiery fanatic, the sun;
The Liberal's god, is, Self alone,
And what is Self—but Number One?

And honesty true,
Is right worshipful too,
When a man can get nothing by knavery!

Equality's crown
Is to level all down,
Who in fame or in fortune o'ercrow us;
And then, vice versa,
To grind without mercy,
The poor needy devils below us!

Liberality next,
Is the Quaker's old text—
My son, if of wisdom thou'st any,
Thou'lt always be found,
To make sure of a pound,
Before thou dost part with a penny!

The bosom that grieves,
And the hand that relieves,
At pity's soft impulse, is erring:
I laugh at the flat,
Who would throw out a sprat,
Unless he can pull up a herring!

Fine feeling's a hum,
And a hoax—"Homo sum,"
Mere school-boy romance, rhodomontade;

We stoics, "jam satis,"
Think advice, given gratis,
Enough for poor folks, when they want aid.

The Owenite rule,
Is be cautious, and cool,
Indiff'rent to all things, and all men;
Your mind, in a freak,
Never venture to speak;
Truth spoke out of time, may enthral men.

In all that you do,
Let a sinister view
Be your counsel, your guide, and director;
In all that you say,
Go the round-about way,
So ends the first part of my lecture!

I hold it imprudent,
To drive the young student
Up Learning's ascent by coercion;
Or e'en to encourage,
Beyond his pease-porridge,
The task he should learn—for diversion!

My blockheads I teach,
Without birching their breech,
By a method that well may surprise one;—

For Solomon's maxim,
That pinches and whacks him,
Is certainly far from a wise one!

Now here, and now there,
Like a dog in a fair!
All bustle and smoke, for the fact is,
So much I profess,
You may easily guess,
I'm quite in arrears in my practice!

A droll, and a dreamer,
A politic schemer,
Who knows how to varnish his dross over;
A mountebank spouter,
An infidel doubter,
We now-a-days call a—philosopher!

My son, who, in sooth,
Is a sensible youth,
A chip of th' old block, you'll suppose is;
He now and then chimes,
Quantum suff. in "The Times,"
Which the true leading journal, God knows, is!

Of fame he bids fair
To come in for his share;
(I don't know who else can, if not him;)

The cunning young shaver
Has brass in his favour!
A pretty plain proof I begot him!

I tried, verbum sat.
To illuminate Pat,
Full thrice did I lecture before him;
But Pat, who loves whiskey,
Is rarely in this key,
And cried, "Blood and 'Ouns!" not to bore him.

So I walk'd off my buff,
In high dudgeon enough—
I'm expected at Liverpool daily,
To join for a trip,
An American ship,
To civilize Jonathan—*Vale!*

TOM SHUTTLE.

"A LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY, MIXED FULL OF PLEASANT MIRTH."

TUNE—"Miss Bailey."

TOM SHUTTLE* kept in Spital-fields a ready-furnish'd room there;
The bards of Greece and Rome, and—Brougham! illum'd him at his loom there—

* This tragical story bears a remarkable resemblance to the following catastrophe that occurred on the continent a short time since:

"Dr. H— S—, custos of the Royal Library at Berlin, distinguished as a scholar and a poet, married an accomplished and amiable young lady, Miss W—, of Leipzig. They lived happily together, but had no family. Her whole time and attentions therefore were devoted to him: his success, his fame, his happiness, engrossed all her thoughts. They travelled together through Russia, and returned to Berlin delighted with the scenes they had passed through, and full of enthusiasm and new literary projects. But soon after the husband was taken ill. His disorder was peculiar, and the physicians expressed their

He read the Penny Magazine, and talk'd of Thames
and Tiber;
Of the Mechanics' Institute a regular subscriber!
He to the march of intellect, quick marching, bade
defiance;
A merry cull—a miracle of poetry and science.

Miss Wilhelmina Snooks, the daughter of a stout
and tall bum-
Bailiff in the bottom floor, presented Tom her
Album,
To draw a head, or write a tale as tragical as
Werter,
Something pretty-natural, on purpose to divert her!

fears that his mind would be ultimately affected. They visited together the Baths of Rissingen, but he did not derive from them the benefit anticipated. A friend had often spoken to them of the beautiful environs of Jena, and they resolved to spend the next summer there. This was especially *her* plan; and in arranging for, and talking over, the contemplated change, the time passed until the 29th of December, 1834, when the Doctor went to a public concert. He expressed his intention of leaving it before a symphony of Beethoven's should be performed, fearing that it would be too much for him, and try his weak nerves too severely. His wife persuaded him to the contrary: he remained, was gratified and cheered by it, and returned home full of his plans for the next summer. When he entered his lodgings

Tom ow'd her one, and wrote an ode, brimful of
love and sentiment;
'Twas so sublime you couldn't tell, no, what one
word in twenty meant.

Miss Snooks made caps, and furbelows, and frills
for Mister Harvey,
And carried them to Ludgate Hill, safe band-box'd
in a jarvey;
Now, over head and ears in love, she rants like poor
Queen Dido,
And ev'ry stitch she lays aside, for one that's in
her side, O!

he found all in confusion. During his absence, she, having previously dressed herself all in white, had killed herself; she had pointed a dagger to her heart, and with a resolved spirit struck a sure blow, and expired instantly! The following letter, written with a firm hand, lay upon the table:—

"'More unhappy than thou hast been, thou canst not be, my most beloved; happier thou mayst become with real misfortune. There is often a wonderful blessing in misfortune—you will surely find it so. We suffered together *one* sorrow: thou knowest how I suffered in silence: no reproach ever came from you—much, much hast thou loved me. It will be better for thee—much better. Why? I feel, but have not words to express what I feel. We

She calls for Portia's red-hot coal, the dagger of Lucretia,
And bawls for Rosamonda's bowl of rhubarb and magnesia!

Tom felt a sympathetic twinge, and try'd a gentle lenitive;
"Your bumps, queer file, O," quoth Deville, "are call'd philo-progenitive!
To conquer this amativeness dewelop'd on your cranium,
With Wilhelmina go succeed, for she's your succedaneum."

shall meet hereafter free and unfettered. But thou wilt live out thy time upon earth. Fulfil then thy destiny, and act with energy. Salute all whom I loved, and who loved me in return. Till, in all eternity we meet, thy

CHARLOTTE.'

"This heroic lady felt that nothing but a real and lasting sorrow could give another direction to her husband's thoughts, and save him from madness, and she offered herself a willing sacrifice to his happiness! The novel experiment has been crowned with success! Since her death he has quite recovered; he feels himself able and willing to fulfil her last declared wishes, and has written some verses addressed to her friends, in which he explains her motives and conduct, and its influences on himself!"

Tom tipp'd a wink, and scamper'd off like winkin,
in high feather;
The parson fee'd—the wedding folks had all a feed
together!

His room with friends was over-run, his cup of bliss
run over;
He took to moping—mops and brooms!—his wife
took him to Dover—
The doctor recommended air, and exercise, and
jaunting—
Quoth Tom, "Hang exercise and air! when, zounds!
the right heir's wanting!"—
Away they tripp'd to Bagnigge Wells, to Turnham
Green, and Chelsea;
Sad Wilhelmina sigh'd, "My Love I never more
shall well see!"

'Twas Fair time, and St. Bartlemy had got a merry
touch for him;
But rattles, jews-harps, salt-boxes, horns, muffs,
might be too much for him!
He quite forgot his chronic pains, among his gay
old cronies;
And munch'd his supper in the pens, of mustard
and polonies;

The beer bred wit and bravery, and he resolv'd to thump any
That cross'd him as he homeward reel'd, and roar'd "Whitbread and Company!"

He reach'd his room at two o'clock, the candles in the casement,
Foretold the livers by their lights, were all in queer amazement!
Such hurry, scurry, mobbing, sobbing, down stairs, ay, and tearing up!
"Here's h-ll and Tommy now to dô;" cries Tom, "my wife is flaring up!"
Ah! what a sight did he behold, how ghostily and dreadful,
When peeping through the door, he threw his peepers on the bed full.

There Wilhelmina Shuttle lay, poor lamb, as dead as mutton!
Her cheek much whiter than the gown so lily-white she'd put on;
A bodkin stuck fast in her side, a letter penn'd so neatly
In *German Text!* bespoke her death, and told the cause completely;

" Dear Tom, you run stark mad for joy, now try a
touch of sadness;
You'll find in grief a great relief—I die, to cure
your madness!"

Tom stood aghast—" 'Tis love! 'tis love! how furious,
fond, and fickle hers!"
And then he wrote her dad in rhyme the full and
true partic'lars;
Soon after this felo-de-se, among the prime odd
fellows,
His spirits rose, he rose to sing, " Old Rose, and
burn the bellows!"
He cut the loom, a stroller turn'd, and in the Tale
of Mystery,
He courts Miss Tree!—and so concludes our strange,
eventful Hist'ry.

SAM TWIST.

A LEGEND OF ST. BENNET-FINK.

Which may be chanted to the Tune of "My Love is but a Lassie yet."

SAM TWIST was a tailor in Threadneedle-street,
His spirits were low, and his fever was high;
He lost all his gumption, by a galloping consumption,
And though he didn't like it, he was like to die!

"I dispose of, I'm so indispos'd, to my rib,
All the goods in my shop, and the money in my till;
Though oft, common case! I'd her claws in my face,
I sha'n't scratch her off, by a clause in my will!

"My dear, I'll be dress'd like a buck, in my best,
Charon won't care a rap, if I'm wrapp'd in a shroud;
I'll march to his boat in my blue Sunday coat,
For fear Mr. Twist should be lost in the crowd!

" And if you wed, ah me! a cher ami,
Your bed shall be haunted by dolorous tics;
My ghost shall knock as it strikes twelve o'clock,
And knock you both to spinnage, I swear by Styx!"

From top to toe Sam was rigg'd like a beau,
Lucy's courage screw'd up, to see him screw'd down;
" O, how my heart is beating! was there ever such a sweeting?
Except in Sweeting's Alley, where there lives Tom Brown!"

Now Tom, under favour, a good-looking shaver,
Earn'd his mutton and trimmings by the beards that he trimm'd;
His whiskers and jazey set all the women crazy,
And he clapp'd their hearts in limbo, he was so smart limb'd!

She put off her starch way, her high gait, and arch way,
They hob and nob buzz'd, till 'twas buzz'd thro' the town,
Some fine day in summer, as black did not become her,
Widow Twist, dress'd in white, would be chang'd into Brown!

So early in May, on a sun-shiny day,
They rose bright array'd, with the rays of the sun;
The bells of Bennet-Fink, wouldn't let 'em sleep a wink;
And splic'd by a canon, they were off like a gun!

They were up on the Downs, being flush of the browns!
Then Brown, off to France took his flame, for a flare!
He bought her some natty combs, and show'd her the Catacombs,
To Père-la-Chaise* the pair drove in a chaise-and-pair.

* The custom of planting flowers over the graves of departed friends is beautiful and humane. Talk of the foppery of French church-yards! Compare the solemn cypress groves, and enamelled parterres of Père-la-Chaise, with the dank, reeking charnel-houses of London and its vicinity! This custom was once prevalent in England; and Montgomery (James), in one of his poems, gives a charming description of the effects of sunshine after a shower on the lovely-planted graves of a Moravian burying ground. The French epitaphs are exquisitely simple; "*Ici repose*" contrasts strangely with our burlesque sorrow, that trumpets forth the posthumous virtues of some rogue "that stunk alive," and thus, by a poetical transfiguration, becomes "a precious mummy, dead."

'Twas rueful to view ev'ry street written "*Rue*,"
Ev'ry book seem'd to Tom, to be written by "*Tom!*"
So the lady and her barber return'd by Dover Harbour
To Threadneedle-street, which they'd been a month from!

Not, tea-and-turn-out, but to dinner and rout,
They sent an invite for their neighbours to come:
To three fiddle-scrapers the company cut capers,
And the ear-piercing fife of their ears pierc'd the drum.

With prime whiskey-toddy they moisten'd soul and body,
And Bishopsgate-without toasted Bishopsgate-within;
Mrs. Brown led her shaver down a dance, and through a quaver;
Merry was the dinner, and merrier was the din!

It chim'd twelve o'clock, when there came a loud knock,
As if Gog and Magog had rapp'd with their fist!

The Lane of Saint Bartholomew sent forth a dismal, hollow mew,
And in march'd Mister (or his ghost!) Sammy Twist!

His mouth grinn'd so grimly, and it smok'd like a chimbley!
His nose flar'd red hot, 'twixt his eyes, like a link!
He rattled his dry bones, like a cart upon the stones!
And danc'd to the muffled bells of Saint Bennet-Fink!

"Of Fish," (cry'd Spirit Sammy,) "here's a pretty kettle, damme!
Cut your stick, and off to Styx; tide serves, the water's high;
A wherry's at the ferry, for a pleasant voyage, very!
And Lucifer, my Lucy fair! has other fish to fry!"

"'Tis high time you're below, hark! the cock begins to crow,
And fresh I scent the morning air—ere morn, I must away!"
When a loud clap of thunder made them both knock under,
And then there was old Charon, and the devil too, to pay!

Safe landed they were at the Hotel d'Enfèr,
To the " Devil among the Tailors !" in darkness and mist,
Danc'd *nine* grisly sprites in their blue coats and tights,
Each claiming, while he licks her ! his wife, Widow Twist !

The Old one laugh'd like a new one, and quaff'd
His goblet of goblin Elixir, or ale.
" One man" (he cry'd) " at most, is a solitary ghost,
But Twist is a *Tailor !*"—And so ends my tale.

WOMAN.

I SING of Woman; Ladies, lend an ear,
The theme is pleasing, and the verse sincere.
If Chloe blame my monitory style,
I find a recompense in Stella's smile.
To laugh at folly let the task be mine,
Accomplish'd Stella, to reform it, thine.

Some to the Ladies have at once assign'd
A trifling heart, a vain, capricious mind;
'Tis too severe, their virtues may demand
A juster picture from a milder hand.

Kind Heav'n form'd Woman on the social plan,
To prove a source of happiness to man;
To share alike his blessings and his woes,
From life's gay sunshine, to its dreary close.
And oft she well performs her tender part,
When sharp affliction rends the bursting heart;
When the dark tempests of misfortune low'r,
She shines with Love's re-animating pow'r.
When friendship fails, nor hope, nor succour's nigh,

She wipes the bitter tear from mis'ry's eye;
Pours consolation's healing balm the while,
And cheers the mourner's sorrows with a smile.

Tho' form'd for Love, for gentle arts design'd,
Her courage argues a superior mind;
Not rashly bold, the warlike sword she draws,
To violate fond nature's sacred laws;
But for some glorious end, some godlike deed,
That Kings and Heroes had been proud to bleed!
While oft rebellious man, when ills arise,
Arraigns th' unerring judgments of the skies;
To her superior piety is giv'n,
She learns to bless the chast'ning hand of Heav'n.

In scenes domestic, scenes which most endear,
She shines resistless in her brightest sphere;
Close to her bosom prest, with fond alarms,
See infant Beauty smiles in all his charms!
Endearing sight! O may he ne'er destroy,
Thy mother's hope, thy dream of future joy;
But by his filial love fulfil thy pray'r,
And well repay thy tenderness and care.

Fair is the morn, the gilded prospect gay,
May no dark wintry cloud obscure the day!
When Beauty, blooming like an Eastern Queen,

Forsakes the shade to grace a brighter scene.
Obsequious coxcombs ev'ry hour assail,
For her the flatt'rer weaves his artful tale,
Youth, health, and pleasure, all united, seem,
One fairy vision, one enchanting dream!
Ah! who shall then forewarn the trusting Fair
To shun the danger, and avoid the snare;
The hesitating speech, the downcast eye,
And the delicious poison of a sigh?

To please a Woman is a task indeed!
We all attempt; alas! how few succeed!
A shameful truth, that female charms are sold,
Some are with flatt'ry bought, and some with gold.
Delia, who once inspir'd the poet's page,
Soon finds a ready purchaser, in age.
Daphne, who lov'd a fool, mistaken fair!
Because he prais'd her beauty, shape, and air;
Her raptures over, her illusions past,
Longs to obey one will—that will—his last!

In Woman various characters we find,
No two alike in feature, or in mind.
Laura, whose spouse is sober once a week,
Ne'er felt the flush of anger warm her cheek.
Clio, whose scolding tongue affrights the house,
Screams at a beetle, trembles at a mouse.

Consid'rate Fanny, tender-hearted dame!
Will cut her linnet's wings to make him tame:
While squeamish Lady Buckram, who would think!
Can sip much more than honest topers drink.

Amelia wears a smile from morn to night,
Because her teeth are regular and white.
Priscilla, ancient nymph, by fashion led,
To hide the palsy, tosses high her head.
Poor Julia makes a hearty meal by stealth,
Yet tells the world she has but sorry health!
The sturdy vulgar are exempt from pain,
'Tis only folks of quality complain!

Say, is not Prudence more than Dian chaste?
What mortal man will suit her maiden taste?
How cold her eye, it freezes with despair!
Love, tender Love, can never enter there!
O strange reverse! beneath that artful guise,
Some wicked thoughts intrude, and mischief lies.

Now view the contrast in Clarissa's air,
Light, easy, graceful, spruce, and debonnair!
Her laughing eye, soft smile, at once bespeak
Love warms her mind, and blushes in her cheek;
Blest with each grace that nature can impart
To captivate the eye, and charm the heart,

Clarissa weds for love—and, what is worse,
A man with brains, but then an empty purse!

What sudden friendships has Lucretia made,
Eternally betraying, and betray'd!
'Tis hers to heave th' involuntary sigh,
The tear unconscious glistens in her eye,
Yet, sympathetic soul! she knows not why!
If soft Lucretia hear her friend is dead,
Her lap-dog's scalded, or her monkey's fled;
If Poll no more can charm her gentle ears
With dainty oaths, the nymph dissolves in tears!
The pity which in female hearts we prize,
Flows from no deeper channel than her eyes.

Stern Hecatissa gives the world her hate,
Her thoughts are fix'd upon a future state;
From morn to night, in mere religious whim,
She screams aloud her anabaptist hymn!
Mistaken fool! put off thy borrow'd part,
Learn meekness and sincerity of heart;
Heav'n counts thy vows as vain, and nothing worth,
Unless a righteous spirit give them birth.

Behold yon captious dame, reserv'd, and sly,
Suspicion ever lurking in her eye;
The very fury of domestic strife,

Behold Corinna pale—the jealous wife!
Her spouse, good easy man! she makes a drone,
Demure he sits, his eyes are not his own!
Speaks he unguarded of another's charms?
A mistress! quick her soul is up in arms.
She raves, she sighs, the tears obedient start,
And well she plays the loud virago's part.
How long, Corinna, to conviction blind,
Wilt thou torment thyself, and all mankind,
With jealous fancies, with suppos'd neglects?
—She most deserves suspicion, who suspects.

Prudella, cautious nymph! behind her fan,
Gives many an artful leer at odious Man;
With paint and patches tries, a silly crime!
To hide the fearful ravages of time.
When in the Park she takes her night parade,
We ask, what spectre 'tis that haunts the shade.
She sings an air—the connoisseur that hears,
Would swear a jack were winding in his ears;
She joins the dance—the graces in a fume,
Behold the hideous sprite, and quit the room.

Chloe, whom perjur'd wits engaging call,
Is pleas'd with half mankind, and pleases all.
She goes to church on ev'ry Sabbath day,
But fashionable people never pray!
If parsons are polite, 'tis very well,

But Chloe can't endure the name of hell.
If some fond fool confess a tender smart,
She smiles encouragement, then breaks his heart.
Beware how Chloe's kindnesses beguile,
Her frown is not so fatal as her smile.

Poor Sappho, forc'd to wed against her will
The man she hates; and, more provoking still,
A thing that ev'ry woman hates alive,
A toothless, doting rogue of sixty-five!
At midnight balls, and masquerades is seen,
And fashionable routs, to cure the spleen;
Her ancient lord, a martyr to the gout,
For Sappho calls in vain—my lady's out!
Stung with the pangs of jealousy, he swears,
Sappho returns, and wonders at his airs;
To prove her faith, calls Betty, and the saints,
And if occasion suit, my lady faints.

But who is she, that sits with head awry,
Lank is her form, and haggard is her eye,
Her garments turn'd in many a mazy fold,
Frantic she seems and ghastly to behold?
'Tis sad Calista, who, with brandish'd quill,
Makes ghosts appear, and vampires rise, at will;
She writes for demons', not for man's applause,
And is herself the fury that she draws.

" High life is charming, say what people will!"
Cries Mistress Fustian, hot from Holborn Hill;
" O, who would breathe this vulgar city air,
When honest folks might drive a coach and pair?
My spouse, dull soul! would rather grub the while,
Than sport a handsome house, and live in style."
By fortune's freaks see Madam Fustian plac'd
High in the realms of elegance and taste;
A well-bred dame, she leaves her bed at noon,
Sups with the sun, and breakfasts with the moon!
At balls and concerts the presiding belle,
For who indeed can dance or sing so well?
At fashion's fane she rules the varying year,
For who will dress so gay, and pay so dear?
Ah! must I tell the sequel of the tale?
Poor Madam Fustian's purse begins to fail!
The house is sold, the servants all dismiss'd,
Her luckless husband dreads the bailiff's fist;
Such mad presumption all her friends deride,
Guests at her routs, and sharers of her pride!
And Mistress Fustian, much against her will,
Returns to breathe the air of Holborn Hill!

Why sits Clarinda in her garb of woe?
Her spouse, sweet mourner! died a week ago;
Frantic with grief, she sent for Lady D—,
Implor'd her tears, and company to tea.

For six long days, a penance truly hard!
She never saw a play, nor touch'd a card;
The seventh, the woeful widow (custom pleads!)
Puts off her sorrow, and puts on her weeds.

My Lady Cynthia oft, of gaming sick,
Will lose her charming temper, with a trick.
Nubilia wears a patch, contriving belle!
To hide a speck; a mask would do as well.
How Flavia's face, and Flavia's picture strike;
The cause is plain, they're *painted* much alike!
O then shall truth the voice of satire hush?
Fair virtue's true complexion is a blush!

But one I know, sweet subject of my lays,
Whose beauty still is only second praise;
In action graceful, as in sense refin'd,
The softest manners, with the chastest mind:
Uniting all that we design to please,
The charms of temper, elegance, and ease;
A fond expression, never reach'd by art,
Which speaks the glowing language of the heart!

Charms such as these, nor deem the picture rare,
Shall render beauty more divinely fair.
When man's warm passions, with resistless sway,
Bear virtue, truth, and reason far away;

One soft persuasive smile shall soon reprove,
And call him back to liberty and love.

Dear Stella, to my moral verse attend,
Forgive the censor, and believe the friend.
May ev'ry bliss that softens life, or cheers,
Charm thy young days, and crown thy riper years!
Fair is the prospect in life's op'ning morn,
The rose is fair, but still retains the thorn!
The world will tempt thee with alluring praise,
And Folly lead thee to her fairy maze,
But O, beware! and shun the dang'rous way,
They flatter beauty only to betray;
And still through life, in thy desire to please,
Retain thy soft simplicity and ease.
To charm by art let others vainly seek,
What art can reach the blossom on thy cheek?
And while through life's uncertain path we stray,
Hope for our guide to lead us on the way,
Say, shall the Muse thy gentle steps attend,
Pleas'd to become thy monitor and friend?
To tell thee oft how thousands are undone,
What paths to follow, and what ills to shun;
That vice, though late, shall meet severest doom,
That virtue lives and blossoms in the tomb.

EPISTLE

TO THE PROPRIETOR OF "CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH THEATRE."

A WORD in your ear, Mr. Cumberland, pray—
Not what I say myself, but what other folks say,
I think it just right to communicate—*Credè!*
Some bitter complaints of your editor G. D.
This confident critic bamboozles the town,
And to write himself up, he writes other folks down;
About the old authors he makes such a fuss,
Yet laughs not indeed at our farces, but Us!
Talks of Avon's sweet swan—Mr. C, who the deuce
Is Avon's sweet swan?—Does he mean Mother Goose?
A player must either be dying or dead,
To have grace in his action, or sense in his head—
One exception, I grant, may be found in the hive,
He praises Jack Harley, who's always alive!
Yet Jack, though he giggles and gallops on gaily,
Is nothing to Vale—may he never say *valè!*—
Then Lord, what an Egotist! quoting himself!
—Friend Cumberland, look to your profit and pelf,

And take from the dunghill hight critical, no cock
Who cannot puff Planchè, who cannot puff Pocock;
Mr. Lunn,* Mr. Bunn, Mr. Pitt,† Mr. Poole;
The nobs of the new march-of-intellect school.
Besides this G. D., if the people all say right,
Is not only Aristarch, Poet, but—Playwright!
Which makes him, no doubt, so confoundedly crusty,
For two of a trade—but the proverb is musty.

* The following festive chant is attributed to Mr. Lunn, whose physiognomy is peculiarly harmonious:—

Three merry men, three merry men,
Three merry men are we;
Comedy, Farce, and Pantomime,
Thackeray, Buckstone, and Me!!!

Thack. has the tact to translate through an act,
Gustavus is done to a T;
Buckstone writes what Milner indites,
Except when he steals from Me!

Homer of old, and Virgil, we're told,
And Shakespeare, they say, make a Three—
Buckstone, you and I, O, and Thackeray, chant a Trio—
Bravo, my lads, so do We.

Three merry men, three merry men,
Three merry men we be;
Push round the rum, who cares for Cum——,
Who cares a fig for D. G.?

† It is whispered that Dibdin Pitt is hard at work upon Hamlet, which he intends bringing out at one of our metro-

O blindly infatuate! thus to permit
This Midas in judgment, this coxcomb in wit,
This snarling Gambado on Pegasus skittish,
To gallop right o'er Minor Drama and British!—
Then turn to the right-about (Cumberland *credè*,)
Your pert egotistical editor G. D.
Or D.G. no matter which, truce to the letters—
And give the appointment to one of his betters!—

politans under the title of "*The Ghost of Denmark Hill*, or the *Spectre of Camberwell!*" The following dedication has been handed about in manuscript:—

"My dear Ball!

"Why write yourself '*Fitz*?' You are no spurious offspring of Apollo, but a true swan of Helicon! I should as soon think of saying Fitz-Homer, Fitz-Milton, or Fitz-Shakespeare, as Fitz-Ball.

"Talking of Shakespeare, puts me in mind of myself! I found Hamlet *brick*—I leave it *stucco*; nobody will know it to be Shakespeare's—every body when *I* play it, will swear it to be *mine*.

"You have been called *Victor Hugo* of the Surrey side. Yet, my dear Ball, (I love to be droll!) how much farther do *you go* than Victor, in the ghastly-terrible, and ghostly-grim! His tintinabulum is a muffin-bell, compared to your triple bob major.

"Never mind *that* D. G., however queer on your cognomen. He says you are a *tennis* ball, because you take loftier flights than your brother bards; a *cricket* ball, because you are chirruping; a *billiard* ball, because you have an eye to the pockets; a *trap* ball, because you have been

If *my* humble talent might try such a leap,
I'll do the thing well, and I'll do the thing cheap;
If Me you invest with the critical staff,
Why fine me a pot if I'm found in a laugh.
For Shakespeare—I know not and care not who
wrote him—
So you'll guess that *I'm* not very likely to quote
him!
And Massinger, Fletcher, and surly Old Ben,
Shall never be grac'd with a scratch of my pen,
They liv'd, scribbled, died—*n'importe* where, what,
and when!

trapped by the *club*. Be content that you are an *earthly* ball, with a touch of the *heavenly*.

"It has been hinted that I am jealous of your transcendant genius! Jealous!—Come, I like that; as the cat said to the sugared cream—

"Together we have ranged the flies,
And stalk'd the boards, and smelt the lamps—
The man that says I'm jealous, lies;
And all who think the same are scamps!

To you I dedicate the rhymes
Our *club*(1) pronounce a lucky hit;
To waft the names to future times,
Of Neddy Ball and Dibdin Pitt!"

---

(1) "The *Miller* and his *Men*," in Henrietta Street.

My Jerrold's the herald of wit and romance,
My Beaumont and Fletcher are Planchè and Dance;*
What serves me for Congreve, for Cibber and all?
The wits, fits, and fancies of Mister Fitzball!
No question or quack'ry my Thackeray I wot
(What a face for a farce, what a head for a plot!)
Is worth all the Drydens and Farquhars that follow;
So dub Me your critic, and Him your Apollo!
If an author be dull—what's his dulness to me?
In liberty's land sure a fool may go free!
Mine's Dogberry's maxim, (to quote him for once)
Let him go—and thank God you are rid of a dunce.
When I hold up my rod not a stroller shall tremble,
I luckily never saw Siddons or Kemble;
Of all the old school I remember not one,
But I've seen Mr. Serle, and I've seen Mrs. Bunn.
Of acting I yield my opinion to no man—
For buskin and sock give me Cobham and Sloman.

* Paired, but not matched.—The talented dramatist of "Charles XII," and the writer of the following!

"When a Lord of the Creation says, 'Pray, madame, do
so and so,'
She to his solicitation, says, 'Monsieur, non.'"
For both is this plan most delightful,
As experience shows every day;
For never are men half so frightful,
As when they have all their own way!" &c. &c. &c. !!

Macarthy's a trump, but Macready's a savage,
And who would see Dowton that ever saw Davidge?
I think Mr. Elton, I think Osbaldiston,
In tragedy quite as affecting as Liston;
And Gomersal, barring he makes but a sorry beau,
I think quite as great as my friend Mr. Horrebow.
D.G. is all quibble and quiz when he writes,
And when the dog barks least, the sharper he bites—
Except when I eat, and except when I yawn,
My jaw is fast lock'd, and my teeth are all drawn.
I'm ready and willing to edit your plays,
Find you but the pewter, and I'll find the praise;
And if you can gulp only half that I give,
You may brag of your swallow as long as you live!
So natty I'll dress when you ask me to sup,
And your mutton is all I'll presume to cut up;
My prose, for your clothes; and your meat for my metre;
Your editor—ay, and egad, your head-eater!
Drop a line to A, with (what in truth, *I'm!*) a star—
Post paid, and the terms—to be left at the bar
Of mine host of (I lodge up three pair, with my crony)
The Panniers, and eke the Jerusalem Pony.

P.S. If you ask who I am, Mr. Cumberland—know

I'm one of the club* held at Miller's—(not Joe!)
No G.D.—be de'ed he! no mountebank, muff;
But a little cock-bantam—Flare up! quantum suff.

* There were in Athens ten judges, who decided on the merits of dramatic pieces. They had a particular and distinguished bench appropriated to them. They were men of merit, whose integrity was above all suspicion, who swore to judge equitably, and without regard to solicitations, cabals, or factions. The authority which allowed them the right of rewarding talent, extended also to punishing, and even to beating with whips, the dunce bold enough to present himself to the public without being worthy of their attention. We hear of one *Evangelus*, who was punished with this severity. *Sophocles*, on the contrary, obtained the prefecture of *Samos* for his *Antigonus*. How would this regulation suit Messieurs of the *club?*—*Sheridan Knowles* would gain a prefecture—but which among his brethren would not deem the flagellating clause "more honored in the breach, than the observance?"

ALIBEG; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

In Tempè's vale, a calm sequester'd scene,
Whose fields were cloth'd with everlasting green;
Far from the busy world, unknown to fame,
There liv'd a youth, and Alibeg his name.
Th' admiring swains and ev'ry rural maid,
Delighted, sought his consecrated shade,
And while he warbled woods and plains among,
Apollo listen'd and approv'd the song.

One morn great Abbas, tir'd of gay resorts,
Thro' Tempè's vale pursu'd his rural sports;
When lo, sweet music quivers thro' the shade,
As if the strain some sylvan God had play'd—
And soon the minstrel's self appears in view,
His seat, a moss-grown bank, impearl'd with dew,
Watching the rippling fountain's silver tide,
The while his flocks skipp'd round the mountain side.
Enrapt in awe the wondering monarch stood,
And then address'd the shepherd of the wood.

" O youth celestial! whosoe'er thou art,
That with such melting airs enslav'st my heart,

Say, dost thou here descend, with heav'nly strains,
To soothe the wretch's woe, the Lover's pains;
For sure such notes as charm this mystic Bow'r,
Are play'd by some divine, superior Pow'r."

The youth replied—" I'm one of humble swains,
Who lead their flocks o'er Tempè's blissful plains,
Of parentage obscure, a shepherd boy—
And as I tune this pipe, my only joy,
The list'ning Birds on ev'ry bloomy spray,
Will raise their notes to imitate the Lay.

The Monarch thus—" All gentle as thou art,
If grandeur once can captivate thy heart,
With me to cities and to courts repair,
How will thy worth and talents flourish there!
Let not such sweetness wither in a wild,
Emblem of virtue, nature's fairest child!
But leave these plains, and tend thy sheep no more,
And taste of pleasures unenjoy'd before."

A crimson blush o'erspread the shepherd's cheek,
His heart exulted, tho' he fear'd to speak:
He wept in silence, while his ling'ring feet
Reluctant bore him from his lov'd retreat.

Now distant cities from afar they view'd,
Expanding wide, as onward they pursued;

All seem'd a bright and glorious vision—yet
He heav'd a parting sigh of fond regret.

To court the youth was led, in glitt'ring vest,
Each noble heart admir'd the humble guest;
His manly beauty, and superior worth,
Made all forget his lowliness of birth;
Such native sweetness, mix'd with decent pride,
Brav'd slander's sting, and envy's scorn defy'd.

As some fair Flow'ret in a wild conceal'd,
Where no kind pasture bids its blossoms yield;
Check'd in its growth, requires a fost'ring hand
Gently to move it to some fertile land—
But when transplanted to more genial earth,
The bloom appears, and gives its beauty birth;
Urg'd by warm suns, and mild refreshing dews,
The buds burst forth in all their lively hues;
Its lovely form rewards the planter's care,
And with ambrosial fragrance fills the air.

While thus the swain enjoys his virtuous deeds,
Great Abbas dies—the sorrowing nation bleeds;—
Religion, justice, peace, a glorious train,
And gentle mercy mark'd his pious reign.
And now the Son, a youth of noble fire,
Succeeds his honor'd and lamented sire;

Like him, to prove a blessing to the State,
A Sov'reign truly wise, and truly great.

But Envy strove to blast the shepherd's fame,
And blend with hateful infamy his name—
The Monarch heard—his rising fears prevail—
For cunning slander thus devis'd the tale.

A place there is, unknown to public eye,
Where close conceal'd, the stolen treasures lie;
Of curious structure, where the artist's skill
Has try'd to thwart the bold intruder's will—
Oft is he seen to ope the secret door,
And look with rapture on the hidden store;
Linger, as if his soul were treasur'd there,
And fondly hoard it with a miser's care.

Forth went the King the hidden store to seek,
While joy and triumph flush'd the Shepherd's cheek!
The secret door is open'd to their eyes,
And all behold the long expected prize!
No precious gold, or jewels meet their sight,
'Twas humbler treasures gave the swain delight—
All they beheld—the knotty crook he bore,
The tuneful pipe, the shepherd's garb he wore
When first he met the royal Abbas' view,
And with his music charm'd the sylvan crew;

Before he felt the force of slander's tale,
And left the joys of Tempè's blissful vale!

"Take all," he cried, "with pleasure I restore
The gifts your royal father gave before;
Such fleeting honours freely I resign,
All are your own—but these are truly mine!
Think on those days of innocence and joy,
When you beheld me first, a shepherd boy,
Rais'd by your sire, unworthy and unknown,
To form his councils, and to guard his throne.—
Then let me to my native shades repair,
And once more learn to tend my fleecy care;
Tune my neglected pipe, and wear the vest,
In which your father found me, truly blest;
Before I knew the mis'ry to be great,
The sad memorials of my happier state!

Abash'd, confounded, at the artless tale
Vice stood appall'd, and slander's face grew pale;
While lynx-ey'd malice yields to virtuous fame,
And hides its head in everlasting shame.

"O matchless worth!" th' indignant Abbas cried,
"Blush ev'ry child of supercilious pride!
See, in this youth, fair virtue's purest fire,
With which the gods immortal minds inspire!

Hence from my sight, ye persecuting race,
No more the monarch, or his realm disgrace;
Let honest men my people's freedom guard,
And modest merit meet its just reward:
Let worth once more my injur'd kingdom sway,
No more let humble virtue, vice obey;
But all be chang'd, and royal Abbas' son
Bestow the laurel where 'tis nobly won."

The monarch rais'd, in token of his grace,
The prostrate shepherd, with a fond embrace;
While conscious guilt in silence stole away,
And virtue won the honours of the day.

IMMORTALITY.

If aught can check the voice of unbelief,
Dispel the sceptic's doubt, and shame his sneer,
And fill the soul with reverential awe,
'Tis the dull hour of night, when nature sinks
In sleep profound, and ev'ry object leads
The mind to contemplation. Let me roam
At this impressive hour the church-yard way,
And by the moon's pale beam, attentive mark
Where wealth and poverty unheeded lie.—
That I am mortal, each surrounding grave
Speaks with a solemn voice; and that my soul
Immortal, and inform'd of heav'nly fire,
Shall know a second birth, and one day rise
In bright, unsullied beauty, radiant hope
Assures, confirms me in the pleasing thought.
Death, once the common foe of all mankind,
Is now the friend—the wise, experienc'd sage
Who, after all the pilgrim's toils and cares
In passing thro' this wilderness of woe,
Conducts him safely to a better home.
Sweet are his slumbers, peace and hope divine
Rest on his pillow, and when morning beams,

He joins with nature in the gen'ral song,
And loud Hosanna! O if joys so pure
Bud in this earthly vale, to bloom in heav'n,
To live 'tis pleasure, but 'twere bliss to die.

How ill do riot and intemp'rate mirth
Befit this solemn hour, by Heav'n design'd
For holy contemplation!—For of old
Our purer ancestors would silent sit
On some high mountain, and with eye serene
Muse on the glorious majesty of Heav'n!
But now, the wretch by fraud or vengeance led,
Like the gaunt prowling wolf, that leaves his den
Intent on slaughter, points the murd'rous knife
Against a brother—deeds of darkest hue
At this defenceless, consecrated hour
Receive their birth—O Guardian of the good!
Let not thy choicest blessing, balmy sleep,
That courts the peasant's pillow, but retires
From gilded domes, and canopies of state,
Be scar'd by frightful fears, and ghastly dreams
Of dread assassins, and of midnight groans!
Chain up these wolves, nor let them roam the night
To murder, what they never can enjoy,
The heav'nly blessings of a sweet repose.

Let vain philosophy, upheld by pride,
Say that the soul, once parted from her clay,

Is then extinct, nor spark of heav'nly fire,
Nor ray divine, shall warm the sacred fane
Where wisdom, virtue, and religion pure,
Dwelt in celestial concord.—Whence the end
That man receiv'd his being; why endow'd
With such high pow'rs, and by his Maker form'd
In his own beauteous image, and in state
A little lower than th' angelic host?
Were there no certain hope of future bliss,
What would inspire the virtuous and the brave
To meet the face of danger without fear,
And smile on death? What makes the dying saint,
When writhing nature, agonis'd with pain,
Struggles to be reliev'd, with holy joy
View the dark silent vale he soon must pass,
Nor tremble at the sight? 'Tis the blest hope
Of Immortality that cheers the soul,
And fits her for the awful, trying hour
Of Death. Heard ye a deep and hollow groan
That breath'd despair? Mark truly whence it came.
See, on his dying bed the Atheist lies,
He, who in Life's gay pageantry and pride,
Ne'er let the thought of heav'n, the dread of hell,
Mar the light moments of his jovial day:—
But now, diseases fell, and loathsome ills
Torture his joints, and anguish fills his mind.
Where can he look for succour? Where! to heav'n?
Alas! what hope is there? A dreadful doubt

O'erwhelms his soul, his eyeballs roll in vain
To find some friend to calm his anxious fears,
And ease him of his load: no kindred friend,
Companion of his vices! dare approach
The bed of death, where ribald scorn might learn
A deep memento—Mem'ry, draw a veil
In pity o'er the rest—O God, forgive!

Yes, I will trust, and triumph in the hope
Of immortality, tho' fools may jeer.
If in no future world the soul shall wake,
They never can accuse me of the cheat:—
So let me die in the delightful dream,
And sweet delusion, of a world to come.

'Tis midnight now: the busy world is still;
Some, rack'd with torture, wake the peaceful hour
With horrid groans, and pray for coming morn;
While some, disturb'd in mind, as conscience brings
To busy recollection, deeds of ill,
Bedew their pillow with repenting tears,
And weep till day. Remorse, and hidden guilt
Point all their sharpest arrows. Black despair
Forth from his murky cavern stalks along
With hurried stride, to where the pris'ner lies
In lonely dungeon, and the knell of death
Rings in his ears; the sleepy bird of night

Screams to the howling blast her piteous moan;
The raven claps his wing, the sullen bat
Flits thro' the air, and if report be true,
Departed spirits have appear'd to men,
And little fairies tripp'd it o'er the green,
Beneath the moonlight shade.—Ah! turn a thought
To where the sinking mariner forlorn,
Whom winds and waves o'erpow'r, struggles for
breath,
To stem the boiling torrent:—vain his hope
To reach yon wish'd for shore,—another surge,
More dreadful than the last, o'erwhelms him soon.—
A mournful sight the morrow will disclose,
His lifeless body stiff'ning in the blast.

O! what a dismal sound salutes my ears,
That rung the knell of some departed soul.
It comes from yonder tow'r, where Pontiff pride,
And bigot cruelty together hold
Their midnight orgies—'Twas Narcissa's knell!
Peace to thy gentle shade! where'er it roves,
By fairy-circled plain, or moonlight stream,
Or cloisters pale, to tell thy tale of woe!—

Religion, in her best and purest state,
Unhurt by superstition—unenthrall'd
By odious customs, cruelty, and death,

Is beautiful! the attribute of heav'n.
Meek, patient, chaste—the messenger of peace
To all who will receive; she throws new light
On what was dim before—and thro' her glass
Things which were once unheeded, please us now.
In her the Gospel's deep and solemn truths
Shine with celestial splendour; there the soul
May contemplate the themes that once inspir'd
The prophet's eloquence, the seraph's song.
Not the religion, horrible the name,
Of crafty monks, and bacchanals impure.
Unhallow'd mock'ry!—'Tis the sacred flame
That warms the heart with gratitude and love
For that Eternal Pow'r in whom we live,
That constitutes religion's sacred name—
That makes poor helpless man a friend to man,
And brings the heart to triumph in the good,
Not of itself, but all. Curs'd is the wretch
Who makes his wealth his god! no other hope
Shall cheer his dying hour—no pitying tear
Shall wash his stains away, nor mournful sigh
Welcome his soul to bliss. Unhappy man!
Thy god shall leave thee when thou need'st one most!

Affliction! thou art physic to the soul,
And wholesome too—thou mak'st the patient weak,
To cool the fever of his blood—thy hand,

Oft rude and harsh by erring mortals deem'd,
Is always merciful—thou never strik'st
But where thou mean'st to raise, and chast'nest not,
But in thy tend'rest Love.—
Guilt through the world may flaunt in rich array,
And honesty in rags;—knaves may feast high,
While virtue starves:—but God, still just and good,
Has stores unknown and happiness for all—
Some have their portion here, and some in heav'n.

When on the bed of pain oppress'd I lay,
My trust was in the Lord, and not in vain—
His mercy was a pillow to my head,
A balsam to my heart—the shades of death
Were gather'd round me, but my soul rejoic'd
In his salvation, and my hope was sure.

What, tho' thou sitt'st in majesty supreme
Amid the heav'n of heav'ns! and with thy rays
Giv'st glory to ten thousand burning suns
Encircling thy throne: tho' angels stand
With golden harps attun'd, and voices rais'd
In heav'nly concert, thou art still my God,
And thou wilt hear me, tho' with feeble breath
I pour the grateful song, and trembling bend
Before the holy altar of thy Grace!
O let me never prostitute the Muse,

The gift of heav'n, my solace and my pride,
To themes unworthy of her sacred fire.
But like the bird that carols in the morn
With notes of joy, and at the close of day
Pours forth a parting song and sinks to rest,
When morning rises, and when ev'ning falls,
In sunshine and in shade, be Thou my theme!
And when pale death, disarm'd of ev'ry sting,
Shall hush the fault'ring music of my lyre,
May my rejoicing spirit, freed from sin,
And ev'ry mortal stain, to Thee ascend
A pure and fit inhabitant for heav'n,
Worthy its great Creator! there to join
With angels and archangels, in the song
Of man's redemption, and of Him whose birth
Recording seraphs hail'd with hymns of joy,
Till heav'n's eternal courts responsive breath'd
Celestial music—whose sojourn below
Was mark'd with sorrow, infamy, and death.
In majesty, on God's right hand, behold
He sits the righteous judge; his bruised head
No more encircled with a crown of thorns,
But princely diadem—Glory to thee,
Fountain of light and life, for this sure hope,
That my immortal spirit shall awake
With new-born rapture from her earthly tomb,
And thro' eternal ages sing thy love
In hymns of endless joy, and endless praise.

THE NATIVITY.

AN ODE.

O FOR a sound more soft and clear,
Than burst upon the ravish'd ear,
  When touch'd with God's ethereal fire,
The holy Bard, in lofty lays,
Broke forth in prophecy and praise,
  And bade his soul-subduing lyre
Foretell the bright events of future days!

And Thou, who tun'd the varying strings
  Of David's harp to sounds of woe,
When angels bow'd their silver wings
  To hear the heav'nly numbers flow,
When I attempt immortal rhyme,
A theme so sacred, so sublime,
  That bade all heav'n with hallelujahs ring;
Let holy zeal each note prolong,
And breathe thy spirit o'er the song
  Of God's anointed Son, and heav'n's eternal King!

O Salem! what a day is thine,
Behold the Star of mercy shine,

See hope her hallow'd temple rears!
Lift up your eyes, and hail the morn,
To you a holy babe is born,
The child of promis'd years;
Music floats on ether wings,
The woods rejoice, the desart sings!

Bow your heads, ye mountains high,
Assembled nations prostrate fall—
Hark! the hills exulting cry—
"He brings salvation down to all!"

Softly sweet the echo rings—
"Glory to the King of Kings!
And peace to men be giv'n.—"
Praise him ye planets as ye roll,
Ye stars that gild yon shining Pole,
And all ye Hosts of heav'n!

Lo, the sound hath reach'd the skies!
Hark! what strains seraphic rise
Among the heav'nly choirs—
List'ning saints their voices raise,
Swell the chorus of his praise,
And strike their golden Lyres!

To thee redemption's work is dear,
Thy love shall wipe the sinner's tear,

Thy hand his cruel bondage break :—
The dumb shall lift their song to thee,
The lame shall walk, the blind shall see ;
Thy voice shall bid the dead awake !

To those of meek and lowly heart,
Thy grace shall sov'reign balm impart,
And prove the saints' eternal guide ;
The fainting soul thy Shepherd's care
Shall gently lead to pastures fair,
Where Zion's crystal waters glide.

No more shall war, with iron reign,
His death-denouncing trumpet blow ;*
Heap up his mountains of the slain,
And fill the world with woe.—

But heav'nly Peace, on dove-like wing,
To all shall loud Hosannahs sing,
While heathen lands, with cheerful voice,
A Saviour's glory shall proclaim,
And learn the music of his name,
Afric, behold thy King—rejoice ! rejoice !

In that dread hour of mortal doom,
When Death shall final ruin spread ;

* " His war-denouncing trumpet took."—*Collins.*

And earth, from ev'ry yawning tomb
Shall render up her dead—

Thy saints, on wings of angels borne,
With joyful hymns shall hail the morn,
When, to relieve the sinner's woes,
To save his soul from guilty fears,
And wipe away repenting tears,
Prompt at the gracious call, the Star of Mercy rose.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

If aught can raise the drooping heart
  Above the world's delight and folly,
And all sublimer thoughts impart,
  'Tis heav'nly, pensive melancholy—

How glorious 'tis, at twilight hour,
To sit and watch from yonder tow'r
  The silver moon arise!
The mind expanding, bears her wings,
Above all sublunary things,
  And mingles with the skies.

Then let me seek the solemn scene,
When all is silent and serene
  Beneath the starry pole;
When pleasure's fev'rish dreams are o'er,
And busy cares disturb no more
  The contemplative soul.

Or slowly pace, with musing tread,
The dreary mansions of the dead,
  Where senseless marbles weep;
And saints that former ages blest,
Within their earthly caverns rest
  In everlasting sleep.

There melancholy loves to dwell,
And listen to the passing bell,
That speaks our mortal doom;
With pensive form, and haggard stare,
She bends, the picture of despair,
O'er Beauty's early tomb.—

She, with her sister madness, oft
On some high rock will sit aloft,
That foaming billows sweep,
And while all nature feels dismay,
With fix'd, unalter'd eye survey
The tempest, and the deep.

But when in some secluded cell,
She tunes her wild, pathetic shell,
Soft Zephyrs breathe around;
The Shepherd's pipe upon the hill
Is hush'd—the vocal woods are still,
To hear the mournful sound!

Hark! music strikes the list'ning ear,
In notes more thrilling, plaintive, clear,
Than e'er to man were given;
Sweet as the sounds that angels sing
When loud applauding seraphs bring
A chosen saint to heav'n.

'Tis Mona's bard—with magic sweep,—
Who rais'd the spirits of the deep
In Fingal's dreary cave;
High on a mountain's tow'ring spire,
He wakes the music of his Lyre,
O'er many a warrior's grave.

When wand'ring ghosts, as Legends tell,
Forsook the dismal caves of hell,
To haunt the midnight gloom;
And while the distant thunder roll'd,
Would oft to mortal ears unfold
The secrets of the tomb!

Hail holy shade! whose harp divine,
O'er druid's altar, hero's shrine
Awoke in dying falls—
No more thine airy music floats
In solemn, sad, and swelling notes
Thro' Mona's desart walls.—

Hail, Melancholy, Pow'r sublime!
Which naught but all-consuming time
Shall vanquish, or destroy!
When earth shall melt, and sea, and skies,
O! may thy troubled Spirit rise
To everlasting joy.

ODE. NIGHT.

THE Sun with mild declining ray,
Proclaims the hour of parting day,
And thro' the dusky plain
The swain his ev'ning carol sings,
And night once more on sable wings,
Resumes her silent reign—

The lover mourns beneath the shade,
For broken vows, and hopes betray'd,
And friendship's cold return:
And where departed merit sleeps,
Affection her lone vigil keeps,
And bathes the laurell'd urn.

Now, while the thoughtless and the gay,
Life's fleeting moments pass away
In festive hall, or bow'r;
Let me, while nightly dews descend,
In silent meditation spend
The solitary hour.

Glory to thee, in holy hymn,
Who sitt'st amid the cherubim,
  High Lord of heav'n alone!
My God, my Father, and my Friend!
With humble gratitude I bend
  Before thine awful throne!

If e'er in deed, in word, or thought,
I've been by passion blindly taught
  From virtue's path to steer,
O let me to thy throne repair
With humble penitence and pray'r;
  Nor thou refuse to hear.

Incline my heart to wisdom's rule,
And try me in affliction's school,
  And teach my erring mind
To know that pleasure, glitt'ring toy,
Yields but a transitory joy,
  And leaves a sting behind.

Tho' light'nings flash, and tempests low'r,
He shall outlive the dreadful hour
  Who stands in worth secure—
Pure as the current of the rills,
Firm as the everlasting hills,
  Shall virtue's self endure.

And now, with earthly care oppress,
My Spirit, Father! sinks to rest,
Be thou my guardian Pow'r;
And thro' the silent reign of night,
Let sleep descend in slumbers light,
As saint's expiring hour.

AN APRIL DAY.

DEAR Emma, on that infant brow
  Say why does disappointment low'r?
Ah, what a silly girl art thou,
  To weep to see a summer show'r!

O, dry that unavailing tear,
  The promis'd visit you shall pay;
The sky will soon again be clear,
  For 'tis, my love, an April Day.

And see, the sun's returning light
  Away the transient clouds hath driv'n;
The rainbow's arch, with colours bright,
  Spreads o'er the blue expanse of heav'n;

The storm is hush'd, the winds are still,
  A balmy fragrance fills the air;
Nor sound is heard, save some clear rill
  Meand'ring thro' the valleys fair.

Those vernal show'rs that from on high
  Descend, make earth more fresh and green;

Those clouds that darken all the air
  Disperse, and leave it more serene:

And those sad tears that for a while
  Down sorrow's faded cheek may roll,
Shall sparkle thro' a radiant smile,
  And speak the sunshine of the soul!

While yet thy mind is young and pure,
  This sacred truth, this precept learn—
That He who bids thee all endure,
  Bids sorrow fly, and hope return:

His chast'ning hand will never break
  The heart that trusts in Him alone;
He never, never will forsake
  The meanest suppliant at his throne.

The world, that with disdainful pride
  To vice gives virtue's modest due,
From thee, alas! may turn aside—
  Ah, shun the fawning, flatt'ring crew!

And blest with cheerfulness and health
  With joy thy daily course to run,
Let wretches hoard their useless wealth,
  And Heav'n's mysterious will be done.

With fair Religion, woo content,
'Twill bid tempestuous passions cease;
And know, my child, the life that's spent
In pray'r and praise must end in peace:

Its fitful dream is quickly past,
A little while we linger here;
And tho' the morn be overcast,
The ev'ning may be bright and clear.

DEATH.

Cease, Fool, to mourn life's little span,
And hush that impious cry,
For what an abject thing were man,
If he were ne'er to die.

Yet grant thee all thy soul's desire,
A free, immortal state;
Soon immortality would tire,
And thou would'st curse thy fate:

Wealth, honours, all the world can give,
And soft, luxurious ease,
The charms for which men crave to live,
Would lose their pow'r to please.

But Death, tho' harsh to worldly ears,
To misery and to me,
Sounds like the musick of the spheres,
Celestial harmony!

It mingles in one common clay,
Th' oppressor and th' opprest;

It wipes the tears of grief away,
And gives the weary rest.

It bids the trembling miser part
From his ill-gotten store;
It terrifies the stoutest heart,
That never shook before.

It quite unnerves the warrior's arm,
It makes the haughty bow;
And rudely withers ev'ry charm
On beauty's heav'nly brow.

Its voice unbars the prison-door,
And sets the captive free;
The slave endures the lash no more,
But springs to liberty.

It conquers woe, disease, and pain,
All private, publick strife;
And snaps at once the heavy chain
That binds us fast to life.

And from a sorrowing world like this,
And fortune's with'ring frown,
It leads to everlasting bliss,
To conquest and a crown.

Then cease to mourn life's little span,
And hush that impious cry;
For what an abject thing were man,
If he were ne'er to die.

WRITTEN FOR A DYING FRIEND.

Eat the bread, and drink the wine,
Symbols pure of love divine;
Is thy soul with fears distress'd?
These shall charm them all to rest.

Come, all sinful as thou art,
Bring a broken, contrite heart;
Faith in Christ thy hope, thy stay,
Then thy stains are wash'd away.

Lord! while low in pray'r we bend,
Let thy righteousness descend;
Holy confidence inspire,
And touch the soul with living fire.

HYMN.

Be Jehovah's name ador'd,
For abundant mercies giv'n;
Sing we praises to the Lord,
Glory to the King of Heav'n!

From his sapphire throne on high,
He hath heard a father's pray'r;
He hath heard a mother's cry,
And hath stretch'd his arm to spare!

Winter, stern, relentless pow'r,
Promis'd thee an early tomb;
Spring restores with sun and show'r,
Thine, and nature's tender bloom:

From thy fragile form hath driv'n
Slow-consuming, wan disease;
And hath sent, with wings from heav'n,
Health upon the morning breeze!

Mark the weak and palsied limb
By degrees its strength resume;

And those eyes, so sickly dim,
Quick their wonted fires illume:

See those cheeks, with hope elate,
Own the sun's reviving rays!
Hark! that voice,—so silent late,—
Joins the grateful song of praise.

For thy Father's saving grace,
Humble, grateful homage pay,
In his holy dwelling place,
Hour by hour, and day by day.

'Tis a glimpse of transports higher
Thou in happier realms shalt know;
Less than this can He require?
Less than this canst thou bestow?

Be Jehovah's name ador'd
For abundant mercies giv'n;
Sing we praises to the Lord,
Glory to the King of Heav'n!

MORNING.

HAD I a harp by angels strung,
A seraph's voice, a prophet's tongue,
My soul, to heav'n's high King,
Now, while from ev'ry dewy thorn
The merry birds salute the morn,
Should ballelujahs sing.

But though no saint or seraph's fire
Hath touch'd my lip, or tun'd my lyre,
To animate my lays;
Do thou from thine ethereal sphere,
In tender mercy deign to hear,
And pardon while I praise.

"Is there a God?" the sceptic cries—
Who form'd the earth, who built the skies?
By whose command divine
Do yonder circling planets run,
And that celestial orb, the sun,
In all its glory shine?

Who gave thee life? whose saving pow'r
Upholds thee in affliction's hour,
Nor leaves thy soul to weep?
Whose mighty voice, and sov'reign will,
Bid the tempestuous waves be still,
And calm the roaring deep?

Whose bounteous hand each beauty yields
That gilds the skies, and paints the fields,
And all in heav'n and earth?
Who gives the moon her silver rays,
The morning stars their brighter blaze,
That hail'd Creation's birth?

Who, when the battle's rage begins,
And war, to scourge a nation's sins,
Assumes its giant form,
Directs the carnage from on high,
And bids the warrior stand, or fly?
The Genius of the storm!

Who, when upon the bed of death
The bleeding hero pants for breath
Beneath the fatal blow,
Whispers, in soothing sounds of love,
He shall enjoy, in realms above,
His glories gain'd below?

'Tis God! whose throne is fix'd on high,
Lord of the universe, and sky,
Whom earth and heav'n revere;
Whose mercy guards us ev'ry hour,
Whose beauty blossoms in the flow'r,
And crowns the varied year!

Eternal truths though myst'ry veil,
When man hath chang'd his nature frail,
Those truths shall God reveal:
Earth shall to her foundations shake,
When he the book of life shall take,
And break the sacred seal.

A pilgrim in this world of strife,
Thy faith, my staff—thy breath, my life,—
Thy hope, and promise giv'n,—
The pow'r of sin and death destroy,
Make doubt, belief; and sorrow, joy;
And earth, a step to heav'n.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

THERE is a debt we all must pay,
  The sooner it is paid the better;
Come, tyrant Death, why this delay?
  I wish not to remain thy debtor.

Some ask a year, a month, an hour;
  Nay, some implore a moment's credit!
And though, like them, I know thy pow'r,
  Come when it will, I do not dread it.

Nor houses, lands, nor gold have I,—
  Let Fortune, jade! say why, and wherefore;
Then what have I to do but die?
  With nothing left on earth to care for.

Life is a feast—a strange one too!
  To fare but poorly I've been able;
Yet seen enough to pall my view—
  So let me now retire from table.

If twenty years I've still on earth
T' exist, for I'm a young beginner;
Give ten to that gay son of mirth,
And ten to yon old trembling sinner!

I value not this boon of life,
Its boasted joys are all a bubble:
Youth is a scene of envy, strife,
And age of av'rice, toil, and trouble.

RESIGNATION.

Say, is the struggle more severe
That ends our mortal strife,
Than watching, waiting, ling'ring here,
With a distaste for life?

It cannot be—a moment's pain,
And lo, the dart is sped!
No more we drag affliction's chain,
The living are the dead.

But when disease assails the mind,
When ev'ry hope 's destroy'd,
And life appears a boon unkind,
A sad, a dreary void;

When gath'ring clouds and tempests low'r,
Without a ray to cheer,
Death has not in his darkest hour
Affliction so severe.

Taste, genius, high attainments all,
For what are ye design'd?
As plagues to fill the heart with gall?
As torments for the mind?

The careless world looks down with scorn
On intellectual fires;
And he indeed is most forlorn
Whom genius most inspires.

Yet mourn not vainly, suff'ring man,
At this, thy fate o'ercast;
Life, good or ill, is but a span,
Which cannot always last.

And fondly hope, amidst thy woe,
To make the balance even;
That those whom sorrow marks below,
Are doubly blest in heaven.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

'Tis past!—the funeral knell is rung,
The solemn requiem for the dead
Is hush'd—the dirge of death is sung!
A nation's tears have all been shed.

Within the grave's sepulchral gloom
A purer spirit ne'er repos'd;
And never yet the silent tomb
Upon a richer treasure clos'd.

Do wealth and honours swell thy train—
Say, what are wealth and honours now?
Does fleeting beauty make thee vain—
Go gaze upon that lifeless brow!

Does youth, with ev'ry charm to please,
A judgment clear, a taste refin'd,
Attemper'd sweet with native ease,
Or flatt'ry's voice uplift thy mind?

Reflect on Charlotte's early doom,
And mark the triumph of the tomb!

But if with nobler passions fraught,
Thy soul, despising meaner things,
Aspire to dignity of thought,
A great ambition, worthy kings!

If to religion's sacred zeal
The love of liberty be join'd;
With charity, to deeply feel
The sorrows that afflict mankind—

Rejoice! for to unspotted worth
Behold what rich rewards are giv'n;
Living, dying—peace on earth,
And Immortality in Heav'n.

FRIENDSHIP.

Ah, Friendship! how oft have I try'd
To find thee, but ever in vain;
'Midst the turbulent children of pride,
And the humble delights of the plain.

And when, at thy glorified shrine
My heart hath her orisons paid;
Hope, smiling, presented thee mine,
I follow'd—but found thee a shade!

'Tis Love that awakens our fires,
While Friendship with sympathy glows;
'Tis Beauty inflames our desires,
And Friendship that softens our woes.

When hope has forsaken the mind,
And nought but despair is in view,
How happy the wretch who can find
A heart that to Friendship is true!

Then give me these blessings supreme,
Ye powers indulgent above,
The Friend, who shall gain my esteem,
And the fair, who shall merit my love.

HOPE.

WHAT though the shades of death descend
On her my soul holds dear;
And those that o'er her pillow bend,
May soon surround her bier—

My fainting heart shall not despair,
But look beyond the grave:
Hath pitying heav'n less will to spare?
Hath God less pow'r to save?

Yet happier they, who call'd to rest,
Ere sorrow fades their bloom,
Awhile a blessing are—and blest—
Then sink into the tomb—

For them the Spring's gay buds appear,
And Summer paints the flow'r;
They fall, ere Autumn's leaf is sear,
Or wintry tempests low'r.

And tho' they part with fond regret,
While still the leaves are green;
How mournful they, imprison'd yet,
Who long to quit the scene.

The broken heart may heave a sigh,
E'en while it bows to heav'n;
And if a tear bedew my eye,
That tear shall be forgiven.

THE WORN-OUT TAR.

" Navita de ventis, de taurus narrat arrator,
Enumerat miles vulnera, pastor oves."

THE ship was now in sight of land,
And crowds from shore with joy did hail her,
The happy hour was nigh at hand
When each sweet lass would see her sailor:
How gallantly she ploughs her way!
To England's shores returning back;
And ev'ry heart is light and gay,
Except the heart of honest Jack.

From hardy youth to vig'rous age,
With sturdy arm he stemm'd the wave;
And in the battle's hottest rage
He fought, the bravest midst the brave:
And many a bitter sigh he gave,
And scarce suppress'd the starting tear;
He wish'd the sea had prov'd his grave,
Some shot had clos'd his long career.

For he was old, his frame was worn,
His cheek had lost its manly hue;

Unlike his glory's rising morn,
When big with hope his fancy grew:
Yet was his heart as firm and true;
In his lov'd country's cause as warm,
As when he cheer'd his gallant crew
To face the foe, or brave the storm!

By time, and toil, and sickness chang'd,
From friends, from home, and kindred dear,
For thirty tedious years estrang'd—
When he, long lost, shall reappear,
How will they start his voice to hear!
And bless the day he ceas'd to roam,
And fondly dry each grateful tear,
And welcome the poor wand'rer home!

Then, while the children climb his knees,
And youth and age stand list'ning by,
He'll tell, when oft he plough'd the seas,
Winds blew, and waves ran mountains high;
And, while a tear bedews each eye,
Declare, but in a falt'ring tone,
He saw the gallant Nelson die,
And heard the hero's parting groan.

How, as he gloriously expir'd,
Dread war a fiercer aspect wore;

As Britain's sons, with vengeance fir'd,
Bade all their brazen cannons roar;
Till rude Trafalgar's rocky shore,
And heaving ocean's depths profound,
Proclaim'd the conq'ring chief no more,
And echoed back the solemn sound.

How once the ship was tempest driv'n,
In Biscay's deep and treacherous Bay,
Without one blessed star from Heav'n
To light her on her lonely way;
O, then 'twas first he learn'd to pray!
And own th' Almighty's sov'reign will;
When He, whom winds and seas obey,
Stretch'd forth his arm—and all was still.

How, captive in a foreign land,
Far off, beneath the burning zone,
Th' abode of men, a savage band,
Who worshipp'd idols of their own:
He made the glorious Gospel known;
With reverential awe they heard,
And bow'd before Jehovah's throne,
And bless'd Salvation's sacred word.

When wounded on the deck he lay,
And death stood by with terrors grim,

And eager monsters watch'd their prey,
And sea-birds sang his funeral hymn,
Death had no slavish fears for him!
Let cowards shrink at every ball—
What! if he lost his life, or limb,
His king and country claim'd it all.

Now let the wand'rer rest in peace,
And wear out life's remaining span;
Here let the bold inquirer cease
The will of Providence to scan:
Dark are the ways of God to man!
And he who bears misfortune's blast,
Shall bless each wise mysterious plan,
And anchor safe in Port at last.

THE PILGRIM.

I AM a weary Pilgrim, on my way
To the far ocean of Eternity;
Silent, forlorn, and faint of heart, I stray,
And long to pass the brink—it must not be—
He, at whose voice the vivid lightnings flee,
And the loud thunders cease, hath plac'd me here;
And sooner may yon sun desert his sphere,
Those orbs unbidden shoot their course from Heav'n,
Than I, by fell despair and madness driv'n,
Plunge headlong in that dark mysterious sea—
Let Heav'n's own mandate set the pris'ner free.

Has life no higher end than joys of sense,
Inglorious ease, rude mirth, and low desire?
Is hope extinct with man when summon'd hence?
Dwells there no portion of ethereal fire
In his frail image, once the bright attire
Of genius, virtue, dignity, and worth?
Tho' for a little season bound to earth,
He was ordain'd by the immortal Sire,
For everlasting worlds, communion higher
With glorious spirits, perfected by grace,
Who suff'ring, fainted not, but run their race.

How grand the contemplation! how sublime
To mark yon sun mount high in golden streams!
And think the immortal soul, unchain'd by time,
Shall rise refulgent like those orient beams—
But not to set—Hence, vain perplexing dreams!
Distract with doubt the dreary sceptic's mind—
Altho' the narrow path to me assign'd
Be strew'd with briers and thorns, and toil and care;
I ask not this philosophy to bear;
Enough for me the gracious promise giv'n,
Of time on earth, eternity in heav'n!

Yet mindful of thy goodness, I implore
Thee, my eternal Father and my Friend,
Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more,
Patience and consolation thou wouldst send;
Grant me a blameless life, a peaceful end,
For bliss I may not ask this side the tomb—
Yet for thy mercy's sake, dispel the gloom
That clouds my spirit—make this shining frame,
This world of joy, prosperity, and fame,
Less dark to me, and desolate appear,
As long as 'tis thy will I linger here.

To die is painful only when we part
From those by friendship, nature, kindred dear;
These bind, with adamantine chain, the heart,

And give to death its terrors—how severe
To leave the few we lov'd and valued here,
To buffet with the world, and bear its frown!
Friend of the fatherless! look pitying down
On those I leave behind! be thou their stay,
Their guardian, guide thro' life's eventful day;
Let fate on them with milder influence shine,
Nor wound their hearts as it has wounded mine.

THE PENITENT.

SCENE.—*The Chamber of Death.*

ATTENDANT.—PENITENT.

Att. AND hast thou drain'd the poison'd bowl ?
Speak, pallid victim of despair !
Remorse and horror shake thy soul
For hidden guilt too strong to bear—
And what a bitter groan was there !
Ah ! sure thy crime is dark and deep—
If hell hath terrors, breathe a pray'r ;
If heav'n hath joys, repent and weep.

Pen. O torture not my bleeding breast,
Nor add to death a pang more keen ;
On earth I sought in vain for rest,
So hasten'd to a calmer scene :
The sleep eternal how serene,
That brings oblivion to my woe !—
Att. But there's an awful gulf between,
Which thou must pass, or sink below.

Pen. Disciples of the Atheist creed
Exult, your victim here behold !

Applaud the hand, approve the deed;
Your lesson teaches to be bold!
See one who by your arts controll'd,
Hath ev'ry tie of nature riven;
Friends, fortune, fame, existence sold;
All joy on earth, all hope in heaven.

With you, ye philosophic train,
New schemes I form'd, new systems try'd,
The laws of nature to explain,
With erring reason for my guide:
I spread your doctrines far and wide,
I laugh'd to scorn creation's plan;
And God, O height of human pride!
Arraign'd before the bar of man.

I flew, to quiet my alarms,
Where joy the sparkling goblet crown'd;
And wine's intoxicating charms
The cares of dull existence drown'd:
I join'd in pleasure's madd'ning round,
And though my heart consum'd the while,
Beneath a rankling, torturing wound,
My features wore a ghastly smile!

How chang'd the scene,—yon glorious sun,
That gilds creation with his rays,

Grew dark to me,—'twas mine to shun
His early rising, noon-tide blaze:
I sought the wood's untrodden ways,
And pac'd, with melancholy tread,
The church-yard's solitary ways,
To hold communion with the dead.

Hark! 'twas a whisper from the tomb:—
"Why, suff'rer, wilt thou ling'ring stay?
Doth parent earth deny thee room,
Now all thy joys are pass'd away?
Grief, disappointment, doubt, dismay,
Unhallow'd love, and rage severe,
Disturb'd us thro' life's feverish day,
But cannot break our slumber here."

I've seen in heav'nly visions bright
Those seats where blessed spirits dwell;
Eternal fields of living light,
Such as no mortal tongue may tell;
And in the lowest depths of hell
I've listen'd to the hideous scream
Of angels who did once rebel—
And started from the fearful dream!

Will peace ne'er charm my breast again?
I frantic cried—and breath'd a pray'r,

When darting swift across my brain
Distraction came—the fiend was there!
Then loud, in agony, despair,
I ask'd of pitying heav'n to die;
And frenzied, with my bosom bare,
Defied the bolt that thunder'd by.

I've thought that in a brittle bark
They bore me o'er the boundless deep,
And plac'd me as misfortune's mark
On some lone shore, or rocky steep,
Where I have sat me down to weep,
While the loud billows foam'd below;
Doom'd one eternal watch to keep,
An immortality of woe.

Would that the soul might sleep in dust,
And with her mortal part expire—
What! shall th' Eternal prove unjust?
Vain, selfish, impotent desire!
For me suspend his dreadful ire?
For me his sword of vengeance sheathe?
My heart is wrung, my brain's on fire,
Hell opens, and I sink beneath!

Att. Be calm, for 'tis thy hour of death,
The conflict sad will soon be o'er—

Be calm, nor spend thy lab'ring breath
In ravings wild—a little more,
And thou shalt reach that unknown shore—
Seek Him whose pow'r alone can save—
Yes, while thou canst, thy sin deplore:
There's no repentance in the grave.

O listen to the Saviour's voice—
—Son of adversity, draw near,
And I will make thy heart rejoice,
And I will wipe each falling tear.
Art thou a penitent sincere?
My promise, Sinner, sets thee free.—
—Then humbly hope; thy title's clear;
The great atonement was for thee.

Pen. O Thou, before whose throne I kneel,
Accept, though late, repentance deep:
Remorse hath touch'd this heart of steel,
These stubborn eyes have learn'd to weep.
Cold death-like shiv'rings o'er me creep,
Strange phantoms swim before my sight;
One pang, and then the last, long sleep;
But morn succeeds a moonless night!

Bear me above, ye heav'nly choir,
To where yon sounds celestial ring!

Hark! 'tis an angel strikes the lyre,
A sinner reconcil'd to sing!
I mount on Hope's exulting wing,
What floods of glory meet my eyes!—
Att. —'Tis past, and death hath lost his sting:
The Soul hath reach'd her native skies.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ALBUM.

Haste thee hither, Sisters three,
Music, Painting, Poesy!
Music, chauntress, that was born
On creation's glorious morn,
When the stars in choral hymn,
And the sweet-voic'd cherubim,
Sang the goodness and the might
That from chaos call'd the light:—
Painting, that is wont to trace
Gentleness, expression, grace,
And, with never-fading hue,
Ev'ry flow'r that drinks the dew:—
Poesy, companion meet,
Making solitude more sweet,
Rapt with some inspiring theme,
Avon! by thy silver stream—
Each from her celestial sphere
Deign awhile to linger here,
And with various pow'rs combin'd,
Charm the ear, the eye, the mind.

TO A FLY.

Busy, bustling, buzzing Fly,
Which is happiest, you or I?
Ever roving, like the bee,
Is the merry lark more free
When to heav'n he soars and sings,
While the vocal woodland rings,
Answering from each dewy thorn
His sweet welcome to the morn?
Constant to the wedded state,
He marries in a hedge his mate—
Who shall count the num'rous fair
Of thy harems in the air?
He the Strephon of a bough,
Of ev'ry room the Juan thou!

Little costs your slender meal,
All you eat and drink you steal!
Banqueting on ev'ry dish
Gratis, whether fowl or fish.
Round my nectar'd goblet's brim
Slow you creep with cautious limb,

Fearing lest your little feet
Get entangled with the sweet!
Round my nose on rapid wing
First you buzz, and then you sting!
Then to Celia's cheek repair,
Seek a soft asylum there,
In her auburn tresses skip,
Taste the nectar of her lip,
Bask in the sunshine of her eye,
With all th' effront'ry of a Fly!—
Which is happiest, you or I?

Child of liberty and sport,
Who shall say thy time is short?
Short indeed thy transient span
To the droning life of man;
Yet each minute is an age
In thy hist'ry's tiny page!
Spring's delightful verdant shoots,
Summer's blossoms, Autumn's fruits,
Fair and glorious to the eye,
Have no longer date, but die.

May no urchin, imp of sin!
E'er transfix thee with a pin;
Spider in his web enthrall,

And wrap thee in a filmy pall;
Poison in thy cup be found,
Or thou in pleasure's draught be drown'd.
With the Autumn's roseate hours,
With the sunshine and the flow'rs,
Sportive creature of a day,
Unmolested pass away.

ON REVISITING MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

Are tears forbid?—The torrent pour'd
Down sorrow's cheek for virtue's doom,
Is surely not by heav'n abhorr'd—
'Tis soothing to the spirit's gloom—
David his Absalom deplor'd,
And Jesus wept at Lazarus' tomb!

Yes, there's a holy balm in tears
That heals the heart as soon as shed;
Heav'n to a spot unseen for years
In mercy hath my footsteps led;
How calm the solitude appears,
How sweet the mem'ry of the dead.

My Sire, ere winter's chilling frost
Thy debt was paid—the last and least—
The day I mourn'd a Father lost,
Was I enthrall'd, and thou releas'd;
Thou safe in port, I tempest-toss'd—
My cares begun, ere childhood ceas'd.

And how I plough'd the dang'rous sea
(My bark untravell'd o'er the deep,)
Is only known to Heav'n—and thee,
If guardian angels* vigils keep
(Immortal spirits bless'd and free,)
O'er those they lov'd and left to weep.

* Of all superstitions—if in truth it can be called one—the doctrine of *Guardian Angels* is the most pleasing. To believe, that when death has separated us from a beloved object, we are not left wholly unprotected, but that the disembodied spirit still continues to watch over us, to guard us from impending evil, and perform the office of a ministering angel, in moments of difficulty and danger, is both rational and consoling: how beautifully has Tickell illustrated this idea, in his pathetic elegy upon Addison:

"Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou *Guardian Genius*, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;
Led thro' the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more."

And her who lov'd and mourn'd thee best,
In rev'rend age we weeping bear,
(Long parted) to thy place of rest—
Her hope,—faith, suff'ring, patience, pray'r—
Age, spare my brow (a wearied guest)
Nor plant thy snows and wrinkles there.

The palsied frame, the hoary head,
The heart grown selfish, cold, and sear,
More terrors than thy grassy bed
Strike to my soul, lov'd spot! for here
My hop'd-for rest, were breath'd and shed
My latest sigh, my earliest tear.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

In Dryburgh's deep romantic shade,
And ruins gray, with ivy crown'd,
A magic harp and wand are laid—
The minstrel sleeps his sleep profound:
Hush'd is the music of the glade,
The wand is broke, the spell unbound.

Ye stately turrets! arches dim!
Mourn not your ancient glories pass'd,
Though vocal once to choral hymn,
Now to the moanings of the blast!
Ye are become the shrine of *him*,
The noblest Druid, and the last.

Wit in her robe of fiction dress'd,
And fancy in her highest mood,
All that a blessing are, and bless'd—
The wise, the generous, and the good,
Shall each repair—a welcome guest,
As pilgrims to thy solitude.

And call it not an idle dream,
That fairy footsteps print the ground
By lonely glen, and wizard stream;
That harps unseen a requiem sound,
And spirits by the moon's pale beam,
Their watchful vigils keep around;

That mountain, woodland, valley green,
To the hoarse breeze responsive sigh;
And soft and gentle dews at e'en
Weep to behold the poet die;
And Scotia, genius of the scene,
Joins the lament, the funeral cry.

For he was cradled in her arms,—
She nurs'd and rear'd the wondrous child;
Her rugged, stern, romantic charms,
Her tales of yore, and legends wild,
And deeds of chivalry and arms,
In youth's gay morn his hours beguil'd.

And as he trod the heather bloom,
By desert cave, or mountain-steep,
Some holy altar, banner'd tomb,
Or battled tower, or donjon-keep,—
A martyr's fate, a warrior's doom,
Have bade the pilgrim pause to weep.

And then he struck the ready lyre,
  And sung the minstrel's parting lay;
And rapt with inspiration higher,
  The feuds of Flodden's fatal day;
And bade with undiminish'd fire
  The Knight of Snowdoun live for aye.

By guilt, despair, and madness driv'n,
  A spirit rose at his command—
A fiend from hell, a saint from heav'n,—
  And sparkling wit, and humour bland,
And patriot love, to him were giv'n,
  For thee, fair Scotia, native land!

His heart, inflexible and true,
  Shone brightest in affliction's hour;
Though gentle as the morning dew,
  That gems with silver drops the flower;
Heaven spares not the immortal few,
  The tempest shakes the loftiest tower.

Yet not alone does Scotia mourn
  Her noblest son who sleeps beneath:
Assembled nations round his urn
  The laurel with the cypress wreathe;
Where arctics freeze, and tropics burn,
  A tear shall drop, a sigh shall breathe.

And woe is me! for I have seen
The glorious pile his genius rear'd;
The hall antique, superbly sheen!
The social hearth his presence cheer'd,
The classic bow'r, poetic scene,
His virtue, wisdom, wit endear'd.

Have mark'd his eye with dewy lid
A tear distil, a smile unfold;
Have heard his voice, that welcome bid
In token of remembrance old,
Or long delay, or absence chid—
And press'd his hand that now is cold.

Not mine to build the lofty verse—
Yet had I left the song unsung,
(Garland unmeet for such a hearse!
Or lay for such a tuneful tongue!)
Of deep ingratitude the curse,
My harp had broke, my lyre unstrung.

Ye ruin'd altars! shrines o'erthrown
By sacrilegious hands of old,
Now shapeless heaps of crumbling stone—
That sacred dust, that hallow'd mould
Shall make ye still a mark, and known,
When thrones have wan'd, and ages roll'd.*

NOTE ON THE FOREGOING MONODY.

The death of a poet can only rightly determine the space he held in the world. Whatever his popularity while living, though fame sound his praise in every land where letters have made their way, it is only in the deep solemn pause which succeeds the universal lament for departed genius, that reflection tells us what a treasure we have lost, and asks who is worthy to wear the laurel that is now in abeyance? The death of Sir Walter Scott has left a chasm in the literary world that time will not easily fill up. In private society the loss sustained, and the wound inflicted, can only be healed by a higher hope, a more glorious consolation—

> "Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
> That we shall see and know our friends in heaven."

The effects of painful anxiety, and unremitting study soon became visible in his once vigorous frame. It was too plainly perceived by those who watched with tender solicitude his laborious vigils, that the great spirit could not long sustain the load imposed upon it, and its o'er-informed tenement was gradually sinking to its kindred dust. In the Autumn of 1831, he was advised by his physicians to try the more genial air of Italy. Greatly enfeebled, he set sail on the 27th of October, in a ship of war expressly commissioned by His Majesty, accompanied by a beloved daughter. Never bark had richer freight. The united prayers of three kingdoms were poured forth for his recovery and safe return to the land of his birth. He reached the sunny climate of the south; he was received at Naples with extraordinary honours; a pageant, consisting of his principal characters, was represented, and prince and people hailed the appearance of that brilliant star which had shone with such mighty lustre over the literature of the world. With a sinking frame, and a faded eye, he beheld the eternal city. Her ruined palaces and towers, seemed but as a sad emblem of his own expiring energies; a prototype of that mental darkness which was soon to eclipse the highest intelligence of which our nature is capable. Finding no improvement in his health, he turned towards home. He arrived in London, and took up his temporary residence at the St. James's Hotel, in Jermyn Street. Life was just glimmering in the socket. He expressed an earnest wish to return to Scotland—his prayer was granted—he reached his beloved Abbotsford—occasional glimpses of returning consciousness brought a remembrance of the past—he recognised some attached friends, some ancient domestics whose heads had grown gray in his service, and who watched round the couch of their dying master to anti-

cipate his wants and receive his blessing. After a hopeless lingering of two months, he expired without a sigh, on Friday, September the 21st, 1832, in the 62nd year of his age—a span too short for the world, yet sufficient for his glory.

On the 25th of September, his remains, borne by his faithful domestics, who would suffer no rude hand to touch the precious relics of so beloved a master, and followed by a numerous train of mourners, were deposited at night-fall, amidst silence and tears, in the venerable ruins of Dryburgh Abbey.

The mourners walk the streets, but the man is gone: the body sinks to dust, but the spirit returns to Him that gave it.

The character of Sir Walter Scott was distinguished by a noble simplicity, a generous candour, a total absence of all pride and affectation; by the most unsullied honour, and the purest benevolence. His classic learning was considerable, and his knowledge of antiquities, history, and the manners and customs of the olden time, profound. He was well skilled in demonology and witchcraft, he was an eminent bibliomaniac, and a member of the Roxburghe and Bannatyne Clubs. Old ballad poetry was his especial delight; and had he lived, I contemplated the pleasure of shewing him a singularly curious volume of black-letter Ballads all printed prior to the year 1600; to have pored over which, he had, (in better health,) journeyed from Scotland, "booted to the groin!"—As an author, considering the amazing extent and variety of his genius, no greater has appeared since the time of Shakespeare. The poet who would succeed to the vacant laurel must enter upon a new path to the temple of fame—every avenue by way of romance is already pre-occupied. I shall be the first to hail the rising sun, as I am to mourn that which is set.

What will Scotland do for her noblest son? for him who wedded to immortal verse her natural beauties, and made every foot of her mountain and wilderness classic ground? Will she rear a proud temple on the summit of Arthur's seat, that shall look down with lofty grandeur on the slow-progressing glories of the Calton? Will she bind the broken heart of the sad mourner by some deed of national munificence, worthy of her filial devotion and her father's fame? What will Scotland do for her noblest son? is a question which, if she answer not, and promptly to the satisfaction of the world, let her hereafter for ever hold her peace!

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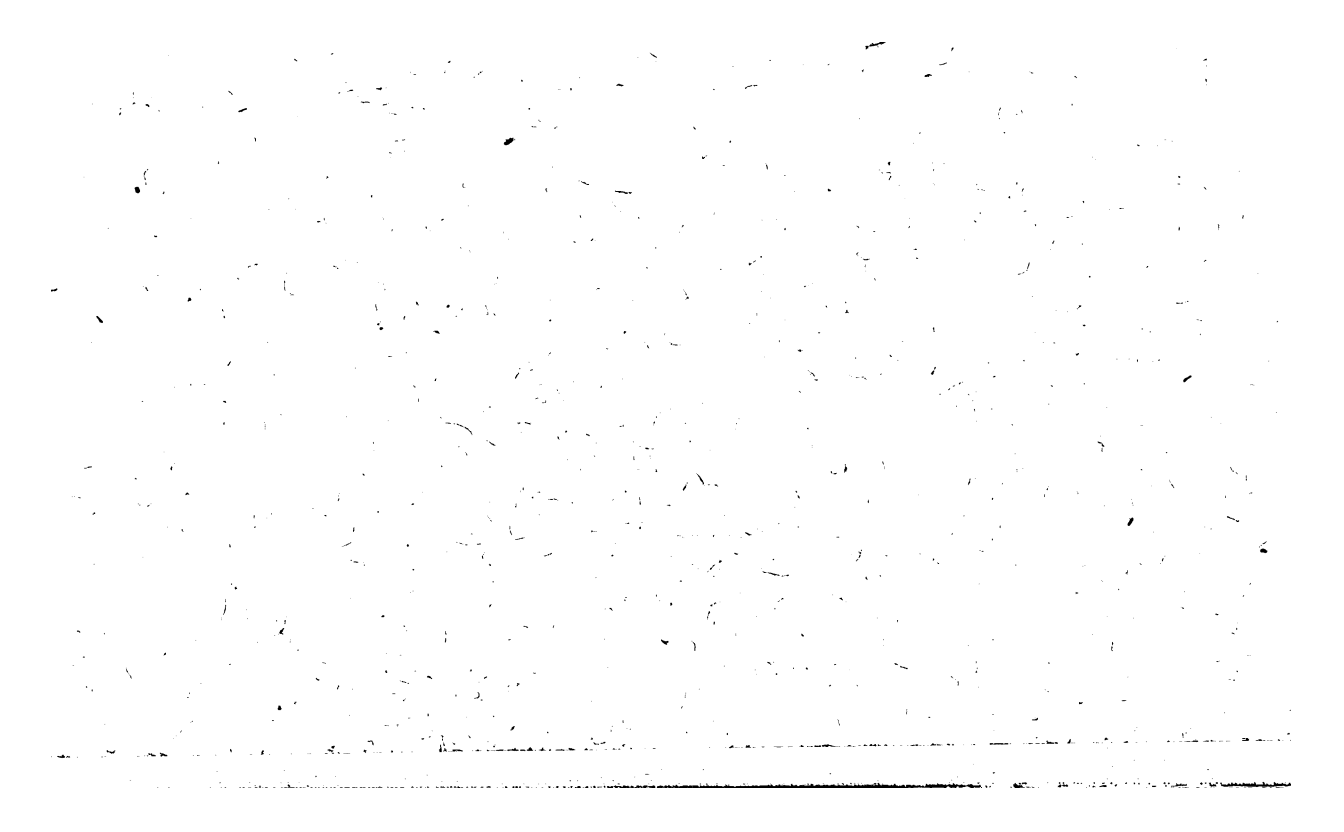

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